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TRAVELS IN ENGLAND

BY

A NATIVE OF FRANCE.

JOURNAL

OF A

TOUR AND RESIDENCE

IN

Great Britain,

DURING THE YEARS 1810 AND 1811,

BY

A FRENCH TRAVELLER:

WITH

REMARKS

ON

THE COUNTRY, ITS ARTS, LITERATURE, AND POLITICS, AND ON THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF ITS INHABITANTS.

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VOLUME FIRST.

EDINBURGH:
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NOTICE.

THIS Journal was originally written in English, nearly as it now appears; but being intended chiefly for the benefit of my countrymen, it was fully prepared for publication in French; when it was suggested to me, that, as it could not at that time have been printed on the Continent, if it had any success at all in this country, it would be translated immediately, and, in all likelihood, very wretchedly, and that I had better undertake the task myself, having, in fact, the materials ready. I now, therefore, venture to give the original English Journal, such as it was written at the

moment, with very little alteration; having only had to translate the extended remarks, that were added in preparing it for the press,—which has been done with considerable license, and without confining myself very strictly to the letter of the French original.

I am perfectly aware of the double danger to which a foreigner, offering to the English public an account of England, written in the English language, exposes himself. Any apology on the subject, would, I know, be vain and useless; and, having stated my motives, I throw myself on the indulgence of the public. No man is expected to write perfectly a foreign language; perhaps, indeed, he loses the finer *tact* of his own as he acquires the familiar use of another, and is perfect in neither.

Such wonderful changes have taken place since this Journal was written, that a considerable part of the views and opinions it records are now completely out of date. Yet an

account of things as they were at the zenith of that power which had enslaved the world, may still possess some interest; and serve to shew what resources, and how much life and strength remained in that insulated corner of Europe, to which the conqueror was seeking a ford, from the shores of the Baltic to those of Spain and Portugal.

PREFACE.

THE Writer of this Journal has spent nearly two years in Great Britain, without any other object than that of seeing the country. He was born in France, and had resided more than twenty years in the United States of America before he made this voyage. To give the friends he had left in America the pleasure of following him upon the map,—of seeing and thinking with him,—and, in order to retain some traces of new objects, the remembrance of which would otherwise soon have faded on his memory, he sent, from the beginning, a journal of what he did and saw, faithfully and plainly recorded. Such a journal is like gathering fruit in a basket. If you attempt it only with your hands, when they are full, you drop what you have already, in endeavouring to get more.

The Journal was written in English, because the things and persons the traveller saw were best described in the language of the country, which is become familiar to him by long habit. It was seen in England by a few friends, who read parts of it with interest, and, for the first time in his life, the idea entered his mind of writing a book! He does not mean to throw any responsibility on his friends; none of them *pressed* him to publish; he did not *yield to their solicitations;* and he alone is answerable for the consequences, alarming as they may be. He was, indeed, encouraged by the consideration, that no French travels in England had come to his knowledge deserving of notice. M. Faujas de St Fond gave all his attention to minerals; Madame Roland, Madame de Genlis, and Madame de Stael, have spoken incidentally of what they have seen in England, through the medium of their various prejudices, or for effect in works of imagination. In remoter times, the Chevalier Hamilton published only the *chronique scandaleuse* of a profligate court. Sully thought only of his embassy.

Their present successor did not merely traverse England;—he lived in it without business, and was not pressed for time. His wife, who is English, was with him; and he owes to her introduction a greater share of domestic intimacy than foreigners usually enjoy in England, or indeed in any country.

His acquaintance with the language enabled him to observe with greater ease and accuracy than the generality of French tourists. In short, he might hope to do better what none had done well.

Private anecdotes have been excluded as much as possible. It is a great sacrifice; for they do not merely amuse the reader, but they initiate him into the peculiarities of national manners, and the mysteries of domestic life. They instruct without the form of instruction. You may give them to your friends;—but it is an unpardonable indelicacy to make a public exhibition of those who have opened their doors to you, and shewn you kindness.

At the same time that personalities were struck out, the traveller was tempted to extend those occasional remarks he had introduced in his original Journal, on the constitution, the commerce, the finances, and the politics of Great Britain,—on its geology and its literature. He perceived at last that he had made essays instead of remarks, and that the events and objects out of which the latter grew naturally, did not so well account for the former. His friends have found also, that he digressed too abruptly from one subject to another totally unconnected, and he has been advised to class and arrange his materials under different heads or chapters. It would have been recasting his work altogether,—an undertaking

above his strength or patience, and the advantage of which did not appear to him adequate to the labour. There is a certain charm in the journal-form, and a peculiar interest, which it was not worth while to sacrifice to greater order. Had he made separate chapters on the government, on political economy, &c. few readers would have taken the trouble of cutting the leaves of such chapters. They may just as easily skip digressions as chapters, and, glancing over the margin, read only where dates shew them that the traveller is again on the road, and tells of what he saw and not of what he thought,—as in novels, reflections are passed over, to come to the story and adventures.

He had collected some information respecting Ireland, which he thought might be interesting to foreign readers; but as he did not see that part of the British empire, and had no opportunities of personal observation, he has introduced his remarks in an Appendix.

There are so few French travels, that the publication of this Journal might require an apology in France; in England it cannot be deemed necessary. Nothing is more usual for an Englishman, who had crossed the channel, spent his month or six weeks at Paris, when such a thing could be done, and pushed as far as the Lake of Geneva, than to

publish on his return a Tour through France and Switzerland. The public, indeed, was not always grateful for such favours, and was apt sometimes to laugh at the traveller and his book. Yet this multiplicity of accounts of foreign countries, from real observation, furnished new facts, spread general information, and tended to dissipate prejudices. There are, accordingly, fewer in England than in France,—although the French are unconscious of theirs.

Should this work be favourably received in England, the success would be the more flattering, from the author's having done little to please. He has spoken with freedom, *à charge* and *à décharge*, but always with perfect sincerity, and, he believes, with strict impartiality. This might not prove a recommendation everywhere,—but he really hopes it may in England.

The author has not spoken of Bonaparte! This silence in the times in which we live may appear singular, and deserves some notice or explanation. He knows, in fact, his Imperial and Royal Majesty only through the medium of the newspapers, and has no new facts to communicate. As to what he may think of him, the opinions expressed in the work on matters of government will inform his readers sufficiently.

JOURNAL

OF A

TOUR AND RESIDENCE

IN

GREAT BRITAIN.

JOURNAL,

&c.

24th December 1809.

We found ourselves, on waking this morning early, anchored in the harbour of Falmouth, where we had arrived in the night, after a speedy and prosperous passage of twenty-one days from America, without a single storm to describe, or any extraordinary occurrence. This harbour is a small basin, surrounded with gentle hills. Looking round, we saw green fields, with cattle grazing,—a grove of trees,—some pines, and many green tufts like laurels. The town of Falmouth,—little, old, and ugly,—was seen on our left, and another assemblage of little old houses on our right, (Flushing); Pendennis Castle behind us, on a mound near the entrance of the harbour. The air was calm and mild,—the sky of a very pale blue,—a light mist hung over the landscape,—and the general impression was peaceful and agreeable: on the surface of the water twenty or thirty ships, mostly packets, and two or three Dutch vessels with licenses,—

a strange sort of trade! The custom-house officers mustered in crowds about the ship, ransacking every corner:—Barrels and bags, boxes and hampers of half-consumed provisions, empty bottles and full ones, musty straw and papers, and all that the dampness of a ship, pitch and tallow, and the human species confined in a narrow space, can produce of offensive sights and smells, were exposed to open day. These custom-house officers have seized a certain surplus of stores beyond what a ship is allowed to bring in port, whether the voyage has been long or short. I overheard the head seizer asking the Captain whether he preferred having his wine or his spirits seized; and the Captain seemed to take the proposal in very good part, and told me afterwards the man was very *friendly* to him. In this general confusion no breakfast could be expected; and permission being procured for the passengers to land, with their baggage, every one was eager to make his escape. I went on shore to reconnoitre, and to secure comfortable quarters, and brought back hot rolls,—the olive-branch to the ark.

The houses, in a confused heap, crowd on the water; the tide washes their foundation; a black wall, built of rough stones, that stand on end, to facilitate the draining of the water, and steps, overgrown with sea-weeds, to ascend to the doors. Through one of these odd entrances I introduced my companions to the hotel,—a strange, old, low building, extremely neat inside, with a tempting larder full in view, displaying, on shelves of tiles, fish of all sorts, fat fowls, &c. Well-dressed servants, civil and attentive, wait our commands. We are put in possession of a sitting-room and two bed-rooms. Our windows overlook two or three

diminutive streets without foot-paths,—too narrow, indeed, for any,—all up and down, and crooked. It is Sunday. The men are, many of them, in volunteer uniforms, and look well enough for citizen-soldiers; the women highly dressed, or rather highly undressed, in extremely thin draperies, move about with an elastic gait on the light fantastic pavement, making a universal clatter of iron on the pavement. Ruddy countenances, and *embonpoint*, are very general and striking. C.'s young astonishment was awakened at the sight of a sedan-chair, vibrating along on two poles. A monstrous carriage turned the corner of a street, overladen with passengers,—a dozen, at least, on the top, before, and behind; all this resting on four high slender wheels, drawn along full speed on a rough unequal pavement. We observed some men, in old-fashioned cocked-hats with silver lace, compelling a Quaker to shut his shop;—which was opened again the moment they were gone. An elegant post-chaise and four stopped at the door. A young man, fat and fair, with the face and figure of a baby, six feet high, alighted from it; it was the Marquis of S. the first man of quality we had seen in England. He goes, we are told, to lounge away his *ennui* and his idleness beyond seas,—a premature attack of the *maladie du pays*. The English *maladie du pays* is of a peculiar character; it is not merely the result of extreme regrets when they have left their country, and of that perpetual longing to return, felt by other people, but an equal longing to leave it, and a sense of weariness and satiety all the time they are at home.

Dinner announced, suspended our observations; it was served in our own apartments. We had three small dishes, dressed very inartificially (an

English cook only boils and roasts), otherwise very good. The table-linen and glass, and servants, remarkably neat, and in good order. At the dessert apples no bigger than walnuts, and without taste, which are said to be the best the country produces.

December 25.—I have been this morning to the custom-house, with the other passengers, to get our passports. They obtained theirs without difficulty, but I must write to London for mine. Twenty-two years of absence have not expiated the original sin of being born in France: but I have no right to complain,—an Englishman would be worse off in France.

We have on our arrival a double allowance of news; those which were coming over to us when we left America, and what has occurred since; an accumulation of about three months. The first thing we have learnt was an Imperial repudiation and an expected Imperial marriage, which seems to be a great stroke of policy. Political news are no longer what they were formerly; they come home to every man's concerns, and state affairs are become family affairs.

December 26.—I have been introduced to several respectable citizens of Falmouth; they all live in very small, old habitations, of which the apartments resemble the cabins of vessels. A new house is a phenomenon. The manners of this remote corner of England have retained a sort of primitive simplicity. I have seen nothing here of the luxury and pride which I expected to find everywhere in this warlike and commercial country. There is much despondency about Spain, and but one voice against the Walcheren expedition and

against the ministers, who are not expected to withstand the shock of such general dissatisfaction.

We have left our hotel, to take furnished lodgings in an elevated part of the town,—a kind of terrace,—looking down upon the beautiful little harbour, and surrounding country. This apartment, composed of very small, neat rooms, costs only a guinea and a half a week, and the people of the house cook, and wait on us. This would cost more in the smallest town in America, or in fact could not be had. Domestics are here not only more obliging and industrious, but, what is remarkable, look better pleased and happier.

December 30.—The weather has been singularly mild since we landed; the sky cloudy and misty, without absolute rain; a little, and very little sun, seen every day. Fahrenheit's thermometer about 50°.

December 31.—We left Falmouth this morning, in a post-chaise, fairly on our way to London. The country is an extensive moor, covered with furze (a low, thorny bush), evergreen, nipt by a few goats and sheep; not a fourth part of the surface is inclosed and cultivated. The total absence of wood is particularly striking to us, who have just arrived from a world of forests. It gives, however, a vastness to the prospect, and opens distances of great beauty; hills behind hills, clothed in brown and green, in an endless undulating line. The roads very narrow, crooked, and dirty; continually up and down. The horses we get are by no means good, and draw us with difficulty at the rate of five miles an hour. We change carriages as well as horses at every post-house; they are on four wheels, light and easy, and large enough for three persons. The post-boy sits on a cross bar of wood between the front springs,

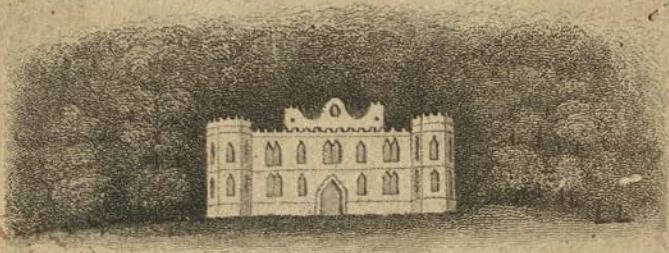
or rather rests against it. This is safer, and more convenient both for men and horses, but does not look well; and, as far as we have seen, English post-horses and postillions do not seem to deserve their reputation. This country (Cornwall,) abounds in mines, which we have not time to visit. There is a singular sort of secondary mine, called *stream-tin;* the metal is found in very small particles, mixed in horizontal beds of clay.

January 1. 1810.—From Bodmin, where we slept last night, travelling all day, we have gone only 32 miles, through a very hilly, unpleasant country; a thick fog hid many a fine view from us. The furze is in full blossom about the hedges; much holly, with rich varnished foliage and bright red berries, and ivy, in wild luxuriance, mantling over cottages and stems of trees. No new houses to be seen; very few young trees; all is old, and mouldering into picturesque forms and colours. The trees are uniformly covered with moss, even to the smallest branches, owing to the prevailing moisture of the climate. We have no creeping plants in North America which preserve their verdure in winter, and the effect of this profusion of ivy is very striking. The mildness of the climate is truly astonishing; geraniums, and other green-house-plants, require only shelter, without fire, in winter, and wall-flowers are now in full bloom out of doors. We have seen to-day several gentlemen's houses at a distance, spreading wide and low over fine lawns, with dark back-grounds of pines, and clumps of arbutus and laurel, as green as in spring. Near dusk, we crossed the bay to Plymouth Dock, amidst its floating castles, one of them bearing 90 guns. To-morrow we go to Mount Edgecumbe, if the weather permits. This

place struck us as very like Philadelphia, and not the modern part of it. The inhabitants, however, do not look much like Quakers, being mostly army and navy.

January 2.—Armed with umbrellas and great-coats, we set out this morning for Mount Edgecumbe, in the midst of a drizzling rain. Crossed the bay at Crimble passage; landed on a strand of firm pebbly sand, near the porter's lodge. It was not the day of admittance, and we were told it was necessary to write to Lord M. E. A note was dispatched, and word returned that we were welcome, and a key given to us, opening all gates, with directions to find our way, and no guides to overlook us, which is a refinement of politeness. A gentle ascent of lawn, skirted with old chesnut trees and elms, leads to the house; a plain edifice, half gothic, of a greyish white, with a fine back-ground of trees upon the hill behind. The grounds, which I should judge not to exceed five or six hundred acres, form a sort of headland on the bay. A gravel walk, eight or ten feet wide, leads from the lodge to the house, and, turning round it, through the wood behind, brings you to an open lawn (A) sloping abruptly to the water. A small gothic ruin stands there, of modern erection, near which the walk divides; a branch descending to the sea-side, another keeping along the high grounds, and, after plunging again into the shade of a dark wood, and passing through groves of evergreen trees and shrubs, advances along the precipitous heights, (B) where the sight, unchecked by any trees, and from an elevation of two or three hundred feet, embraces at once the ocean on the right; in front, on the other side of the bay, at about one mile distance, a line of

buildings, like an immense town, broken and diversified by fortifications, arsenals, batteries, &c. so as not to look like a mere field of roofs and chimneys; and, in bird's-eye view, line-of-battle ships and frigates passing under your feet, with as little ceremony as boats on a river. Thence the walk, turning to the right, ascends higher grounds still, to a plain on the top, where an old



gothic church stands, (C) with a tower serving for signals. A path along the heights, and across a wood, brings you back to the place of beginning,—a walk of two or three miles, which took us something less than three hours.

There is nothing done at Mount Edgecumbe which a gentleman of moderate fortune could not perform; and nature herself has been at no great expense of bold rocks or mountains; it is a lump of earth sloping to the water, more or less abruptly, but with great variety, and deeply indented with bays. The great charm is the contrast of the loneliness and retirement of the objects near you, with the lively scene and richness, and immensity, bursting on the river here and there; and, upon the whole, this comes nearer to my ideas of beauty, than any spot I ever saw. The green walk, particularly, I shall ever recollect. Laurels of such bright verdure, with large shining leaves; the arbutus, and laurustinus, covered with blossoms; another evergreen tree, resembling the wild cherry of America, (Portugal laurel we are told); then such draperies of ivy, in ample folds over the rocks and trees; such pines with moss of all colours, along the trunk and branches; and on the ground turf as vivid as in the spring, with daisies and periwinkles in flower, and fern, and furze with papilionaceous blossoms. Then through the trees, far below, the surf breaking in measured time, and spreading its white foam among the black rocks of the shore.

The sun had no share in the splendour of the scene, for it was not visible, nor any part of the sky; a misty, drizzly something, like rain, drove along in the blast, and made us tolerably wet; particularly as some deceitful appearances of fair weather, and the heat, had induced us to

leave our umbrellas and great coats at the lodge. On our return to the hotel, we shifted and dried ourselves; called for a post-chaise, and pursued our journey through an endless succession of streets, and arsenals, and dock-yards, and barracks, two miles in length, some of which we might have seen, but felt no sort of inclination. At last we regained the country. It is pretty enough; the same waving surface, checquered with enclosures, and dotted with cottages and gentlemen's houses, all with their dark masses of pines and firs, and the same thickets of laurel, arbutus, and laurestinus, as at Mount Edgecumbe. The cottages are all thatched, the walls partly stone, and partly *pisai*, and with casements. The people, in general look healthy and clean; much fewer children to be seen about the houses than in America.

January 3.—Slept at Ivy-bridge, a pretty name, and a pretty place;—wall-flowers full blown here, and in many places on the road,—and of course much ivy about it, and a clear boisterous little stream. The house superlatively comfortable; such *empressement* to receive you,—such readiness to fulfil every wish, as soon as expressed,—such good rooms, and so well furnished,—such good things to eat, and so well dressed. This is really the land of conveniences, and it is not to be wondered at that the English should complain of foreign inconveniences in travelling. All this politeness and zeal has, no doubt, a sordid motive; you are caressed for your money; but the caresses of the world have not in general a much purer motive. This semblance of *bienveillance* should not be blamed hastily. Fair raiments do not always cover a fair skin. It may be as well to remain ignorant of the defects of the mind, as of those of

the person; to suspect them is quite enough. The roads are far from magnificent; they are generally just wide enough for two carriages; without ditches, but well gravelled with pounded stones, and, though very dirty, not deep. A high artificial bank of stone and earth, with bushes growing on the top, too often intercepts all view beyond the next bend of the road, not a hundred yards of which is visible at one time. The horses are in general weak and tired, and unmercifully whipt,—so much so, as to induce us often to interfere in their behalf, choosing rather to go slower than to witness such cruelty.

January 4.—We slept last night at Exeter, and are arrived at Taunton; 64 miles in two days. We are in no haste. The approach of Exeter is very fine; you see from a hill the vast extent of country below, with an estuary at a distance, and hills in gentle swells lost in the horizon; it gives the idea of an ocean of cultivation. The cathedral is a venerable pile, built in the year 900, (my information comes from the old woman who showed it). Outside it appeared to me less light and airy than Gothic architecture generally is, according to my recollections. Objects seen again, after an interval of many years, appear no longer the same, although unchanged in reality, and although we have not seen, in the meantime, any other objects of the same kind that could alter the scale of our ideas. Memory is not a book where things and events are recorded, but rather a field where seeds grow, come to maturity, and die. The silent operation of time on all that lives, perfecting and destroying in regular succession, seems to extend to the mechanical skill of our fingers. The artist draws better after laying down his pencil

for sometime, or plays better on an instrument; fencing, swimming, are improved likewise. We have, however, neither studied nor practised; the mind, as far as we know, has been inactive, as well as the hand. Should we know little before the interruption, we are apt indeed to forget that little; but, if the skill was sufficiently perfect, it increases during a certain period of inaction; becomes stationary when longer intermitted; and is lost at last by protracted disuse.

The inside of the church is too light, I mean too *eclairé*, and the painted windows are not good. Those at one end were painted 400 years ago, my old woman said, and the other end within her remembrance; the one too early, probably, to be good, and the other too late. But when the service began, we forgot the church, and every thing else, in the beauty of the chant;—angels in heaven cannot sing better! The organ, sweet, powerful, and solemn, formed a single accompaniment, without foppish flourishing:—the whole effect superior to my recollections of the *plein chant.* Music and poetry are certainly nearly allied; one is the mellow and vague distance, where all is *blended into harmony*, the other is the vigorous foreground, where every object is clearly defined, and distinctly seen; the one awakens poetical enthusiasm in yourself; the other shews you what it has produced in others.

The roads are full of soldiers, on foot and in carriages, travelling towards Plymouth;—Portugal and India supposed to be their destination. The villages along the road are in general not beautiful,—the houses very poor indeed; the walls old and rough, but the windows generally whole and clean; no old hats or bundles of rags stuck in,

as in America, where people build, but do not repair. Peeping in, as we pass along, the floors appear to be a pavement of round stones like the streets,—a few seats, in the form of short benches,—a table or two,—a spinning-wheel,—a few shelves,—and just now (Christmas,) greens hanging about. The people appear healthy, and not in rags, but not remarkably stout; the women, I think, are more so in proportion than the men. We meet very few beggars, and those old and infirm. Farm-houses, with their out buildings, look remarkably neat, and in great order; near them we see stacks of hay and straw, of prodigious size, covered with a slight thatching, and over that a sort of net of straw, to prevent the wind disturbing the thatch. Industry, method, and good order, are conspicuous everywhere. Most of the land is in meadow. Turnips are enormous; some as large as a man's head. The cattle do not look different from ours. We meet, however, with more *picturesque horses* than in America, with big shaggy legs, and heavy heads.

January 5.—Arrived in the evening at Bristol, 48 miles in eight hours, stoppages included; the horses better. On approaching Bristol, you see, from an elevation, a ridge on the left, covered with country-houses, groves of trees, and green fields. This ridge is intersected by a deep gap, near which a confused heap of roofs, towers, and steeples, and smoke, mark the town; dirty suburbs succeeded to this view; then a bridge over a mean and muddy stream; then through crowded streets we arrived at *The Bush*. The next morning shewed us, opposite our windows, a large building of freestone, in excellent style, *The Exchange*. Taking a guide, I called upon those for

whom we had letters, and have been obligingly received. English hospitality is not in high repute;—so far, we have no reason to complain of it. There is a look of comfort and neatness in the inside of houses, which is very striking; every thing is substantial and good, and uniformly so in all parts of the house; and, as to the table, Lucullus dines with Lucullus every day, and little addition appears necessary should a few friends come unexpectedly. The creditable and decent look of the servants is no less remarkable, and they are the mainspring of all the other comforts. I am perfectly aware that there are many people who have no servants, and hardly bread to eat, and whose habitual state is labour and poverty. Although I have had no opportunity, as yet, of becoming acquainted with the situation of that class of people, I have necessarily seen them at their daily labour, in traversing the country, and I have had a glimpse of their habitations. All I can say is, that the poor do not look so poor here as in other countries; that poverty does not intrude on your sight; and that it is necessary to seek it. All human societies are full of it,—here it does not overflow certainly. One of the best houses, and in the finest situation, (Clifton) costs L. 220 sterling a-year, taxes included;—good houses, in an old-fashioned part of the town, are not one-fourth part of that rent. The wages of a man-servant, L. 35 sterling; a woman-cook, L. 15 sterling; meat sixpence and eightpence the pound.

We went to see the Hot-Wells, a harmless medical spring. The river passes there the deep gap which we had seen on approaching the town, through a calcareous mass, about 200 feet high;—the tide is here 30 feet and upwards. Immense

docks have been built, or rather a new bed has been dug for the river, and the old one, closed by flood-gates, forms a natural bason for shipping. We saw, however, but few vessels. The trade of this port is rather diminishing; notwithstanding this, the town increases, and looks more considerable, better built, and more opulent than New York.

January 8. — We arrived at Bath last night. The chaise drew up in style at the White Hart. Two well-dressed footmen were ready to help us to alight, presenting an arm on each side. Then a loud bell on the stairs, and lights carried before us to an elegantly furnished sitting-room, where the fire was already blazing. In a few minutes, a neat-looking chamber-maid, with an ample white apron, pinned behind, came to offer her services to the ladies, and shew the bed-rooms. In less than half an hour, five powdered *gentlemen* burst into the room with three dishes, &c. and two remained to wait. I give this as a sample of the best, or rather of the finest inns. Our bill was L. 2, 11s. sterling, dinner for three, tea, beds, and breakfast. The servants have no wages,—but, depending on the generosity of travellers, they find it their interest to please them. They (the servants) cost us about five shillings a-day.

This morning we have explored the town, which is certainly very beautiful. It is built of freestone, of a fine cream-colour, and contains several public edifices, in good taste. We remarked a circular place called the Crescent, another called the Circus;—all the streets straight and regular. This town looks as if it had been cast in a mould all at once; so new, so fresh, and regular. The building where the medical water is drank, and where

the baths are, exhibits very different objects; human nature, old, infirm, and in ruins, or weary and *ennuyé*. Bath is a sort of great monastery, inhabited by single people, particularly superannuated females. No trade, no manufactures, no occupations of any sort, except that of killing time, the most laborious of all. Half of the inhabitants do nothing, the other half supplies them with nothings:—Multitude of splendid shops, full of all that wealth and luxury can desire, arranged with all the arts of seduction.

Being in haste, and not equipped for the place, we left it at three o'clock, dined and slept 14 miles off, on the direct road to London. During our ride, we saw a little stream appear here and there among the willows, in the vale below. I asked a woman at the toll-gate what the name of it was: "Sure, Sir, the Avon!" It is not easy to avoid failing in respect to English rivers, by mistaking them for mere rivulets. I have heard an Englishman, who was amusing himself with the ignorance prevalent in foreign countries, tell a story of a lady, who said to him, "Have you in England any rivers like this?" (the Seine); but interrupting herself, added, laughingly, "Good God, how can I be so silly, it is an island; there are no rivers!" I really think the lady was not so very much in the wrong.

The country is beautiful, rich, and varied, with villas and mansions, and dark groves of pines,—shrubs in full bloom, evergreen lawns, and gravel walks so neat,—with porters' lodges, built in rough-cast, and stuck all over with flints, in their native grotesqueness; for this part of England is a great bed of chalk, full of this singular production (flints). They are broken to pieces with hammers, and spread over the road in deep beds, form-

ing a hard and even surface, upon which the wheels of carriages make no impression. The roads are now wider; kept in good repair, and not deep, notwithstanding the season. The post-horses excellent; and post-boys riding instead of sitting. Our rate of travelling does not exceed six miles an hour, stoppages included; but we might go faster if we desired it. We meet with very few post-chaises, but a great many stage-coaches, mails, &c. and enormous broad wheel waggons. The comfort of the inns is our incessant theme at night,—the pleasure of it is not yet worn out.

January 11.—We arrived yesterday at Richmond. F—— felt a sort of dread and impatience to meet new-old friends, and approached the Green with no very enviable feelings. I knew the house immediately, from the drawing I had seen of it. Nothing can be more friendly than the reception we have met, and I feel already at my ease. Generally an inn is vastly preferable at the end of a journey to a friend's house,—unless a friend indeed: and I have said before, on such an occasion *I hate a friend*; but here I have felt at my ease from the first moment. This morning I set out by myself for *town*, as London is called *par excellence*, in the stage-coach, crammed inside, and *herissé* outside with passengers, of all sexes, ages, and conditions. We stopped more than twenty times on the road—the debates about the fare of way-passengers—the settling themselves—the getting up, and the getting down, and damsels shewing their legs in the operation, and tearing and muddying their petticoats—complaining and swearing—took an immense time. I never saw any thing so ill managed. In about two hours we reached Hyde

Park corner; I liked the appearance of it; but we were soon lost in a maze of busy, smoky, dirty streets, more and more so as we advanced. A sort of uniform dinginess seemed to pervade every thing, that is, the exterior; for through every door and window the interior of the house, the shops at least, which are most seen, presented, as we drove along, appearances and colours most opposite to this dinginess; everything there was clean, fresh, and brilliant. The elevated pavement on each side of the streets full of walkers, out of the reach of carriages, passing swiftly in two lines, without awkward interference, each taking to the left. At last a very indifferent street brought us in front of a magnificent temple, which I knew immediately to be St Paul's, and I left the vehicle to examine it. The effect was wonderfully beautiful; but it had less vastness than grace and magnificence. The colour struck me as strange,—very black and very white, in patches which envelope sometimes half a column; the base of one, the capital of another;—here, a whole row quite black,—there, as white as chalk. It seemed as if there had been a fall of snow, and it adhered unequally. The cause of this is evidently the smoke which covers London; but it is difficult to account for its unequal operation. This singularity has not the bad effect which might be expected from it.

I had not time for any long examination, and felt uneasy and helpless in the middle of an immense town, of which I did not know a single street. A hackney-coach seemed the readiest way to extricate myself, and I took one. After being dragged slowly along many short, winding, dark, and crowded streets, and missing my letters, which had just been sent to Richmond, I met with a

friend, who took me under his protection; dismissed my hackney-coach, which was not better, and perhaps worse, than those of Paris, and in which I was surprised to find a litter of straw, which has a very shabby appearance, but, being changed every day, is better than a filthy carpet. My friend conducted me very obligingly back again through the whole town. In our walk we passed several large squares, planted in the middle with large trees and shrubs, over a smooth lawn, intersected with gravel walks; the whole inclosed by an iron railing, which protects these gardens against the populace, but does not intercept the view. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood, who contribute to the expence, have each a key. One of these squares, *Lincoln's Inn Fields*, appears to contain five or six acres, and is said to be equal to the base of the largest of the pyramids of Egypt. The buildings round are plain houses. I have not observed any thing in this day's ramble above that rank in architecture, or any public buildings of note.* But although the luxury of this people does not resemble the luxury of the Greeks and the Romans, yet they are better lodged. I have heard no cries in the streets,—seen few beggars,—no obstructions or stoppages of carriages,—each taking to the left. We found in Piccadilly a stage-coach ready to start for Bath, by which I could be carried some miles on my way to Richmond; it resembled a ship on four wheels; a sort of half cylinder; round below, flat above, very long, and divided into three distinct apartments. I was intro-

* I have since seen in this part of the town several buildings worthy of notice.

duced into the cabin by an after-port, and locked in with another passenger. Soon after I had taken my seat, the carriage rattled away full speed. This was much better than my morning conveyance, and I enjoyed the change; but after a few miles, an apprehension seized me of being carried beyond the part to which I was bound (Kew Bridge). We reached it,—I knew it again,—saw with terror that we passed it, and that I was swept away with alarming velocity, like Robinson Crusoe from his island. I endeavoured in vain to call, or to open the door. At last the carriage stopped unexpectedly, little more than a quarter of a mile beyond the bridge; and, proceeding the rest of the way on foot, I reached Richmond long after dark, but in time for dinner, which is here an early supper,—related the adventures of the day, and received the letters sent from London.

January 24.—We are at last established in London, in furnished lodgings, very near Portman Square, a fashionable part of the town. A previous study of the map has made me sufficiently acquainted with the town to find my way to every part of it, by means of two principal avenues, Piccadilly and the Strand, Oxford Street and Holborn, which unite at St Paul's, whence, as from a common centre, they separate again, to form two other great avenues, still east and west, Cornhill and Bishopsgate Street: they are the arteries of this great body, and all the other streets are the veins, branching out in all directions. It is easier to acquire a practical knowledge of the geography of London than of Paris, which has not the same rallying points, except the Seine, which divides Paris more equally than the Thames does London; the other side of the Thames is only an extensive

suburb, whereas the other side of the Seine is half Paris. The people of London, I find, are quite as disposed to answer obligingly to the questions of strangers as those of Paris. Whenever I have made inquiries, either in shops, or even from porters, carters, and market-women in the streets, I have uniformly received a civil answer, and every information in their power. People do not pull off their hats when thus addressing anybody, as would be indispensable at Paris; a slight inclination of the head, or motion of the hand, is thought sufficient. Foot-passengers walk on with ease and security along the smooth flag-stones of the side-pavement. Their eyes, mine at least, are irresistibly attracted by the allurements of the shops, particularly print-shops; not that they always exhibit those specimens of the art so justly admired all over Europe, but oftener caricatures of all sorts. My countrymen, whenever introduced in them, never fail to be represented as diminutive, starved beings, of monkey-mien, strutting about in huge hats, narrow coats, and great sabres; an overgrown awkward Englishman crushes half a dozen of these pygmies at one squeeze. *There are no painters among the lions*,—at least they are not here. It must be owned, however, that the English do not spare themselves; their princes, their statesmen, and churchmen, are thus exhibited and hung up to ridicule, often with cleverness and humour, and a coarse sort of practical wit. Some shops exhibit instruments of mathematics, of optics, of chemistry, beautifully arranged; the admirable polish, and learned simplicity of the instruments, suggest the idea of justness and of perfection,—recalling to your mind all you know of their uses, and inspiring a wish to know more. Jewellers'

shops, glittering with costly trinkets, give me another sort of pleasure,—that of feeling no sort of desire for any thing they contain. Finally, pastry-cook shops, which, about the middle of the day, and of the long interval between breakfast and dinner, are full of decent persons of both sexes, mostly men, taking a slight repast of tarts, buns, &c. with a glass of whey; it costs 6d. or 8d. sterling. A young and pretty woman generally presides behind the counter, as in the coffee-houses of Paris.

The inhabitants of London, such as they are seen in the streets, have, as well as the outside of their houses, a sort of a dingy, smoky look; not dirty absolutely,—for you generally perceive clean linen,—but the outside garments are of a dull, dark cast, and harmonize with mud and smoke. Prepossessed with a high opinion of English corpulency, I expected to see everywhere the original of *Jacques Roast-beef*. No such thing; the human race is here rather of mean stature,—less so, perhaps, than the true Parisian race; but there is really no great difference; and I have met more than once with Sterne's little man, when, in turning round to help a child across the gutter, he saw with surprise a visage of fifty, where he expected to see one of five. The size of London draught-horses makes up for that of men; those which draw brewers' carts and coal-waggons are gigantic—perfect elephants! On the other hand, I have observed dwarf horses passing swiftly along the streets, mounted by boys, who appeared employed in carrying letters or messages. No armed watch, *guet*, or *marechaussée*, is ever met patroling the streets, or the highways; no appearance of police,

and yet no apparent want of police; nothing disorderly.

The western part of the town is terminated by three great contiguous public walks. St James's Park, which belongs to the palace of that name, is planted in straight walks, which surround a meadow and piece of water, and have all the monotony and dulness of the old-fashioned avenues without their magnificence, the trees being low, and of a stunted growth. The Green Park is somewhat better. Hyde Park quite different, and three times as large as the other two together. It is an inclosure of above 400 acres, slightly uneven, having here and there groups of old trees, some of them of very large size and venerable appearance, but too thinly scattered, and leaving great spaces entirely naked. New plantations are making, but they unite ill with the old trees, and ought not to approach so near them. The water of a rivulet dammed up has been made to fill a little valley, forming a piece of water of good shape, and clear, called the Serpentine River; several projecting points of land and corresponding bays disguise its boundaries, and it is terminated by a good-looking stone bridge. The best trees of the park, mostly elms, grow near the Serpentine River. Kensington Gardens are connected with Hyde Park; carriages are not admitted; the circumference is about the same, that is, nearly three miles. An excess of trees is as conspicuous here, as the want of them in Hyde Park. The season is unfavourable, but the present impression of Kensington Gardens is that of a formal sort of wilderness.

The weather is called here very cold (20° or 22° of the thermometer of Fahrenheit); the Serpentine River is covered with skaiters, some of

them first rate ones. Ladies crowd round to contemplate the human form divine,—strength, grace, and manly beauty. There is certainly much to admire in this respect in the class of gentlemen in England, which is not only handsomer, but stronger than the labouring class both of town and country. It appears to me that it was the reverse in France, and that gentlemen in general were rather inferior in bodily faculties to countrymen and town-labourers. This difference may be ascribed to the practice of athletic amusements being much more general in England,—much more a part of education; and to the circumstance of the young men being introduced later to the society of women in England than in France. That society, when of the modest sort, induces sedentary habits,—and when otherwise, has still worse consequences. A taste for the country might also serve to account for this fact; a taste at least for those amusements which are only found in the country,—sporting, fishing, and horses. The fashionable part of the town is deserted one half of the year, and this half not at all the pleasantest one; but that of the shortest days, the darkest sky, and the coldest weather,—that is to say, all winter, till March; spending all the spring, which is said to be very beautiful in England, but is not the season of field sports, amidst the dust and smoke of London. Such is the kind of attraction which is here found in the country.

Westminster Abbey is seen to advantage from the parks, its Gothic towers rising above the summit of the trees. The Palace of St James, situated at the entrance of the park of that name, is a paltry-looking building, of the meanest possible appearance, and

half-consumed by fire; it is impossible to conceive anything worse of the palace kind. We are apt to lend form and colour to those objects of which we have always heard, but have never seen; and I own I had built in my mind a very different sort of palace for the court of St. James's,—so rich and so proud. This royal residence was erected by Henry VIII.

February 17.—We have been a whole month in London, and for the last three weeks I have set down nothing in this journal. It is not, as might be supposed, from having been too much taken up, or too little. A French traveller once remarked sagaciously, that there is a malady peculiar to the climate of England, called the *catch-cold;* this malady, under the modern title of influenza, has recently afflicted all London, and we have been attacked by it. A friend of F. who had come to London on purpose to receive us, has been obliged to fly precipitately; others dare not come. The letters we brought have not procured many useful or agreeable acquaintances,—some of them have not been followed by the slightest act of politeness; and although we have to acknowledge the attentions of some persons, their number is very small, and we feel alone in the crowd. London is a giant,—strangers can only reach his feet. Shut up in our apartments, well warmed and well lighted, and where we seem to want nothing but a little of that immense society in the midst of which we are suspended, but not mixed, we have full leisure to observe its outward aspect and general movements, and listen to the roar of its waves, breaking around us in measured time, like the tides of the ocean.

"'Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world—to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates,
At a safe distance."

In the morning all is calm,—not a mouse stirring before ten o'clock; the shops then begin to open. Milk-women, with their pails perfectly neat, suspended at the two extremities of a yoke, carefully shaped to fit the shoulders, and surrounded with small tin measures of cream, ring at every door, with reiterated pulls, to hasten the maid-servants, who come half asleep to receive a measure as big as an egg, being the allowance of a family; for it is necessary to explain, that milk is not here either food or drink, but a tincture,—an elixir exhibited in drops, five or six at most, in a cup of tea, morning and evening. It would be difficult to say what taste or what quality these drops may impart; but so it is; and nobody thinks of questioning the propriety of the custom. Not a single carriage,—not a cart are seen passing. The first considerable stir is the drum and military music of the Guards, marching from their barracks to Hyde Park, having at their head three or four negro giants, striking, high, gracefully, and strong, the resounding cymbal. About three or four o'clock the fashionable world gives some signs of life, issuing forth to pay visits, or rather leave cards at the doors of friends, never seen but in the crowd of assemblies; to go to shops, see sights, or lounge in Bond Street,—an ugly, inconvenient street, the attractions of which it is difficult to understand. At five or six they return home to dress for dinner. The streets are then lighted from one end to the other, or

rather edged on either side with two long lines of little brightish dots, indicative of light, but yielding in fact very little;—these are the lamps. They are not suspended in the middle of the streets as at Paris, but fixed on irons eight or nine feet high, ranged along the houses. The want of reflectors is probably the cause of their giving so little light. From six to eight the *noise* of wheels increases; it is the dinner hour. A multitude of carriages, with two eyes of flame staring in the dark before each of them, shake the pavement and the very houses, following and crossing each other at full speed. Stopping suddenly, a footman jumps down, runs to the door, and lifts the heavy knocker—gives a great knock—then several smaller ones in quick succession—then with all his might—flourishing as on a drum, with an art, and an air, and a delicacy of touch, which denote the quality, the rank, and the fortune of his master.

For two hours, or nearly, there is a pause; at ten a *redoublément* comes on. This is the great crisis of dress, of noise, and of rapidity—a universal hubbub; a sort of uniform grinding and shaking, like that experienced in a great mill with fifty pair of stones; and, if I was not afraid of appearing to exaggerate, I should say that it came upon the ear like the fall of Niagara, heard at two miles distance! This crisis continues undiminished till twelve or one o'clock; then less and less during the rest of the night,—till, at the approach of day, a single carriage is heard now and then at a great distance.

Great assemblies are called routs or parties; but the people who give them, in their invitations only say, that they will be *at home* such a day, and this some weeks beforehand. The house in which this takes

place is frequently stripped from top to bottom; beds, drawers, and all but ornamental furniture is carried out of sight, to make room for a crowd of well-dressed people, received at the door of the principal apartment by the mistress of the house standing, who smiles at every new comer with a look of acquaintance. Nobody sits; there is no conversation, no cards, no music; only elbowing, turning, and winding from room to room; then, at the end of a quarter of an hour, escaping to the hall-door to wait for the carriage, spending more time upon the threshold among footmen than you had done above stairs with their masters. From this rout you drive to another, where, after waiting your turn to arrive at the door, perhaps half an hour, the street being full of carriages, you alight, begin the same round, and end it in the same manner. The public knows there is a party in a house by two signs; first, an immense crowd of carriages before the house,—then every curtain, and every shutter of every window wide open, shewing apartments all in a blaze of light, with heads innumerable, black and white (powdered or not), in continual motion. This custom is so general, that having, a few days ago, five or six persons in the evening with us, we observed our servant had left the windows thus exposed, thinking, no doubt, that this was a rout after our fashion.

Such may be, it will be said, the life of the rich, the well-born, and the idle, but it cannot be that of many of the people; of the commercial part, for instance, of this emporium of the trade of the universe. The trade of London is carried on in the east part of the town, called, *par excellence, the City.* The west is inhabited by people of fashion, or those who wish to appear such; and the line of demarcation, north and south, runs

through Soho Square. Every minute of longitude east is equal to as many degrees of gentility *minus*, or towards west, *plus*. This meridan line north and south, like that indicated by the compass, inclines west towards the north, and east towards the south, two or three points, in such a manner, as to place a certain part of Westminster on the side of fashion; the Parliament House, Downing Street, and the Treasury, are necessarily genteel. To have a right to emigrate from east to west, it is requisite to have at least L. 3000 sterling a-year; should you have less, or at least spend less, you might find yourself slighted; and L. 6000 a-year would be safer. Many, indeed, have a much narrower income, who were born there; but city emigrants have not the same privileges. The legitimate people of fashion affect poverty, even, to distinguish themselves from the rich intruders. It is citizen-like to be at ease about money, and to pay readily on demand.

I have not had the same opportunities of observation in the city. Having been there, however, often, early in the morning, I found the appearance of every thing very different. Instead of the universal silence and profound repose of the west, as late as the middle of the day, all is motion and activity in the city, as early as ten o'clock in the morning. The crowd, the carriages, and the mud increase rapidly as you advance from west to east, during the forenoon; and an hour of steady walking will take you from one extreme to the other, that is, from Portman Square to Cornhill. The carriages you meet in the city are generally hackney-coaches, which, on rainy days, form two uninterrupted files moving opposite ways; few carts or waggons for the transportation of goods; all

this commerce with the universe is carried on by abstraction. You never see the productions which the two Indies, Africa, and America, are pouring incessantly into the Thames, and which return to the four quarters of the world, modified and enriched by the labour and skill of manufacturers. I am told that all this commercial substance is deposited in certain warehouses, which surround artificial basins, or docks, large enough to receive all at once, and each of them, whole fleets of merchantmen. The East Indies have their dock; the West Indies theirs,—the fisheries theirs,—London has one for its own use;—foreign vessels alone occupy the river, and their cargoes are received in private warehouses. All this is below London, and forms a sort of third town, east of east. What are we to think of this trade, of which a whole immense city, could not contain the stock, and is merely its counting-house. The mind forgets that the immediate object is sugar and coffee, tobacco and cotton, and that *auri sacra fames* is the mainspring, and sees only a social engine, which rivals in utility, in vastness of operation, as well as wisdom of details, the phenomena of nature herself!

Among the few who have taken any trouble to forward our views of pleasure and instruction, I wish I could pay a just tribute of my gratitude to Sir Charles B——, who has taken every opportunity of obliging us; but I have determined to name none but persons in public stations; and although this resolution may cost me something where I should have to praise, yet it must be adhered to.

Sir Joseph Banks is well known in the learned world, by his zeal for the sciences, which made him in his youth accompany Captain Cook round the world, and, during the course of a long life de-

vote all his time, and an ample fortune to their advancement. He receives such persons as have been introduced to him, on Thursday mornings, and Sunday evenings. His friends are always admitted in the morning to his library, where newspapers, and literary journals, English and foreign, are found. These meetings are perfectly free from *gêne* or ceremony of any sort. This is, I presume, the only establishment of the kind in England. Sir Joseph is the patriarch of literature, or more particularly of the sciences. He presides at the Royal Society, which meets every Thursday evening in Somerset House, nominally at eight o'clock, but often half an hour or three quarters of an hour later, and separates precisely at nine. If I was to judge by the two sittings at which I had the honour of being admitted, this very short space of time is sufficient. The secretary (Mr Davy) began by reporting what had been done at the preceding sitting. He had little to say. Rank and wealth are, I am told, the only title of a great number of the members of the society to the academical seat, and from such a tree but little fruit can be expected. The upper end of the room is decorated with a full length portrait of *Newton*, whom the society is proud of having had for its first president. His signature was shewn to me in the register of members. I felt that an impulse of profound respect at the sight of it had made me bow unconsciously. The English do not say *Newton*, but *Sir Isaac Newton*. I cannot well express how much this *Monsieur le Chevalier* Newton shocks the ear of a foreigner.

The Transactions of the Society have reached the 105th volume, and contain much valuable matter—much more, indeed, than seems consistent with the short time allowed to its proceedings;

and as the Society publishes only such communications as are judged worthy of the public, I conclude that few communications are offered that are otherwise. A certain native pride and good sense prevents many hasty communications being offered. There is in other countries less pride and more vanity. This Society had its origin in the times of revolution and civil wars of the seventeenth century. A similar state of things is said to have given a fresh impulse to arts and sciences in France. As hail storms stimulate vegetation, and a new spring generally follows its ravages, thus political tempests appear to awaken the latent powers of the mind, and bring forth talents; but it may well be questioned whether they are equally favourable to the growth of virtues.

The Royal Institution is a very recent establishment—about ten years. Its object is the advancement of knowledge in general, particularly the sciences. Count Rumford being one of the chief founders of the institution, the practice and application of his economical inveptions could not fail to obtain a due degree of attention. There was a workshop for the construction of that philosopher's saucepans and roasters, and a kitchen on his plan; culinary committees were appointed to pronounce on the merits of experimental puddings; but these novelties are now out of fashion, and have not operated that economical revolution which was expected. Whether from prejudice on the part of the executive body of cooks, or jealousy on the part of housewives, who, in all countries, do not like to see the men usurp their government, the old-fashioned spit and kettle have kept their ground, and the culino-philosophical apparatus seems near-

ly forgotten. The lectures on the sciences are well attended; they are given in a large amphitheatre, lighted by a sky light, and form, with the library and reading-rooms, all that remains of the original plan; for the place of deposit for machines is, I believe, empty. Private interest, whether the object is emolument or glory, will always make a secret of valuable inventions, until the exclusive property is secured to the inventor by a patent,—when the deposit of the models at the Royal Institution would become superfluous. The library is excellent, and the librarian has just published a catalogue, which is not only useful to those who frequent it, but might serve as a model for the formation of a library in the ancient and modern languages. There is a division for books of reference, and those on general reading; the best English and foreign journals; good fires in each room, tables, ink, paper, &c.

The world owes to this institution the illustrious chemist Mr Davy, and that series of mighty discoveries, which has, in the short space of a few years, done the work of an age in the advancement of his science. But for the means placed in Mr Davy's hands, and particularly a powerful Voltaic apparatus of two thousand plates, he probably never would have decomposed the elements of this metallic globe. It may not be improper to state, that Mr Davy was very young, and quite unknown at the beginning of the Institution. Introduced by Dr Beddoes as a very promising young man, he was admitted to give some lectures, and, notwithstanding his provincial accent, and natural bashfulness, his merit was soon estimated. Several other eminent men deliver lectures at the Royal Institution; Mr Pond on astronomy, Mr Allen on

mechanics, Dr James E. Smith on natural history. Those sciences are not, however, so fashionable as chemistry; they are not susceptible of any brilliant exhibitions; there is no noise, no fire,—and the amphitheatre never fills, but for Mr Davy. The resources of chemistry, to recal or keep up the attention of a mixt audience, are infinite. A small bit of potassium thrown in a glass of water, or upon a piece of ice, never fails to excite a gentle murmur of applause. More than one half of the audience is female, and it is the most attentive portion. I often observe these fair disciples of science taking notes timidly, and as by stealth, on small bits of paper; no man does that,—they know already the things taught, or care little about them! Women alone consider themselves as neither above nor below Mr Pond or Mr Davy. In fact, public lectures are only useful to those who know little, and aspire to little. Real learning is only acquired by solitary studies; but a taste for the arts and sciences, although superficial, is, at any rate, very desirable in all those to whom fortune gives leisure. The husband of a young lady who is very assiduous at the lectures, said, the other day, he approved much of this taste in the sex in general; "It keeps them out of harm's way." Considering the great number of prosecutions for *crim. con.* recorded in newspapers, one would think that no preservative is to be neglected.

There is something ridiculous enough in this technical abbreviation of *criminal conversation*. It seems an awkward attempt to disguise or soften an equivocal expression,—which is already in itself a great softening of the moral misdemeanour it represents.

This criminal conversation is not prosecuted

criminally, but produces only a civil suit for the recovery of damages, estimated in money. The jury determines the amount of these damages, by the degree of union and conjugal happiness existing before the criminal conversation which destroyed it, and by the rank and fortune of the parties. The smallest appearance of negligence or connivance on the part of the husband, deprives him of all remedy against the seducer, who owes him nothing, if he only took what was of no value to him, and which he guarded so ill. I have heard of L. 10,000 Sterling, awarded in some cases, which is certainly rather dear for a *conversation!* The husband pockets this money without shame, because he has the laugh on his side, and that in the world ridicule alone produces shame. A divorce is generally granted by act of Parliament in these cases; and marriage as generally takes place between the lovers. The publicity which such prosecutions necessarily occasion, and all the details and proofs of the intrigue, are highly indelicate and scandalous. The testimony, for instance, of servants, of young chambermaids, who are brought into open court, to tell, in the face of the public, all they have seen, heard, or guessed at, is another sort of prostitution more indecent than the first. Morals are far from being purified by this process; but the substantial infringement is prevented. This sort of chastity resembles the probity of certain persons who are sufficiently honest not to be hanged.

Upon the whole, however, there is more conjugal fidelity in England than in most other countries; and these *crim. con.* prosecutions calumniate the higher ranks of society, as the celebrated book of Mr Colquhoun calumniates the lower. The merits

of national, as well as individual characters, are only comparative; great allowances are to be made, and the best result to be expected is a favourable balance on the side of morality. I think married women are less on a footing of equality with their husbands here, than in France. They appear more dependent. Unmarried women on the contrary, are less shackled here,—they go out often alone, and enjoy more liberty. This liberty produces few abuses before marriage, and rather tends to prevent them afterwards. Those who take advantage of it to do wrong before marriage, would have done so after; and it is certainly safer to take a woman who has seen the world, than one who knows only the walls of a convent, and who has never been trusted out of sight from her birth.

One thing surprises me more and more every day; it is the great number of people in the opposition; that is, those who disapprove, not only the present measures of ministers, which have not been of late either very wise or very successful, but the form and constitution of the government itself. It is stigmatized as vicious, corrupt, and in its decay, without hope or remedy but in a general reform, and in fact a revolution. Our acquaintance, though not very extensive, is sufficiently various to afford a fair sample of public opinion. I have had an idea of making a list in three columns, whigs, tories, and absolute reformers,—and it would not be difficult; for there are a few principal topics, which, like cabalistic words, it is enough to touch upon, to know at once the whole train of opinions of those with whom you speak. It appears to me that the tories, or friends of the administration, and of all administrations, are in a

small minority; of the two other parties, one does not seem disposed to approve of any administration, and neither of them of the present; and, supposing the ministerial power to rest on public opinion, one might be tempted to exclaim with Basil in the Barbier de Seville, "*Qui est-ce donc que l'on trompe,—tout le mond est du secret!*" This is a most alarming state of things,—a spark might set the whole political machine in a blaze; and yet, looking around at the appearance of all things, it seems a pity that so much good should necessarily be abandoned in pursuit of better, and by the means of a revolution. Every body disclaims a revolution *à la Française*; but who is so presumptuous as to fancy a revolution, when once begun, can be guided and stopped at pleasure? Notwithstanding their lamentations and complaints, and the avowed expectation of a dreadful crisis, the inhabitants of London live just as if they had nothing to fear; amuse themselves, and attend to their business in perfect security. It would seem as if all this clamour was only habit, a sort of plaintive mania,—and yet they appear so much in earnest that I do not know what to think of it.

March 5.—It is difficult to form an idea of the kind of winter days in London; the smoke of fossil coals forms an atmosphere, perceivable for many miles, like a great round cloud attached to the earth. In the town itself, when the weather is cloudy and foggy, which is frequently the case in winter, this smoke increases the general dingy hue, and terminates the length of every street with a fixed grey mist, receding as you advance. But when some rays of sun happens to fall on this artificial atmosphere, its impure mass assumes immediately a pale orange tint, similar to the effect of

Claude Lorraine glasses,—a mild golden hue, quite beautiful. The air, in the mean time, is loaded with small flakes of smoke, in sublimation,—a sort of flower of soot, so light as to float without falling. This black snow sticks to your clothes and linen, or lights on your face. You just feel something on your nose, or your cheek,—the finger is applied mechanically, and fixes it into a black patch!

England is rich in pictures. The whole Orleans gallery, and many other collections, came here during the revolution. These treasures have been divided and scattered all over the kingdom. We have not yet seen any thing of them; there has not been really sufficient light during the short days. The British school of painting has not existed above 40 years. Sir Joshua Reynolds may be considered as the founder of it, and was the first president of the Royal Academy. He exalted an inferior branch of the art above its usual rank,—portrait-painting became under his hand historical. He seems as if he had surprised nature in action, and a characteristic action, and had fixed it on his canvas at one stroke, with perfect resemblance, but a resemblance which moves and thinks. It is impossible to imagine any thing more perfect than his children, with their playful, graceful, awkwardness, the arch simplicity and innocence of their smile. His colouring, which does not appear to have ever had much strength, fades away, and disappears rapidly;—many of his pictures are now only black and white. He is said to have been fond of trying experiments in colours, and thought he had found the secret of rendering them more lasting. Sir Joshua Reynolds, far from being "*geux comme un peintre*," lived like Rubens, in affluence; receiving the best society of London,—

the highest, the most learned and agreeable; and left after him a fortune of L. 100,000 Sterling, raised on the vanity of his countrymen, rather than on their love for the arts. They might have praised his talents,—but would not have rewarded them, if he had not painted their portraits. His price, in the last part of his life, was 200 guineas for a full length. His discourses at the Royal Academy, which have been published, do him as much honour as his pictures. This great example could not fail of being followed,—and all the English artists are portrait-painters. It must be acknowledged they excel in that line. I have visited some of them. Mr Lawrence and Mr Phillips have a bold, free, and vigorous manner; Mr Owen a correct design, and good composition. There are many others of great merit. Mr Nollekins is a sculptor, (of portraits likewise): we saw in his workshop a funeral groupe, so excellent as to make us regret that his talents were not always so employed. It commemorates a woman who died in child-bed. She is sitting on the ground, her back supported by a standing figure of a woman, who bends over her, and points to some distant object; the dead child lies on the lap of the dying mother, who holds its hand in hers. Pain of body and anguish of mind,—the terrors of death itself,—are vanishing with life, leaving only a kind of heavenly serenity, the faint expression of which seems also ready to abandon the earthly form. All is simplicity in the attitude; truth and feeling in the expression. We saw there also a fine Venus by the same artist;—the heads of Fox and Pitt in marble,—very like we are told; neither of them looking like great men; but the countenance of Fox is at least that of a good-natured man; the other looks harsh and proud. The ex-minister, Mr Canning, was

sitting there for his bust, to be placed, I suppose, by the side of his master's.

The English are accused of having neglected the fine arts, and acknowledge very readily the truth of the charge. One of their artists, Mr Shee, has published a well-written pamphlet,—his view of the evil, and its remedy. He wants, if I recollect rightly, that government should appropriate a certain sum for the purpose of purchasing pictures annually, painted by artists, natives or not, residing in England, chosen by a committee of fit judges. Government has at present, I believe, other calls for its money. But there is a society lately formed for the same object; they have provided some convenient rooms in Pall Mall, lighted by skylights, for the reception of modern pictures; the public is admitted at two shillings a head, and a person is always on the spot to treat with those who wish to buy any of the pictures. Those purchased remain there till the end of the exhibition, which lasts about four months. The purchaser of any picture has his entrance free the remainder of the time. A very considerable revenue, raised by this means, is applied to the purchase of modern pictures for the society. This institution will certainly create a great emulation among artists; and those who have superior talents will be enabled to quit the sordid portrait, and to be historians and poets without fear of starving. I must own, however, that I have seen very few pictures there that were above mediocrity; bad design,—ignorance of the human form and anatomy,—colouring poor and purplish. The heads, however, are fine in general: and these striking countenances, thus starting out of the canvas, put me in mind of the man in "Le Tableau Parlant," who thrusts his living head through a hole in a picture. Land-

scapes of merit are much more common than historical pictures. There is more originality,—more knowledge of nature in this branch of art,—more *beau idéal*,—more poetry, here than in France.

The exquisite perfection of English engravings had given me a corresponding idea of the art of painting; but this elder branch is much inferior to the other. Landscapes, especially, are engraved here with a degree of finish,—a softness,—a richness of colouring, if I might be allowed the expression, which it seems impossible to surpass. This art having become a great article of trade, furnishes an early reward to talents; bread first, and fame afterwards. The little proficiency made in the arts, the sciences, and all that requires much study, great labour, and sacrifices, by most of those who are born to an independent fortune, shews sufficiently that the first step in the career is urged by hard necessity.

There is a species of composition, which has been brought here to a high degree of excellence,—subjects taken in common and modern life. The personages are not always boors, sailors, or soldiers, in camps and taverns, as in the Flemish school;—or shepherds and shepherdesses *à la Virgile*,—but real peasants or tradesmen, with their proper appendages, and placed in natural situations, interesting and characteristic, without caricature, and often with much dramatic effect. The British Institution has several good pictures in this style. I shall notice one which pleased me particularly. You see a room occupied by a shoemaker and his family. He is at work, seated on a bench in the front of the picture; shirt sleeves tucked up,—squared elbows,—a shoe in one hand,

on his closed knees,—a heavy hammer in the other, hard at work; his son by him, his back turned, works at the same trade. Behind them, at a table, the mother shells beans; the daughter, seated at the same table, is binding shoes. A child on a low chair, a bowl in his hand, eating carelessly, as if he had had enough, and playing with the cat. In the middle of all this the door opens; a young man in his holiday dress, with a nosegay at his button hole, hat off, and scratching his head, with an awkward embarrassed air, advances a few steps, and is about to tell the object of his visit. The father stops short in the middle of his work, and half raising his head, shews a wrinkled forehead,—care-worn,—a sharp and impatient eye,—and, altogether, a countenance ill-calculated to encourage the gallant. The girl, without interrupting her work, but deeply blushing, uneasy, and anxious, casts a side-glance at what is going on. The mother looks complacently, and the young brother laughs in his sleeve with suppressed archness, while the child continues playing with the cat, without taking any concern in the scene, which is called, as may be imagined, "*The Asking in Marriage.*" The drawing and composition are perfect; the colouring rather dull, but true; the expression is nature itself, and neither too high nor too low. All the details of furniture, utensils, and ornaments, are finished with the greatest care, and with the greatest minuteness; and, although perfectly distinct, not obtrusive, nor distracting the attention from the principal figures. The artist is a Mr Cossé of Dusseldorf, who has been fifteen years in London without much reputation, but I should think has now secured one. Another artist, Mr Wilkie, has reached in a few years the highest

honours of this kind. I have not seen anything of his yet. He is from Scotland, very young, and in bad health, but extremely well-informed and respectable.

I have noticed some other pictures of considerable merit at the British Institution, but descriptions of pictures are generally tiresome and insufficient. I have described Mr Cossé's, merely to give an idea of that style which appears to be, compared to historical painting, what *memoirs* are to *history*. I prefer memoirs, as giving the moral or human history, instead of the history of diplomacy and wars, which has no interest nor variety, and contains only that sort of information, of which one volume affords as much as an hundred. There is a false lustre attached to rank and power, which lends an imaginary importance to characters and actions insignificant in themselves. They are not always great men who effect great things;—much is due to the means which chance has placed in their hands. With the same effort you may throw a stone farther than a feather; and it may not perhaps be much more difficult to manage an empire than a shop. At any rate, I prefer Mr Cossé's or Mr Wilkie's humble subjects, to most of those with which history or fable might have furnished them.

An English dinner is very different from a French one; less so, however, than formerly,—the art of cookery being in fact now half French. England was always under great obligations to its neighbours in that respect; and most of the culinary terms are French, as well as those of tactics. It is singular, that the same animal which, when living, has an English name, has a French one when slaughtered. A sheep becomes mutton; an ox, beef; and a hog, pork. I overheard, the other day, an old Frenchman, who has lived thirty years

among the English, tell one of his children who happened to have dirty hands, to go and wash them, adding, by way of reproof, "Go, you are a little *pork*." Such misapplications of words shock like discords in music, or ill-assorted colours, the more as they come nearer without being right, and are extremely ludicrous.

The master and mistress of the house sit at each end of the table,—narrower and longer than the French tables,—the mistress at the upper end;—and the places near her are the places of honour. There are commonly two courses and a dessert. I shall venture to give a sketch of a moderate dinner for ten or twelve persons. Although contemporary readers may laugh, I flatter myself it may prove interesting in future ages,—for

> "This work, which ne'er will die, shall be
> An everlasting monument to me."

FIRST COURSE.

Oyster Sauce.	Fowls.	Vegetables.
Fish.	Soup.	Roasted or Boiled Beef.
Spinage.	Bacon.	Vegetables.

SECOND COURSE.

Creams.	Pastry.	Cauliflowers.
Ragoût à la Françoise.	Cream.	Game.
Celery.	Macaroni.	Pastry.

DESSERT.

Walnuts.		Raisins and Almonds.
Apples.	Cakes.	Pears.
Raisins and Almonds.		Oranges.

The soup is always a *consommé*, succulent, and high-seasoned. Vegetables, on the contrary, are exhibited in all the simplicity of nature, like hay to horses, only a little boiled instead of dried. Such a dinner as I have described is now perhaps a little antiquated. Among people of fashion the master and mistress generally abandon the ends of the table,—which indeed has often no end, being round; there are more made-dishes, or French ragouts; they are served in succession, hot and hot, and vegetables do not appear quite in *naturalibus*. Good old English families have frequently no soup at all, and the dishes are only roast and boiled.

> "Selon leurs goûts, leurs mœurs, et leurs besoins,
> Un gros rost beef que beurre assaisonne,
> Des plum-puddings, des vins de la Garonne."

This plum-pudding, celebrated by Voltaire, is quite a national dish, and my French readers will thank me for the receipt of it, which they will find in a note.* The German mineralogists have given the name of *pudding-stein* to a ponderous and hard

* Plum-pudding is a mass of paste, formed of equal quantities of crumb of bread, of firm fat from the kidneys of beef, of dried raisins properly stoned, and of *corinths*, a little dry fruit which comes from the Mediterranean. A small quantity of milk is also added; and, to improve the whole, a little citron comfit, spices, and brandy. All this, well mixed, is tied in a piece of linen cloth, and boiled for five or six hours in a pot full of water, but suspended so as not to touch the bottom, which might burn it. The longer it is boiled the better; and this precious faculty of not losing anything from waiting, has made it be named emphatically *Hunter's Pudding*,—*Pudding de Chasseur*. The cloth is taken from it before serving. The pudding forms a large ball, which is cut into slices, upon which each pours a sauce composed of butter, sugar, and wine.

stone, composed of fragments bound together by a common cement. I do not know whether the pudding is derived from the stone, or the stone from the pudding, and either might be considered as a satire; but to my taste plum-pudding is excellent.

The wine generally drank is Port, high in colour, rough, and strong,—Madeira, and Sherry; Bourdeaux wine, usually called here Claret, Burgundy, Champagne, and other French wines, are luxuries: few of these wines come to England without some heightening of brandy. People generally taste of fewer dishes here than at Paris, each dining generally on one or two. You are not pressed to eat or drink. The ordinary beverage during the dinner is small-beer, porter rarely, and sparkling ale, which is served in high shaped glasses like Champagne glasses; water, acidulated by the carbonic gas, is frequently used: few drink wine and water mixed. The crystal vessels, called decanters, in which wine is brought on table, are remarkably beautiful. Formerly it was the invariable custom to drink every body's health round the table; and although less general now, it is by no means entirely abolished. It was done in this way: One of the guests challenged another, male or female; this being accepted by a slight inclination of the head, they filled respectively, each watching the motions of his adversary, then raised their glasses, bowing to each other, and in this attitude, looking round the table, they had to name every one of the company successively; this ceremony finished, the two champions eyed each other gravely, and carrying their glasses to their lips, quaffed their wine simultaneously. As one challenger did not wait for another, and each guest matched himself without minding his neighbours,

the consequence was, circular glances, calls of names, and mutual bows, forming a running-fire round the table, crossing in every direction. It was then the invariable custom to introduce guests to each other by name, and it was quite necessary to recollect these names, in order to drink their healths at table. This custom of introducing is losing ground every day; and in fact the heighth of fashion is, to banish everything like *gêne* and ceremony. This is certainly very well; but some people go a little farther; and, under pretence of ease, every appearance of mutual good-will is excluded. Voltaire has said somewhere, "*qui n'est que juste est dur.*" I would add, *qui n'est que franc est brutal.* True politeness, I presume, is merely benevolence in small things; which costs so little, and requires so few sacrifices, that it is not worth while to dispense with it. When politeness promises no more, it is consistent with perfect sincerity. The manners of those who have that sort of politeness resemble each other in all countries, while the arbitrary politeness of fashion is more local. Fashionable people in England are very apt to be insolent, —in France probably impertinent.

Soon after dinner the ladies retire, the mistress of the house rising first, while the men remain standing. Left alone, they resume their seats, evidently more at ease, and the conversation takes a different turn,—less reserved,—and either graver, or more licentious:

> Le dîner fait, on digère, on raisonne,
> On conte, on rit, on médit du prochain.

Politics are a subject of such general interest in England, both for men and women, that it engrosses the conversation before, as much as after

the retreat of the ladies; the latter, indeed, are still more violent and extravagant than the men, whenever they meddle at all with politics, and the men out of Parliament, I think, more than those in Parliament. Women, however, do not speak much in numerous and mixed company. The political topics most usually agitated relate to the measures of administration; and the ministers are infallibly blamed or praised for the same things, and for every thing, as the person who speaks happens to belong to one or the other party. This ministerial controversy, however, is carried on with sufficient good-humour; but there is another branch of politics which is hardly ever introduced without producing more heat and earnestness of debate,—that is, parliamentary reform; a nice and intricate question, which few of the disputants understand, and they are the more positive and violent on that very account. As to ministers, it is quite another thing; the disputants on this point know exactly how the matter stands; those who support them are in general supposed to be in duty bound to do so,—and there is no disputing on a point of duty.

The minister, Walpole, who is thought to have understood the manipulation of his art better than any one, and to have known how to manage mankind, used to say, that he was sure to keep his guests at table in good humour, by leading the conversation to eating and women;—they were all of one mind on those subjects. The *recipe* has lost nothing of its efficacy, and the matter is at this day discussed *con amore*. Old men and young all join in it; and make themselves amends, over the bottle, for the restraint necessary before women.

There are some customs here not quite consistent with that scrupulous delicacy on which the English

pique themselves. Towards the end of dinner, and before the ladies retire, bowls of coloured glass full of water are placed before each person. All (women as well as men) stoop over it, sucking up some of the water, and returning it, often more than once, and, with a spitting and washing sort of noise, quite charming,—the operation frequently assisted by a finger elegantly thrust into the mouth! This done, and the hands dipped also, the napkins, and sometimes the table-cloth, are used to wipe hand and mouth. This, however, is nothing to what I am going to relate. Drinking much and long leads to unavoidable consequences. Will it be credited, that, in a corner of the very dining-room, there is a certain convenient piece of furniture, to be used by any body who wants it. The operation is performed very deliberately and undisguisedly, as a matter of course, and occasions no interruption of the conversation. I once took the liberty to ask why this convenient article was not placed out of the room, in some adjoining closet; and was answered, that, in former times, when good fellowship was more strictly enforced than in these degenerate days, it had been found that men of weak heads or stomachs took advantage of the opportunity to make their escape shamefully, before they were quite drunk; and that it was to guard against such an enormity, that this nice expedient had been invented. I have seen the article in question regularly provided in houses where there was no men, that is, no master of the house; the mistress, therefore, must be understood to have given the necessary orders to her servants,—a supposition rather alarming for the delicacy of an English lady. Yet I find these very people up in arms against some uncleanly practices of the French;

for instance, spitting on the floor, the carpet, &c. &c. or spreading in full view a snuff-taking handkerchief, with an innocence of nastiness quite inconceivable. To take a lump of sugar with their fingers, is another offence the French are apt to give, but of a lesser dye. Dr Johnson was once exposed to an abomination of the latter sort during his tour in France, and the astonishment and wrath of the Doctor are faithfully recorded somewhere.

It may be a matter of curiosity in France to know how the people of London are lodged. Each family occupy a whole house, unless very poor. There are advantages and disadvantages attending this custom. Among the first, the being more independent of the noise, the dirt, the contagious disorders, or the danger of your neighbour's fires, and having a more complete home. On the other hand, an apartment all on one floor, even of a few rooms only, looks much better, and is more convenient. These narrow houses, three or four stories high,—one for eating, one for sleeping, a third for company, a fourth under ground for the kitchen, a fifth perhaps at top for the servants,—and the agility, the ease, the quickness with which the individuals of the family run up and down, and perch on the different stories, give the idea of a cage with its sticks and birds. The plan of these houses is very simple, two rooms on each story; one in the front with two or three windows looking on the street, the other on a yard behind, often very small; the stairs generally taken out of the breadth of the back-room. The ground-floor is usually elevated a few feet above the level of the street, and separated from it by an area, a sort of ditch, a few feet wide, generally from three to eight, and six or eight feet deep, inclosed by an iron rail-

ing; the windows of the kitchen are in this area. A bridge of stone or brick leads to the door of the house. The front of these houses is about twenty or twenty-five feet wide; they certainly have rather a paltry appearance,—but you cannot pass the threshold without being struck with the look of order and neatness of the interior. Instead of the abominable filth of the common entrance and common stairs of a French house, here you step from the very street on a neat floor-cloth or carpet, the wall painted or papered, a lamp in its glass bell hanging from the ceiling, and every apartment in the same style:—all is neat, compact, and independent, or, as it is best expressed here, snug and comfortable,—a familiar expression, rather vulgar perhaps, from the thing itself being too common.

On the foot pavement before each house is a round hole, fifteen or eighteen inches in diameter, covered with an iron grate; through that hole the coal-cellar is filled without endangering the neatness of the house. The streets have all common sewers, which drain the filth of every house. The drains preclude that awkward process by which necessaries are emptied at Paris, poisoning the air of whole streets, during the night, with effluvia, hurtful and sometimes fatal to the inhabitants. Rich houses have what are called water-closets; a cistern in the upper story, filled with rain-water, communicates by a pipe and cock to a vessel of earthenware, which it constantly washes. The rent of a house of the class described, which is of the middling or low kind, varies in different parts of the town, from L. 80 to L. 200 Sterling, including the taxes, which are from L. 20 to L. 50. The following sketch will give an idea of one of the best houses. This is the first story. Below, on the ground-floor,

the front room, 24 feet by 30, is the eating-room; the one 18 by 22 is the servants' hall. This house was bought by the present proprietor for L. 16,000 sterling, but had cost nearly double in building. The rent of houses a little inferior is L. 400 or L. 500 sterling a-year, including taxes; but there are houses the rent of which is L. 1000 a-year. The best houses are occupied by the proprietors themselves. The establishment of such a house as is described above, is from four to six male servants, and probably as many women;—the wages of the former, L. 40 sterling, dress included; and of the latter, L. 10 to L. 12; and the whole annual expence, L. 4000 to L. 6000 sterling. Butcher-meat is as follows: Beef and mutton, 8d.; veal, 1s. to 1s. 6d.; butter, 1s. 10d.; bread, 3d. the pound; a good cow, L. 18 to L. 20 sterling; a good horse, L. 50 to L. 100 sterling.

March 30.—I had long intended to go to the House of Commons, but wished to get some person used to the place to go with me. I found, however, that few people liked to encounter the trouble, and fatigue, and, I might almost say, the humiliations to which an admission to the gallery exposes you, whenever the business before the

House is at all interesting, therefore I took my determination, and went alone yesterday. The door of the gallery opened at four. A great crowd, accumulated on the stairs two hours before, pressed in at once through a narrow door, where your title of admission is demanded; mine was an order from a member; but I observed that a five shilling piece was the most usual passport, received openly, and more graciously than my legitimate order. I found, on entering, the first and second rows full, sat on the third, and had two more rows of benches behind me. The house below was thin of members; they were employed in some minor business, dispatched without debate. The room appeared to be about sixty feet by forty, with three windows towards the Thames at one end, high above the floor; the public gallery, where I was, at the other end, facing the windows, and about 15 or 18 feet above the floor; a narrower gallery on each side, for the use of members when the house is too full below, or they feel inclined to take a nap, which they do with great intrepidity, in full view of the public in the gallery, arranging the cushions before they lie down, and making a comfortable pillow for their honourable heads. The chair of the Speaker (who does not speak except on points of form and order) faces the gallery, and has the windows behind, or rather above it. Five rows of benches, covered with green leather, are disposed in an amphitheatre round the room; the walls are wainscotted with dark wood; a great lustre hangs from the ceiling in the middle; three chandeliers on each side, against the galleries. The Speaker is dressed in a black gown, and an enormous white powdered wig. At his feet are two persons in the same cos-

tume, seated before a large table covered with books and papers; the mace, an essential article, lies on the table whenever the speaker presides, and under the table when the House is in committee. The right of the speaker is occupied by the ministers and their adherents, the left by the opposition; but this order is not obligatory. Here is a sketch of the general appearance of the house from the gallery where I sat. A tall, slender, and genteel-looking man rose to give notice of a motion he intended to make next week, respecting an act of oppression and cruelty of a captain of a ship of war against one of his sailors. He said only a few words:—This was Sir Francis Burdett, a very notorious gentleman at present. The Walcheren business was then taken up;—General T. spoke against the ministers; General C. and Mr R. for them; all at great length, and, as it appeared to me, very heavily. Then several young members came forward, that is to say, spoke, which is done

without leaving their places, and merely standing up; Lord P. Lord G. G. and Mr F.—this last member spoke with great vehemence in favour of ministers;—all three, with a sort of schoolboy oratory, well enough as a lesson for practice, but to no sort of purpose as to persuading or changing any opinion. A veteran member arose next, old and toothless, and speaking like a Jew, uncouthly and carelessly, but ardently, and with that seeming self-conviction, which is among the very first requisites for eloquence. He stepped forward on the floor towards the table, and used animated gestures, a little *à la Françoise*,* or at least very different from the English mode of oratory. Mr Grattan is Irish. All this lasted till eleven. I felt quite weary; my legs cramped from sitting so long, for you are forbidden to stand up for a moment; and, giving up the point, I went home, traversing the dark and solitary immensity of that gigantic hall of Westminster, which is 275 feet long, and 74 wide, and at this time of night, feebly lighted by two or three lamps only, resembles the antichamber of the infernal regions. It is, in fact, the antichamber of the courts of justice, the doors of which are distributed all round, as well as the antichamber of Parliament. It is here that the great trials by impeachment are carried on;—here that the regicide sentence was pronounced against Charles the First;—and it was here also that Richard the Se-

* In France there is no public speaking unstudied, and the action, studied also, aims at grace and dignity; here, whenever used, it is the expression of earnestness and warmth. The sort of gesture is generally that of striking down the clenched fist; in France, that of waving the open hand.

cond entertained ten thousand guests, who have been dead these four hundred years.

This morning I have learned that Mr Canning and Mr Whitbread spoke after I had left the house, which sat till two o'clock in the morning! I regret much not to have heard these two speakers, although the subject (Walcheren) is certainly quite worn out. I shall make another effort to hear them; but the sacrifice is great,—two or three hours standing on the stairs,—then to scale the breach,—and at last to sit motionless and cramped on a board eight or ten hours, hearing, perhaps, schoolboys and prosers, and at last, on the eve of obtaining the recompence of so much patience and suffering, to be turned out like a dog at the motion of any one member who may call for the standing order to clear the gallery, without assigning any motive. Mr Windham, who is a great supporter of the privilege of turning out the public at pleasure, and has got into a scrape on that account with the public and with the reporters, is one of those I wished most to hear, especially as he can only be heard and not read, the reporters having formed a league not to report his speeches.

"Il est juste
Qu'on soit puni par où l'on a péché."

This is no insignificant retaliation on Mr Windham, who liked as well as any one to see his speeches appear to advantage in the newspapers; and is said more than once to have revised the report made of them before printing.

Mr Windham is nearly the last survivor of a certain class of statesmen who have adorned the British senate during this reign. Fox, Burke, and Pitt, were men of talents and characters to-

tally different from each other; and Mr W——m, one of the great luminaries of this bright constellation, is different from the other three. They however all began, or were, for some early part of their political life, in the opposition; they were more or less reformers. Two of them aimed at giving to Parliament a more popular base, and more purely representative; none, however, acted upon these principles when in power; and all, with the exception of Mr Fox, renounced the faith of their youth openly. I am inclined not to think favourably either of a young man, who has little ardour for what is called liberty, or for a man of maturer age, who has much of it; but Mr Pitt seems to have changed before the requisite age. The dreadful results of the French struggle for liberty, which Mr Burke's imagination, at least as much as his wisdom, anticipated, carried him to the opposite extreme; and, towards the end of his life, he seemed to see no safety for mankind, but in absolute power. Had he lived to this day, he would have found that the patriotic French were much of the same mind with him; but this spoiled child of genius, constant to his antipathies alone, would probably have fled to liberty back again, as the regicides receded from it. Mr Fox had the merit of consistency; he always was a friend of temperate liberty; opposed constantly the encroachments of ministerial power; always was a good whig. He seems to me, however, to have thought too well of the French revolution, and to have feared too little its influence in England, as his opponent, Pitt, feared it too much, or feigned to fear it. During the short duration of Fox's power, he did little for what he deemed liberty; and seemed as little disposed as his predecessors to sa-

crifice to peace, after declaiming so long against war. It might indeed be want of power, rather than of sincerity. His eloquence appears to have been the genuine English eloquence; simple, direct, and vigorous, rather than subtle and ornamented. In the heat of debate, his voice was apt to become sharp and disagreeable. It is strange, that, knowing so well how to speak, this great man did not write better. The fragment of history published after his death is remarkable for a sort of laborious simplicity; and its morality seems liberal to laxity. I was surprised to find his diplomatic correspondence with M. Talleyrand was not written in very good French.

Pitt, the reverse of Fox in every thing, had more art and logic, a choice of expressions never equalled, and the most poignant irony, without the persuasive eloquence of his great opponent. Burke was all imagination; but, judging particularly from what he wrote on the French revolution, an ungovernable imagination, the liveliness and exuberance of which might dazzle and delight, but proved little, and did not convince. His learning and wit gave his conversation a peculiar charm; yet, at a certain period of his parliamentary life, it was observed, that the benches of the House became empty whenever he spoke, and he was called, from that circumstance, the dinner-bell. Possibly the delight attending the exercise of imagination and wit, is greater and more lasting for the actor, than those acted upon.

The last living of these great men, Mr Windham, is less unlike Burke than either of the others, with a simpler style of eloquence, and an imagination more under command; his ideas, however, appear full as eccentric, and more paradoxical. He

likes to cut his way through the opinions and principles of the rest of the world, provided they are modern opinions and principles, for his innovations consist in changing nothing,—and his originality in doing what was always done. He whose object is only resistance, will attain it equally, whether he swims faster than the stream, or stands against it, and lets it pass by him. The following *bon mot* is given to Mr Sheridan: The generality of men, said he, see only two sides to a question, but Mr W——m contrives to find always a third, and then pairs off with himself.

The reporters are persons employed by the editors of newspapers, to take notes of the principal speeches in Parliament. They were seated behind me in the gallery, and I took advantage of the opportunity to observe their mode of proceeding. Far from setting down all that is said, they only take notes, to appearance very carelessly, one word in a hundred, to mark the leading points. It is difficult to understand how they can afterwards give the connected speeches we see in the papers, out of such slender materials, and with so little time to prepare them;—the speeches of the night, spoken, perhaps, at two or three o'clock in the morning, or later, being served up to the luxurious inhabitants of this capital at their breakfast the same morning. What a life! One of these reporters, named Woodfall, who is dead, was able without any notes, and entirely from memory, to write, on his return from the House, all that had been said worth repeating. They are crowded in the gallery, with the rest of the people, writing on their knees, in a constrained attitude, laughing and whispering jokes among themselves about the solemn business going forward below, and often

praying that such or such tiresome speakers may have done soon, and sit down again.

The exclamation hear! hear! hear! so often mentioned in the reports of speeches in the newspapers, surprised me much, the effect being quite different from what I expected. A modest, genteel hear! hear! is first heard from one or two voices, —others join,—more and more,—*crescendo*,—till at last a wild, tumultuous, and discordant noise pervades the whole house, resembling very nearly that of a flock of frightened geese; rising and falling, ending and beginning again, as the member happens to say any thing remarkable.

Judging from the reputed taciturnity of this nation, it might be supposed that the gravity of a legislative assembly would be more particularly observable in the British Senate; instead of which, it is the merriest place that ever was. These legislators seem perpetually on the watch for a joke; and if it can be introduced in the most serious debate, it succeeds so much the better. Some of the members, Mr Sheridan for instance, are such complete masters of the senatorial risibility, that, by a significant word, or expression of countenance, they can, when they please, put their honourable colleagues in good humour. English taciturnity is not proof against a sally of wit, and still less, perhaps, against a stroke of buffoonery, called here humour. I have been told that the French have no humour. Without bringing in Moliere to confute this, I thought it sufficient to produce "*Les Battus payent l'Amende*," which happened to be by me; and I trust no Englishman who reads it will say we have no humour. I am ready to grant, that, in general, we do not descend quite so low.

The French are trifling and decorous,—the English grave and farcical.

Considering the growing importance of public opinion,—of that modern tribunal, which governments are obliged to consult now-a-days, and before whom the most despotic think fit to justify their measures, paying it the compliment of imposing upon it; considering again the influence a daily communication of the debates in Parliament has on this public opinion, and that, but for the report of speeches, they would be unknown to the nation at large, or even would not exist such as they are, being intended for the people full as much as for the House,—it is very natural to feel a considerable degree of surprise at finding the persons employed in collecting this all-important communication, taking on their knees, and by stealth, the notes which are to feed the political appetite and legitimate curiosity of an enlightened public. Instead of an alimentary organ, Mr W—m seems to look upon it as rather a secretory one, of which he is ashamed.

The freedom of the press is considered in England as the palladium of national liberty; on the other hand, the abuse of it is undoubtedly its curse. It is the only plague, somebody has said, which Moses forgot to inflict on Egypt. This modern plague penetrates, like the vermin of the old, into the interior of families, carrying in its train defamation and misery. The press diffuses as to politics as many falsehoods as truths; and although it furnishes means of refutation, apparently reciprocal, and, from the shock of opinions, the real truth might be expected to come at last, it is in fact *reciprocity all on one side*; for I find every one reads only the papers of his party, strengthening his er-

rors and prejudices instead of removing them. The constitution leaves to every man the use of his pen as of his sword, and he may be punished for a libel as for a murder; but the one crime is more difficult to prove than the other,—it is susceptible of so many different degrees, and takes such various shapes, that it commonly escapes the grasp of the law, although its consequences are infinitely more general and extensive. The evil is, no doubt, easier pointed out than its remedy. But whatever evils may result from the freedom of the press, it is not now to be suppressed, being so closely interwoven in the English manners and national constitution, as not to be torn from it without destroying the whole texture: and, notwithstanding its enormous inconveniences, it is impossible to deny, that this people owes much to this freedom. It has tasted of the tree of knowledge, and cannot now return to its primitive state of ignorance and innocence.

The consequence of this general publicity is, a sort of transparency of the body-politic, which allows you to see many wonderful, and some alarming natural processes: the labour of the stomach and of the intestines, and the suction of innumerable hungry vessels, carrying health and strength, or disease and death, in incessant streams of blood and humours, to every part of the body. Any derangement is, of course, observed immediately; and the cause, as well as the seat of the disorder, being obvious, the hand and the knife can penetrate, cleanse, and remove, without danger, under the guidance of the eye. A body so formed and constituted would have the chance of a long and healthy life, although it might not be a joyful one; and the mind appertaining to that body would, in

all probability, acquire precisely that plaintive cast and habit of grumbling, so observable among the inhabitants of this fine and prosperous island.

Extremes in government, says Hume, approach near to each other. In a firmly-established arbitrary government the ruler has no jealousy of the people, and allows them a considerable degree of liberty;—in a republic, none of the magistrates are so eminent as to alarm the people, and they are suffered to apply the law in all its strictness and severity. But in a limited government, like that of England, the magistrates and the people will be reciprocally jealous and watchful; the liberty of speaking and publishing will be carried as far as it can go without becoming a crime, and stop only at what the laws define libel and sedition. Such are the limits of the power of the magistrates and of the rights of the people; and they will both go to the utmost length of it. It has occurred to me, that if each public newspaper was divided between the two great national parties; if, for instance, a ministerial printer was obliged to send his sheets, printed on one side only, to one of the opposition, who would fill the other half with what he pleased, so as not to administer the dose of poison without its antidote, the people could hardly be so grossly deceived as they are now. A difficulty, however, would remain; the third party, of absolute reformers, who might not consent to divide with the whigs, and, like Mr W—m, would be reduced to pair off with themselves.

The report of the debates at the time of the parliamentary inquiry concerning the Duke of York, (an affair which reflects both honour and disgrace on this nation) having occasioned a great deal of scandal, and, as is alleged, having unfairly

prepossessed public opinion, the ministers wished to spare themselves similar scandal on the occasion of the Walcheren inquiry, and one of them declared his intention of enforcing, day by day, the standing order by which any member can, whenever he pleases, and without assigning his reasons, send the public out of the gallery. On this imtimation, Mr Sheridan moved an amendment to the standing order, making a previous decision of the house necessary to clear the gallery. During the debate on Mr Sheridan's motion, Mr Windham denied that the report could be considered as very important to national liberty, since the custom is not of more than 25 or 30 years standing, and that, according to the professed friends of this same liberty, it has been on the decline ever since. In his zeal against the reports, Mr Windham attacked also the reporters, charging them with being a parcel of needy adventurers, bankrupts, footmen, &c. He received from one of them an excellent letter, shewing in strong, but temperate language, the injustice and illiberality of this personal attack. Mr Windham did not disdain justifying himself by an answer worthy of his talents and character; and ended by an offer, waving privilege, of that sort of satisfaction which one gentleman owes to another. I have this anecdote from a gentleman who had seen the letters.

The House of Commons has exhibited lately a very curious tragi-comic scene, which I do not introduce as characteristic of the manners of this singular people, being perhaps, even among them, unique in extravagance. An honourable member, a country gentleman, and, I believe, a county member, took offence at some slight he had experienced during the late examination in Parliament; and

having made some intemperate remarks, supported by oaths, there was a motion, that the words of the honourable member should be taken down. This produced another explosion from the honourable member, who was ordered by the speaker to leave the house, which he obeyed with some difficulty. The House then decided that he should be put into the custody of the serjeant-at-arms. This resolution was no sooner announced to him, than he burst in again, furiously calling to the speaker that he had no right to send him into confinement; and that *the little fellow in the great wig was the servant, and not the master of the House of Commons.* The speaker, in consequence of the vote of imprisonment, was obliged to order the sergeant-at-arms to do his duty; and the latter, with the assistance of some other officers, succeeded in carrying off his prisoner after an obstinate combat, —the honourable member being an Hercules! What would the Parisians say to an affair like this in their *Senat Conservatif*, and of one of the members in *grand costume* giving battle to the door-keeper on the senatorial floor? Two days after, the honourable member, having addressed a penitential letter to the speaker, was brought to the bar of the House to receive a reprimand; and, after paying the sergeant-at-arms for his services, was allowed to take his seat.

The legislature of the United States witnessed, some years ago, a scene still more edifying. An honourable member (a naturalized Irishman) actually spit in the face of another honourable member. Immediate consequences were prevented; but the day following the insulted member gave battle to his filthy colleague in the same place. They fought with fists, and with pokers and tongs,

and rolled in the dust of the legislative floor before the representatives of the nation! The speaker had left the chair to give fair play.

April 2.—The Walcheren question was finally decided the day after I was at the House, or rather the next day after that, the debates having been protracted till long after day-light. A small majority of 21—that is, 253 for, and 232 against the ministers—approves all! * This is certainly quite contrary to public opinion, which is altogether against ministers. The opinion of the House, no doubt is, in reality, not less so; but, besides those members who vote in every case for the ministers, there are many independent members who have voted on their side, without approving of their conduct in this instance, merely because they think them upon the whole the best ministers that can be had. Their power remains, however, much shaken; and if they should send Sir Francis Burdett to the Tower to-morrow, serious consequences may follow.

The members of Parliament seem to feel singularly relieved by the final termination of this Walcheren question. I have heard some of them speak with terror of a certain great book, where the evidences on the case were recorded, and which was the text of so many heavy and tiresome speeches. Their despair was at its height, when, at seven o'clock of the morning of the last day, after a whole night of debate, Sir Home P. was seen coming forwards with this same great book under

* The newspapers have given a list of members who have voted for and against ministers on the Walcheren question. Of 253 members who voted *for*, most had places; and of 232 members who voted *against*, not one had any place. This is certainly a most eloquent list, even allowing for some misrepresentation.

his arm! But this depression gave way to sudden mirth, on his introducing in his speech some remarks about *bombs going to the Roompot.*

The affair of the reporters of speeches in Parliament seems to me deserving of attention; as it serves to throw much light on the nice mechanism of this government, and its peculiar constitution and character. A certain body of lawyers (benchers of Lincoln's Inn), in order to shew their zeal against what one of the parties calls *the liberty of the press,* and the other, *the unbridled license of the press,* had, pending the late debates on the subject, passed a resolution, by which any person convicted of having ever written for the newspapers for hire, should be excluded from their body. The persons thus excluded presented a petition to Parliament praying relief. This gave rise to debates, in the course of which Mr Sheridan said, that he was ready to produce a long list of men, eminent, not only in the law and other professions, but some of them eminent in Parliament, who had begun their career as writers for the newspapers. He named Mr Burke, and several others; and he added, that of twenty-three gentlemen now employed in taking notes in the gallery of the House, eighteen had, to his own knowledge, been educated in the Universities; most of them had graduated, and several of them had obtained premiums, and other literary distinctions. He recalled the well-known anecdote of the celebrated Dr Johnson: Two admired speeches of Lord Chatham having been compared to those of Cicero and Demosthenes, Johnson was asked which of the two manners, the Greek or the Roman, these speeches resembled most? I do not know, he answered; but this I can say, I wrote

them both.* Would it then have been a disgrace for the benchers of Lincoln's Inn to have received Dr Johnson among them? Mr Stephens, another distinguished member of Parliament, rose to condemn this exclusion, as unjust, illiberal, and impolitic; adding Hawkesworth, Steele, and Addison to the list of celebrated men who had written for the newspapers; and he who has the honour of addressing you, he continued, interrupted by universal applause, was one of those guilty persons thirty years ago! It is thus that talents and genius, and the turbulence of faction itself, find here, in the different ranks of society, some outlet,—some door half open,—some narrow avenue to honours and distinctions, which recompense those who obtain them; occupy and sooth with hopes even those who do not; and prevent those political explosions, which, by a dreadful, but a natural and almost just revolution, replace, in other countries, amidst the wrecks of social institutions, men where they ought to be, in the order of their abilities and their courage; and where it is better they should be allowed to arrive peaceably and by degrees, than suddenly, and over the heads of the imbecile crowd crushed under their feet. In the gradual order of advancement, virtues tell for something; but in the scramble of a revolution they are of no avail, and talents themselves owe much to chance.

The minority in the House of Lords blames the ministry very much for communicating some private correspondence with individuals in Spain, which may endanger their safety, and is, they allege, a cruel, impolitic, and abominable breach of

* Wrote means here reported for the newspapers, not composed to be spoken.

faith. In doing this, they (the opposition) give the real publicity to these papers, which otherwise might have remained as effectually hidden on the table, as if they had been still in the *porte-feuille.* The fact is, that ministers, in their eagerness to shew the difficulties they had to encounter in Spain, care not who they may injure; and the opposition, equally eager to render ministers odious, care as little about faith and humanity.

Were we to believe the reformers, and even the whigs, a man capable of conducting the affairs of the state with honour and success, cannot possibly remain long at the head of them. Instead of application in the cabinet, and solid qualities, an English minister, to remain minister, must have, essentially, dexterity in debate, and the talent of intrigue; qualifications which do not imply that moral reputation necessary to obtain and preserve the confidence of foreign powers; and frequent wars are the consequence. The opposite party says, on the contrary, that the necessity of defending day by day in Parliament each ministerial measure, requires so much talent, and so much knowledge of a certain sort, that it is impossible that he who possesses them should have no other; that these perpetual debates oblige them to consider the affairs confided to their care thoroughly, and in every possible light, in order to secure themselves from disgrace and ridicule, the fear of which is the most powerful of stimulants. That a minister thus employed has, it is true, but little time left for any of the details of his department; but those are entrusted to inferior officers, fitter for them, who are not removed at every change of ministry, and have for a number of years followed the *routine* of their business. I prefer a minister who can spare only

one hour a-day to do the business of the state, but who is obliged to think of it and debate on it the rest of the day and half the night to the ministers of some other countries, who, to use the expression of a man who knew them well, "*se renferment pour tailler des plumes,*" and when they come out of their retirement thought only of their pleasures. When the savages of North America bury their chiefs up to their necks in an ant-hill, make them undergo hunger and thirst and other torments, it is not to give them the qualities necessary for their station, but in order to ascertain that they possess them already.

This system of trials and combats applies no less to the legislative branch of the government. The exaggeration of the debates,—the obvious want of candour,—the waste of time,—the imprudent disclosures,—cannot fail to shock an indifferent spectator. A difficult question cannot be investigated properly in a numerous assembly, and is always considered with reference to party views, rather than with a sincere and unmixed desire of truth; but unfortunately, was it not for party views, the investigation would not be attended to at all. The most inconsiderable individual of such an assembly might in all probability decide on the business before them better, and more expeditiously, if he pleased,—but the danger is, he would not, for want of sufficient inducement. It is thus that the spirit of system in science is useful, however extravagant it may be; the egotistical zeal it inspires leads often to the discovery of new facts; establishing not exactly the particular system of the author, but something much better, which had never entered into his imagination.

The judicial branch of government is, like the

others, placed in the arena, or on the stage. Examinations of witnesses,—statement of the case,—law arguments,—charge of the judge to the jury,—verdict,—judgment,—all is done audibly and publicly. There is not a doubt that the judge could inform himself of the merits of the case much better in his closet than amidst the noise and bustle of a court, where so many things distract his attention,—on written statements of facts and documents, than on vague and desultory pleadings. But, in that case, it is but too likely that, instead of the judge, it might be his secretary who would have to do all this; and that, instead of examining witnesses, he would examine the parties themselves. As to the jury, it is clear that they are not half so able as the judge to decide either on the fact or on the law; and I would much rather trust to him than to them, if these were the only qualifications required; but the twelve men composing the jury are placed in a situation of which habit has not blunted the sense of importance and of moral responsibility,—of curiosity,—of interest,—and of awe of the public; and the judge himself, who delivers his charge when they are going to retire to their box, and who knows that so many eyes are upon him,—so many ears listening,—may possibly give them very different advice from that he would follow himself, if he had to decide alone.

> "On en vaut mieux quand on est regardé
> L'œil du public est l'aiguillon de gloire."

The highest department of the British Government, the throne, does not indeed commit its dignity in the general struggle; and if exposed, as well as the other branches, to the eye of the public, it is

from the top of a pedestal, not in the vulgar crowd. The royal person is here a fine hollow statue, in which the priests of the temple place themselves to deliver their oracles. He acts only through his ministers; they are answerable, and may be impeached by Parliament; but the King himself can do no wrong; in fact he can do nothing,—not even affix his royal seal, which is in the keeping of the chancellor. The King is supreme magistrate, but he does not administer justice, and cannot meddle in any legal processes, either civil or criminal. James I. happening to assist at some great trial, the judge put him in mind that he was not to take an active part in it. The King appoints the judges, but cannot displace them without impeachment and trial,—nor can they be impeached without the concurrence of the two Houses. Their salary is permanent; and as long as they do their duty, that is to say, as long as they are the strict organs of the law, they are as independent of the King and ministers as these are of the judges; and this is the most important safeguard of public liberty.

The King is the commander in chief of the army and navy; but an express act of Parliament is necessary to establish and enforce martial discipline in the army, renewable annually, and the army is disbanded, *ipso facto*, at the end of every year, unless continued by Parliament. The discipline of the navy is, on the contrary, established by permanent laws; but there is no money to pay either sailors or soldiers, or any body else, without the consent of Parliament.

The King gives titles and confers dignities; he is the fountain of honour:—he treats with foreign nations, or rather his ministers do in his name;—he is the head of the church,—that is to say, that he

convokes, prorogues, and dissolves the assemblies of the clergy; his consent is necessary to render their acts valid, and he appoints bishops and archbishops:—he has the power of pardoning criminals, but cannot exempt them from pecuniary compensations; and, in case of murder, if the widow, or the nearest relation of the deceased, choose to prosecute, the royal pardon is not admitted. It is uncertain whether the right of pardon extends to the cases of condemnation on impeachment, at least it is certain, that the King's order is no justification of the act, or that his pardon granted beforehand does not stop the prosecution. Finally, his sanction is necessary to all laws after they have passed the two Houses of Parliament; but there has not been any instance of a bill rejected by the King since the year 1692, under William III.; it was to render Parliaments triennial. The majority in Parliament is in fact the sovereign;—no money without its consent;—and if the King should refuse to sanction the laws passed by that majority, the arm of government would be at once palsied. A majority in Parliament must then be obtained; and that is done by means, called legitimate and proper by one of the parties which divide public opinion,—abominable and corrupt by the other; and really there is so much to say on both sides, that I have not yet made up my mind on the subject.

Mr Pitt was the first minister bold enough to dissolve a refractory Parliament, in order to try the temper of a new one,—and it succeeded with him. It is a serious thing for a member of Parliament, who has been at great expense for his election, to be thus sent back again to his constituents, to take the *sense of the people*, as it is called, or rather to go again through the trouble and expence of a

fresh election. This expedient of Mr Pitt is something like running through the body a man who has given you the lie, and then, turning to the rest of the company, the sword still reeking with the blood of the offender, to ask them what they think now of your veracity.

We have here a Persian ambassador, who furnishes a good deal of conversation to the fashionable world;—the ladies love his fine black beard,—his broken English, and odd good-humour. His *propos* are much repeated. He complains that there are none but old women in England; the young ones not being so much in company. He likes *embonpoint*, and exclaims; "Ah! nice fat, nice fat!" Of a pretty woman he said, "*She is a nice little fellow.*" A young lady was sent to sit by him on a sofa, and talk to him; the conversation being exhausted, and he perceiving she was tired, or being so himself, said, "now my dear it is well,—you may go." He complains of course of the want of sun; but said, the other day, at an audience of Mr Perceval, that he wanted no other sun than the radiance of the Grand Vizier's face, (a grand eastern hyperbole). During the Walcheren business, he took it for granted that the heads of the ministers would be off. The court of St James's does not shine at present in European ambassadors; there are but two or three, including the one from the United States,—but it has three unshaved ones, this one of Persia, the Turkish ambassador, and a Barbary envoy.

I have been carried to one of the hospitals of this great town, supported by voluntary contributions. I shall relate what I saw. The physician, seated at a table in a large hall on the ground-floor, with a register before him, ordered the door to be open-

ed; a crowd of miserable objects, women, pushed in, and ranged themselves along the wall; he looked in his book, and called them to him successively. Such a one! The poor wretch, leaving her wall, crawled to the table. "How is your catarrh?" "Please your honour, no offence I hope, it is the asthma. I have no rest night nor day, and"—"Ah, so it is an asthma! It is somebody else who has the catarrh. Well, you have been ordered to take, &c."—"Yes, Sir, but I grow worse and worse, and—"—"That is nothing, you must go on with it."—"But, Sir, indeed I cannot."—"Enough, enough, good woman, I cannot listen to you any more; many patients to get through this morning,—never do to hear them talk,—go, and take your draught, &c."—The catarrh woman made way for a long train of victims of consumption, cases of fever, dropsy, scrofula, and some disorders peculiar to women, detailed, without any ceremony, before young students. This melancholy review of human infirmities, was suddenly interrupted by the unexpected entrance of a surgeon, followed by several young men, carrying a piece of bloody flesh on a dish. "A curious case," they exclaimed, placing the dish on the table; "an ossification of the lungs! Such a one, who died yesterday,—just opened. This is the state of his lungs. See these white needles, like fish-bones, shooting through here and there;—most curious indeed." Then they handled, and cut open, and held up between the eye and the light, these almost palpitating remains of a creature who breathed yesterday! The symptoms of his disorder, and the circumstances of his death, were freely talked over, and accurately described in the hearing of consumptive patients, who felt, I dare say, the bony needles pricking

their own lungs at every breath they drew, and seemed to hear their own sentence of death pronounced.

The women being dispatched, twenty or thirty male spectres came in, and underwent the same sort of summary examination. The only case I recollect was, that of a man attacked with violent palpitations, accompanied with great pain in the shoulder. His heart was felt beating hard through the sternum, or even under the ribs on the *right* side. His heart has moved from its place !—The unhappy man, thrown back on an arm-chair,—his breast uncovered,—pale as death,—fixed his fearful eyes on the physicians, who successively came to feel the pulsations of that breast, and reason on the cause. They seemed to me to agree among themselves, that the heart had been pushed on one side by the augmentation of bulk of the viscera ; and that the action of the aorta was impeded thereby. The case excited much attention,—but no great appearance of compassion. They reasoned long on the cause, without adverting to the remedy till after the patient had departed,—when he was called back from the door, and cupping prescribed!

The medical men proceeded next to visit the resident patients. I followed. The apartments were clean and spacious, and the sick not crowded, which is no doubt of the greatest importance. I was shocked, however, with the same appearance of insensibility and precipitation.

> Là le long de ces lits où gémit le malheur,
> Victimes des secours plus que de la douleur,
> L'ignorance en courant fait sa ronde homicide,
> L'indifférence observe et le hasard décide.

There is, however, more indifference than igno-

rance here; for in no part of the world is the art of medicine carried farther than in London; and, without being at all qualified to judge, the mere circumstance of this art and those who practice it being so much more respected here than in France, is sufficient to convince me of their superiority. In France, surgery is honoured, while medicine is slighted. Moliere has much to answer for this; and if Shakespeare had taken it into his head to laugh at physicians, there is no knowing how they would fare in England at this day.

April 4.—Some military men whom we saw lately spoke unfavourably of Congreve's rockets. They are made like common rockets, only of an enormous size. The cylinder, or case of iron, contains 20 or 30 pounds of powder, rammed hard, and the fore-part loaded with balls. The rocket is impelled by its own recoil. It is held, in the first instance, by a pole 20 or 25 feet long, sloping to the proper angle like a mortar. The pole is carried away by the rocket, and keeps it in its proper direction like the feather of an arrow. But when the wind blows strong with it, or sidewise, the pole or tail is apt to steer the wrong course; and the rockets go right only against the wind, or with no wind. At Flushing, they steered back again upon the British troops, and did *more harm than good.* At Copenhagen they succeeded perfectly, and then, of course, did *more good than harm.* They have been used sometimes in Spain with great effect. As a proof of their doubtful utility, these officers remarked that Bonaparte had not as yet adopted them.

April 10.—London has been in the greatest ferment for the last four days, in consequence of the vote passed the 5th instant by the House of

Commons, for the imprisonment in the Tower of Sir Francis Burdett, one of their own members, for a libel against that House published by him, which is an offence against their privileges. From the morning of the 6th to the morning of the 9th, the sergeant-at-arms, with the order of the House in his hand, and an army of 40,000 or 50,000 men at his heels, hesitated whether he should force open the door of Sir Francis, who sets at defiance the order of his collegues, and maintains they have no right to invade his house. There are numerous instances of members arrested by orders of the House,—a power which seems in fact indispensable to the safety, the tranquillity, and the existence of that Assembly ;—but there is none of resistance. The question therefore was, how far the sergeant-at-arms could go in case of resistance ; and, if any lives had been lost in forcing the house, whether it would have been murder. Do your duty, he was told by the House through the speaker. But should I kill any body, rejoined the sergeant, may I not be hanged ?—We do not know that; but go on, and the law will decide afterwards. The sergeant-at-arms, much puzzled, applied to the attorney-general and other law authorities. Their doubtful answers appeared an acknowledgement that they thought themselves on the very line which separates legitimate from arbitrary power and anarchy.

During this interval, the populace, always bold against timidity and indecision, took part for Sir Francis; and, mustering in great force before his house, sent showers of brick-bats upon those passengers, either on foot or in carriages, who neglected to conform to certain patriotic demonstrations. At night they proceeded to the houses of the mem-

bers whom they supposed inimical to Sir Francis, breaking their windows, and occasionally those of their neighbours; and in the ardour of their zeal, mistaking friends for foes, they broke the windows, and even the stone steps of some members in the opposition. Sir John A— was one of them. The Life Guards were grossly insulted; wounded with stones thrown at them, and by frequent falls of their horses on the smooth pavement. At last the serjeant-at-arms and his assistant, penetrating into the house, partly by force and partly by address, secured their prisoner, and carried him to the Tower in a carriage, escorted by a strong detachment. This detachment was, on its return, saluted with frequent volleys of brick-bats, till at last they were provoked to fire, and a number of individuals were killed and wounded, most of whom were unfortunately innocent spectators.

Neither the ministers nor Sir Francis had probably any fixed plan. His resistance probably was not foreseen by them or by himself; it grew out of the forbearance of the officer employed in carrying the order into execution. But it has been of service to the ministers? The broken windows, and other excesses of a senseless rabble, and the deeper views of some few individuals, suspected by the public, have disposed the indifferent, the timid, and all those who have something to lose, to side with that power which can afford immediate protection to the people against the populace. Walcheren and the Parliamentary reform are quite forgotten for the present. If Sir Francis had suffered himself to be carried to prison quietly, he would now be looked upon as a martyr of patriotism, instead of an abettor of insurrection. He very unadvisedly dropped the character of an oppressed man; and, in-

stead of sympathy, chose to inspire fear and mistrust. A person of experience in marine insurances has often assured me, that he found assurers were apt to ask a higher premium for sea risks when the day was stormy than in fine weather, let the locality of the risk be ever so far distant; and that merchants were likewise disposed to pay more. The idea of danger once awakened in the mind, its equivalent is estimated proportionably. The British ministers will find John Bull* less disposed to haggle about the price of personal security,—thanks to this political storm.

Mr Cobbett, in his Political Register of yesterday, would have us believe that the people were unanimous for Sir Francis;—but it appeared to me far otherwise. I was much on the spot, and observed more curiosity than earnestness or interest among the crowd; and I think it very probable that the brick-bat men were not many, and that the same individuals acted successively at the different scenes of action. The instigators have, upon the whole, no cause of triumph; they thought the moment was come to effect their purpose; they have tried their strength, and have found it unavailing; put in the scale they have proved too light; and they talk of *mental* insurrection, now that the *material* insurrection has failed.

This sort of *petite guerre* between the govern-

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* This nickname which the English have adopted for themselves, seems allusive of a certain ponderousness of body and mind,—plainness and stubbornness of character,—and courage deemed national; but really that portion of the people I saw lately flying before the charge of a few horse guards, looked more like a flock of sheep, than that fierce animal,—their chosen emblem. Dr Arbuthnot, I believe, first gave to this nickname its general currency.

ment and the people, will not be well understood on the continent. Tumult is not necessarily the indication of weakness, and the very struggles of contending powers in the state may rather shew the efficacy of them all. English history furnishes precedents of just and successful resistance to the government on the part of the people; but the present circumstances are far from requiring this dangerous remedy, and it is not called for by public opinion.

The doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance, and its contrary, constitute the most material difference between whigs and tories. This great and delicate question is presented under a simple and luminous point of view, by a modern English writer of much reputation, (Paley). The idea of a social compact is, he says, a fiction; such a compact never existed; and supposing the first generation of men to have agreed upon one among themselves, it was not obligatory on the succeeding generation. Every individual comes into this world with all his natural rights unalienated, and, strictly speaking, is not obliged to obey laws he did not make. It is, however, expedient to obey the laws which are found ready established, and which cannot well be revised and confirmed by every individual of each succeeding generation. This expediency ceases when the order of things violates the safety, the liberty, and the well-being of the people; and here begins legitimate resistance,—but who is to determine the expediency? who is to judge of the fitness of resistance? Paley answers,—every man for himself at his peril! This is bold no doubt, and, although true, might seem to prove too much at first sight; for, if resistance is successful, it becomes legitimate, praise-worthy, and glorious,

and if it does not succeed, it is criminal, and deserves the gallows. This leads to a distinction between moral and political legitimacy. It is expedient that revolutionists should suffer for their ill success *in terrorem*, or there would be too many revolutions,—the distinction between good and bad intentions belongs to a higher tribunal, in a better world. The new order of things, once established, should be maintained, if it secures the happiness of the people, without any reference to the means by which it was produced; for the punishment of the usurper might fall on the people, and lead to new violence and enormities. Corneille approached, without suspecting it, the expression of the above just and liberal sentiments, in the following lines of Cinna, dictated as they are by the most servile adulation.

> Tous ces crimes d'état qu'on fait pour la couronne,
> Le ciel nous en absout alors qu'il nous la donne.
> Et dans le rang sacré, où sa faveur l'a mis,
> Le passé devient juste, et l'avenir permis.
> Qui peut y parvenir ne peut être coupable,
> Quoiqu'il ait fait, ou fasse, il est inviolable,
> Nous lui devons nos biens; nos jours sont en sa main;
> Et jamais on n'a droit sur ceux du souverain.

Usurpers, however, should beware,—this principle is a two-edged sword, equally their safeguard and danger, and although Corneille might say truly, "*quoiqu'il ait fait*"—"*quoiqu'il fasse*" was going too far.

April 18.—There was yesterday a meeting of the electors of Westminster, legally convened for the purpose of petitioning Parliament for the liberation of their representative, Sir Francis Burdett, and new disorders were apprehended. The language of the petition is certainly violent, and in fact a mere vehicle for rude censure, and abuse of

the House of Commons; but the meeting was peaceable, and all this will end in a war of words. To hear the noise which is made, it might be supposed that the whole civil machine was going to fall to pieces, but at the height of it, certain established forms interpose, and, by diverting the passions, prevent irregular and violent proceedings. This government is a system of checks and counterpoises; the great aim seems to be retarding the motion, and giving time for the exaggeration and irritation of parties to subside, and from all the various impulses to form a right and a moderate one. As wheels are clogged down hill, not to prevent the carriage descending, but to avoid its being precipitated,—the object is to arrive safely at the bottom, but not to fall there.

There is now light and length of day sufficient to see the sights of this capital. We have begun by the British Museum. The building is disposed round a vast court, and in very good taste. You are to wait in the hall of entrance till fourteen other visitors are assembled, for the rule is, that fifteen persons are to be admitted at one time, neither more nor less. This number completed, a German ciceroni took charge of us, and led us *au pas de charge* through a number of rooms full of stuffed birds and animals;—many of them seemingly in a state of decay. We had a glimpse of arms, dresses, and ornaments of savages hung around;—of a collection of minerals;—next of antiquities from Herculaneum and Pompeia, and monstrous Egypt. We remarked a treble inscription on a large block of dark porphyry, brought from Rosetta; one is in hieroglyphics, one in the common language of Egypt, and one in Greek;—all three saying the same thing serve as a glossary to each other. This stone, and several large sarcophagi, and numerous

statues, and basso-relievos, belonged to the French collection which fell into the hands of the British in 1801. The last and most valuable acquisitions are the Greek and Roman marbles brought from Italy by Mr Townly. We had just time to notice a very fine statue of Diana, and a bust of a woman looking up with a great expression of indignation and terror; the more remarkable, from the general calmness and tranquillity of antiques. The merit, however, of a considerable part of these marbles, consists mostly of their being undoubtedly antique. Among the manuscripts, we observed in the catalogue 43 volumes of Icelandic literature, presented by Sir Joseph Banks, who visited that singular island 40 years ago,—41 volumes of decisions of the commisaries who settled the boundaries of properties after the great fire of London, which destroyed 400 streets, and 13000 houses, says Hume, in 1666. The damage was estimated, at the time, at L.10,716,000 sterling, equal to L. 28,000,000 sterling now. The city was left a vast plain of rubbish. We noticed also an original deed of some land to a monastery, dated Ravenna, Anno Dom. 572, written on the papyrus; and the original of Magna Charta. We had no time allowed to examine any thing; our conductor pushed on without minding questions, or unable to answer them, but treating the company with double *entendres* and witticisms on various subjects of natural history, in a style of vulgarity and impudence which I should not have expected to have met in this place, and in this country.*

* I am informed that a great improvement took place soon after we were there, and that the Museum is now shewn much more conveniently.

The painted ceilings on the stairs and halls are very fine, by La Fosse, Rousseau, Monoyer,—all foreign artists; for the fine arts were but little cultivated in England at the time this building was erected, (1680) by the first Duke of Montagu. The museum owes its origin to the collection of Sir Hans Sloane, bequeathed to Parliament, on condition that his family should receive L. 20,000 sterling, for what had cost him more than L 50,000, and the labour of many years. He died in 1753; and the Museum was opened to the public, the first time, in January 1759, in these buildings, purchased for that purpose. It has received continual accessions since that time by donations and purchases; particularly the collection of Sir William Hamilton, costing L. 8400; of Mr A. Townley's, in 1805, costing L. 20,000; the library of Lord Oxford, purchased from his heirs, for L. 10,000, rich in manuscripts, and known by the name of the Harleian Library,—the Cottonian library, a bequest, and several others.

We have spent a whole morning at Mr Hope's, who has a magnificent collection of pictures; a week, or a month, would hardly be sufficient to see all his treasures; and even then it would be necessary to guess at some of them, from their bad situation;—every side of every apartment being covered with pictures, light or no light. We have been much struck with the plague of Athens, by N. Poussin; the composition, the drawing, the colouring, the ghastly light, all concur to the same end,—all horribly beautiful. In the middle of the picture, a famished child is sucking his dead mother! The dead and the dying lie about in heaps, grouped with a terrible fertility of imagination. The prevailing tint of Poussin's colouring

is generally a sort of dusky lurid red, which I do not like, but here it suits the subject. I remember with pleasure several good Van Dyck's of great beauty, particularly one of the death of Adonis. On the second story, a landscape of Claude, soft, warm, and golden; several others of the same artist appeared to me much inferior,—the trees particularly lumpy and hard, and the light precisely the reverse of the golden hue; a landscape of Both pleased me more. A fine Dominichiño (Suzanna). Several good Carlo Maratti. An excellent Caracci, and a wretched landscape by the same, although not unlike in composition to a very pretty picture of Isabey and his family in the *Galérie du Musée*. Such Rubens' as I have seen here are, as everywhere, ill drawn, gaudily coloured, the expression always low. I would except a good picture of the deluge by that artist. A storm, by Rembrandt, of the truest and grandest effect. Agar by Le Sueur, very good. Several landscapes of great merit by Bolognesi. Two Carlo Dolce; one excellent, the other bad.

I cannot recover from the surprise I have felt on seeing Raphael's pictures, hard like cut tin; always the same Madona expression, or rather absence of expression, and then in the back ground indigo landscapes, with trees like brooms. Raphael was not a landscape-painter, it is true; but then, why introduce landscapes at all, and not perceive that they were so bad? I have had the courage to confess all this heresy to a professed *connoisseur*, who comforted me with an assurance, that the pictures of which I complained, were before Raphael's good manner, and as, Raphael as he is, he must have been a bad painter before he was the very best that ever was, I feel a little reconciled with myself for the present. Leonardo

de Vinci charms me with his transparent shadows, and perfect finishing, without being cold or hard. Although something older than Raphael, his pictures, with their three centuries, are as fresh as if they had been painted yesterday. It is said of him, that he carefully prepared his colours himself; as Sir Joshua Reynolds did, but with a very different success. Leo, who had called him to his court, conceived a contempt for him from that circumstance, and Raphael succeeded Leonardo de Vinci, who left his unworthy protector. Mr Hope is particularly rich in Flemish pictures, executed by the best masters for that family of princely merchants, during the last 200 years; they have never been in any other hands, and are in high preservation,—most of them are wonderfully beautiful, and very few, if any, participate in the vulgarity of taste and subjects peculiar to that school. I shall name a few only. St John in the desert, by Breenberg;—not at all a desert, yet a fine picture. Van Huysen, very fine. Berghem, a great composition of rocks, and effects of light. Gerard Dow, a domestic scene, exquisitely finished. Polemberg, graceful and light trees, and female nudities, precisely the reverse. Brugo, his garden of Eden is a mere menagerie, where birds and beasts are crowded, but not grouped together, —the colouring as gaudy as possible. Bactchuy, two highly-finished sea views. Weenix, two large pictures, dead and live game. The subject is certainly not very interesting, and yet I have never seen any thing more admirable, not only for the high finish, which is such as to distinguish the very down of the feathers, a hair, a blade of grass; but for the vigour of effect, as a whole, the originality, the simplicity, the truth of attitude, of

motion, of composition. When you look near, the details appear to have been the principal object and great aim of the artist; step back, and all is freedom and bold touches; the bounding deer seems starting from the canvas. Ruisdale's landscapes are cold and black, and yet beautiful. Wooverman introduces always, it seems, a white horse in his pictures; there is at Mr Hope's a white horse, *par excellence*, full of fire and impatience at the sound of the war trumpet.

A collection of pictures, of some reputation (Mr Walsh Porter's) is for sale at Christy's;—but I saw nothing there half so worthy of attention as the auctioneer himself. It is a received thing here, that a person of that profession is to play the buffoon, and amuse his customers with exaggerated and fantastical descriptions of the things he offers for sale,—odd digressions, and burlesque earnestness, particularly when he deals in objects of *taste*, of no very definable value, as china, pictures, antiques, &c. What he says does not persuade any body; it is not meant to be believed, but merely to amuse the crowd of rich idlers, who go there to kill time, and, being there, buy, what they might not otherwise have thought of buying,—precisely as the mountebanks at fairs attract the populace. These have a politer audience to entertain, and need more refinement in their jokes, and really shew sometimes a good deal of humour, and strokes of real wit. It must be owned, that the anxious solicitude of amateurs about trifles, the importance they attach to certain conventional beauties and merits of their own creation, and which none but the initiated in the mysteries of taste can discover; the little tricks they practise against each other, in pursuit of their common game, and *manœuvres*

of various sorts, afford ample field to ridicule, and materials to amuse the amateurs at their own expence. Foote, who wrote farces, and played in them with equal success, drew for the stage a *dilettanti* auctioneer from nature; the wit, and general application of the satire, has survived the mere personal mimickry intended; as the Tartuffe of Moliere, (if I may be allowed to compare these two writers) remains an incomparable picture of hypocrisy,—while the original who sat for the portrait is forgotten.*

Another collection has been sold, that of Mr Greville. The object of this connoisseur was to exhibit the progress of the art from its origin, by a series of pictures of successive ages;—many were very bad, but it was at least an acknowledged consequence of his plan.

We have just seen Madame Catalani;—she is a bewitching creature, and, notwithstanding our high expectations, she has exceeded them. Her voice, which is strong, clear, and harmonious, and produced without effort or contorsions, is the least of her attractions. The grace and the modesty of her appearance,—the *naïveté*,—the archness of her smile, tender and playful at the same time, charmed us still more than her voice. Des Hayes and Vestris are winged Mercuries; this Vestris is, however, said to be inferior to the others. Some of my countrymen have assured me, in confidence, that he would not be endured at Paris;—it may be so,—I have not had the honour of being lately at Paris. The Opera-house of London is, like all the theatres I have seen in England, in the shape of a horse-shoe. The side-boxes are ill turned to see, and the front ones too far to hear. The height of the ceiling is so great that the voice is lost. It

seems strange that the semicircular shape should not have occurred, or should not have been adopted. Each spectator would have the actors precisely in front of him, and at a mean distance equal for all. Such a theatre would moreover contain more spectators. I would lower the ceiling one-third at least, dispensing with the two upper tiers of boxes. It would be a very small pecuniary sacrifice,—this high region being always but thinly filled, and by spectators whose presence, or behaviour at least, is either a great scandal, or very inconvénient;—that is to say, in the side-galleries, certain ladies, who carry on their business quite openly, selling and delivering the articles they trade in under the eye of the public, and with a degree of shamefulness for which the inhabitants of Otaheite alone can furnish any precedent. That part of the upper region which fronts the stage is occupied by a less indecent, but more noisy sort of people; sailors, footmen, low tradesmen and their wives and mistresses, who enjoy themselves, drinking, whistling, howling as much as they please. These gods, for so they are called from their elevated station, which is in France denominated the *paradis*, assume the high prerogative of hurling down their thunder on both actors and spectators, in the shape of nut-shells, cores of apples, and orange-peel. This innocent amusement has always been considered in England as a sort of exuberance of liberty, of which it is well to have a little too much, to be sure that you have enough. Some persons complain even that the gods are become much too tame and tractable, and like the French tenants of the *paradis*,—a good thing in itself, but a bad omen. Surprised to see centinels with fixed bayonets at all the avenues of the play-

house, I inquired, whether, in case of disorders and violence, these soldiers might make use of their arms. By no means, I was told. A murder by the bayonet would be like any other.—Why then have bayonets? Is it to accustom the people to the sight of the thing before it is used?

The former turbulence of the lower ranks seems to have reached the upper. There were, some months ago, certain riotous proceedings, which shook the very foundations, if not of the state, at least those of the playhouse. As it was before our arrival, I only speak from hearsay. The manager of the Theatre-Royal of Covent-Garden had become, it seems, guilty of two crimes of *lese parterre*: first, of having raised the prices a little, under pretence of their being no higher than in the reign of Queen Anne, although every thing else had risen threefold; secondly, of having let some boxes by the year. The pit (to use a bench expression, for here the pit divides the sovereignty with the boxes) demanded the restoration of things to the old footing. The manager insisted. The pit hissed, and made a noise every night. The disturbance increased in violence. Nobody went but the Guelfs and Ghibelins. The pit faction took the name of O. P. (old prices.) Some individuals, who had gone a little farther than the others, were arrested. The resentment of the O. P.'s knew no bounds; and they proceeded one night to the entire demolition of all that was demolishable in the interior of the house,—lustres, seats, cushions, violins, base and counterbase, &c. Some persons were again arrested by the officers of police, (no bayonets);—these were young men of good families, and all of them above the common people, who took no share in all this. These

gentlemen had to pay the fiddlers. But the manager's situation was not the better for that. He had to yield, after having held out for six weeks; and was obliged to ask pardon for having done what he had a right to do. And, as to the private boxes, for what was no loss to the public, as they were the worst situated boxes of the whole house; but the public thought they saw in it that aristocratic pride which wants to be apart from the multitude. The contagion spread, and ran the round through the country theatres. The O. P.s committed the same depredations everywhere, and had to pay for them as in London, but gained the victory over the managers.

This despotism of the public over those who administer to their pleasures is the same, I believe, all over Europe. The actors are everywhere exposed to contumely and insult;—treated with disrespect, they cannot be respectable. Voltaire, who discovered, sixty years ago, the Britannic isles, * or at least taught the French something of the manners of the people and of their literature, made them believe that comedians and their art were honoured there. It is an error. Garrick might be so in his time,—Mrs Siddons and the Kemble family are so now,—but these are only exceptions; and it is not very probable that the English, who pay the arts, but are accused of despising artists in general, should lay

* To no writer, says Lord Holland, in his Life of Lope de la Vega, are the English so indebted for their fame in France, and all over Europe, as to Voltaire. No critic ever employed more wit, ingenuity, and diligence in forming literary intercourse. His enemies would persuade us that such exuberance of wit implies want of information; but they only succeed in showing that a want of wit does not imply an exuberance of information.

down their pride in favour of actors. Many actresses have been married by gentlemen, and even noblemen, and some of them were not undeserving of their good fortune. In France this was not done. English independence disdains the sanction of custom, either to do right or to do wrong; and rules of conduct admit of much more latitude here than in France, where individual characters are, in a great measure, all cast in the mould which belongs to their respective ranks in society. This originality is said to wear off in England, and it would be a matter of regret; for, although not without inconveniences, it is a most valuable quality. The best species of fruit are apt to degenerate in the course of time; and, as they were originally obtained by happy accidents, and were the spontaneous production of a wild stock, it is, after all, on the nursery of trees raised from the kernel that hopes are to rest for new varieties. Europe runs some risk of becoming Chinese, and retaining no other distinctions of character than those of rank and situation, or no other moral qualities than seemliness and decorum.

It is not easy for women to procure proper places at Covent-Garden. A box is taken a fortnight beforehand by people favoured by the box-keeper. They fill their box if the play-bill of the day suits them; if not, they leave it empty, or occupy only a few seats. And, as you pay only on entering, and not at the time of engaging the box, there is no risk in taking it thus beforehand. After the first act, the public has a right to any vacant box or seats; but it is clear that all those who have not interest with the box-keeper have no chance for seats when they are worth having. Having observed that the second tier of boxes was

filled by decent persons, I thought myself fortunate in having got one there, and believed I could fill it easily; but I have been laughed at for my ignorance. These boxes, I have been told, are not bad company,—but are not good company. Fashionable people do not go to them;—citizens and tradesmen, with their wives;—and a lady may find herself by the side of her mantua-maker. This is like Sancho in his government, when every dish he wanted to taste disappeared under the wand of the doctor. Going to the play is not a habit with anybody here; it is in fact unfashionable: but London is so large, and the theatres so few, that they are always full. Paris has twenty-three theatres; London four or five, and these shut up part of the year. The hour of dining is precisely that of the play, which is another considerable obstacle. We have only found means of going twice to Covent-Garden, and once to the Lyceum. The plays we saw are all modern: *The Free Knights*, *Fly by Night*, *Speed the Plough*, *The Maniac*, and *Hit or Miss*. I shall give some account of these plays, that my foreign readers may know something of the English theatre.

*Fly by Night.** General Bastion is living at his house in the country, with his daughter and a sister, who rules the family. The General, who has lost his sight in the wars thirty years ago, spends his time in fighting his battles over again; the sister,

* The following note has been furnished to me respecting *Fly by Night*:—This play is a translation of a French play of *Picart*, called *The Conteur*, or *The Two Posts*, except that the Comte de Grenouille is there an Englishman; an original, it is true, but respectable. The public in France would not receive favourably a play where the English character was made contemptible.

in reading the newspapers and watching her niece, whom she intends to marry to a man of her own choice, who is expected that very evening, while the niece loves another. An officer with a wooden leg is announced, under the name of Colonel Redoubt, a principal personage in the old stories of the General, who speaks frequently of a Colonel Redoubt, who had lost a leg in the same engagement where he had lost his eyes. Colonel Redoubt is of course received like an old friend, and soon finds means to let Miss Bastion know that he has not a wooden leg,—that he is young,—and her lover in disguise. They agree (in a song,) that they love,—that they must fly,—and that there will be a post-chaise at a certain hour at the garden-door. In the evening the General begins telling his old stories by the fire-side;—the sister and the whole family fall asleep, except the lovers and a trusty servant. The sister, always suspicious, holds in her sleep her niece's hand; this hand is very adroitly disengaged, and the hand of a clownish servant, fast asleep as well as his mistress, substituted, having been for that purpose transported in his chair near her. Next a great bunch of keys hanging from her side is seized upon, and they disappear. The blind General all this while has been narrating, and continues, after the flight of the lovers, to tell his stories to an audience fast asleep. This is a *coup-de-théâtre.* Astonished at last at the silence of his friend the Colonel, whom he has called to witness some memorable circumstances, he urges him repeatedly, but all in vain, to speak, and confirm what he has said. This scene is interrupted at last by the lover chosen by the aunt, who comes in without being announced, astonished to find every door

open, and everybody asleep;—the aunt, suddenly waking, introduces her niece, whose hand she thinks she holds, to the young gentleman, but the hand is that of the clownish footman, whom she draws after her. Surprise—discovery—rage—and general confusion;—quick post horses—and a pursuit!

In the mean time, change of scene;—an inn, of which the landlord and landlady are new-married people, who (by way of episode,) begin to quarrel already. An out-rider comes in drunk, orders a supper, and bespeaks horses for his master, a French lord and his lady. Soon after a post-chaise draws up; these are the runaway lovers, who are mistaken for the French lord and lady. Their servant, who perceives the mistake, takes advantage of it to secure the bespoken horses, the only ones in the stable, and, to do it the better, speaks broken English; and, like a true *Monsieur*, puts, after supper, a remaining chicken in his pocket, which, being a shabby thing, is, of course, supposed to be quite French, and makes the house laugh. * These travellers are no sooner gone than the true French lord and lady arrive,—no horses, no supper,—long explanation in broken English; blunders and ridiculous *qui pro quos*. This same French lord is Monsieur le Comte de Grenouille;

* I am told that I have misunderstood the laugh of the house, and the intention of the writer; and that, moreover, if the complaints of those who object to odious or ridiculous characters being drawn from their country were attended to, it would lead to the total exclusion of such characters, and that none would remain for the stage but perfect characters, and as perfectly dull. I have only to say, that it is peculiarly unfortunate for foreigners that none but those odious or ridiculous characters should ever happen to fall to their share on the British stage.

and in order to estimate rightly the wit of the name, the reader must know that the little amphibious animal called here frog, is thought to be a favourite dish in France,—a sort of national dainty; therefore Grenouille is here a neat allegory, and serves as *armes parlantes* to Monsieur le Count.

I have in my time eaten frogs!—I own it boldly, and might do it again, properly dressed with a white sauce, like a fricassee of chickens, of which frogs have the whiteness and delicacy; but after the candour of this confession, I have a right to be believed when I assert, that not one in a hundred of the inhabitants of France ever tasted frogs, and that most of them are ignorant that they were ever eaten.

To return to Monsieur le Count de Grenouille; he is flying from London, where he believes he has run a lover of his wife's through the body. In the middle of the conversation, or rather altercation, between the Count and landlady, a third post-chaise arrives with the old General Bastion, pursuing his daughter, with his intended son-in-law, Mr Skipton. The Count and Countess, much alarmed, withdraw hastily to the next room, from whence they overhear with great terror something about pursuit, and the name of Skipton, which is the very name of his wife's lover whom he thinks he has killed; and that, consequently, the old General must be Monsieur Skipton *le père*, in full pursuit of him the murderer of his son: and it is here necessary to explain, that young Skipton having slipped, in fighting in the dark, and fallen, was the cause of the Count's belief that he was killed. The hostess takes it into her head that the Count and Countess are the fugitive lovers, and only pretend to be French as a disguise, and

informing the pursuers, Skipton goes to a justice of the peace for a warrant. In the meantime the Count comes out of his hiding-place; the old General loads him with reproaches, which the Count understands as being for his son's murder; but when, yielding at last to his paternal feelings, he wants to fold his dear daughter (who happens to be the Countess,) in his arms, the Count knows not what to make of it all. Young Skipton, however, returns, to add to the amazement of his murderer the Count a new *eclaircissement*. At last the true fugitive lovers, who have been overturned on the road, make their appearance, and are forgiven. There is in all this a great deal of true comic; but the style is strangely neglected, and the songs absurd to a degree, which must be intentional. These are what the English call nonsense songs, and they are prodigiously diverted by them. This play is Colman's, an author who has written with success for the stage. I give it as a sample of the best modern farces.

Hit or Miss is another musical farce. It would be difficult to give any account of the plot; a jumble of unconnected trifling incidents, without any probability, and contrived for the mere purpose of introducing burlesque imitations of certain fashionable proceedings. The passion for horses is, as every body knows, national here; and there is at this moment a club of men of fortune whose laudable ambition it is to drive four in hand, without a postillion. These amateurs having acquired the principles of their art under real coachmen, and particularly stage-coachmen, who have most practice and experience, retain a due degree of respect for their instructors, and a very natural bias and disposition to imitate their peculiar manners

and language; and they have so far succeeded, that they may be said to look like coachmen while they drive only like gentlemen. One of the principal personages of *Hit or Miss* is a young attorney, who, instead of law-suits, drives a smart tandem, which he upsets, after running over an old woman!—a joke by no means congenial, I really believe, with the real manners and feelings of the English people, but which, however, excites powerfully their mirth. It has occurred to me, that this circumstance, so little to the credit of their taste, might afford a favourable interpretation to their apparently illiberal treatment of foreigners on their stage; for we find here that they can relish ill-nature and brutality in fictions, although not in reality. This fashionable attorney wears I do not know how many neckcloths, waistcoats, and great-coats, all different in form and colour, and each with its proper name; he pulls them off one after another, with appropriate airs and graces, giving full scope to the actor's (Mr Mathews) genius; he smacks his long whip, and utters, with inconceivable volubility, strings of jokes in the technical slang, of which it is excessively difficult for me to catch the sense, and possibly it has none; but I recognize here and there some cant words, which I hear often repeated among young people, by way of smartness. The great Garrick, who did not disdain to play the part of Abel Dragger, a journeyman druggist, never failed to delight the public simply by the characteristic manner of tying the strings of his apron, copied from nature. To return to the *four-in-hand* gentlemen; they carry imitation so far, that the carriages they drive are made like stage-coaches, and so exactly, that they have been taken for such by passengers, who

have entered them under that persuasion, and paid their fare to the noble coachmen, who could hardly conceal their exultation in pocketing the money. The ballads of this farce are still more in defiance of sense, flatter, and more foolish, than those of the preceding play.

The Free Knights is a musical *drama*. It is in part sentimental, in part trivial, and in part terrific;—crude exaggerated sentiments in the German style, mixed with English buffoonery, and every species of improbability and *platitudes*,—much show and pageantry. A cavern for the secret tribunal to sit in, lighted by torches; a convent, the abbot of which sets the dread tribunal at nought, and rescues a young princess, on the point of being sacrificed by an usurper. Fawcett is an excellent comic actor, and Incledon has a very fine voice; but what avail talents, so ill employed?

Speed the Plough.—The author of this comedy has selected a fashionable subject of ridicule, that of projector. Sir Abel Handy is inexhaustible in mechanical inventions, which never go right. His son, Bob Handy, piques himself upon being in action what his father is in conception. He does not indeed invent, but he does everything better than any body else; and cannot bear to see men, women, or children employed in any way, without an irresistible desire of taking their work out of their hands. From the lace-cushion to the plough, he is a stranger to no trade, but a bungler in all. There are many laughable situations in all this,—the rest of the play is worse than useless. An orphan, ignorant of his origin, and very melancholy on the subject, brought up as a peasant at the tail of the plough, and still possessing, by a sort of innate gentility, all the sentiments and manners of a gen-

tleman, moreover, very handsome. Then a beautiful damsel just returned from Germany, where she has spent a number of years with her father, as innocent as she is beautiful, and as romantic as either, falls desperately in love with the handsome orphan peasant, at first sight, because he has won the prize at a ploughing-match, and is very modest notwithstanding. The young lady's father is just returned to his old castle, which had been abandoned for years. It contains a mysterious chamber, double locked, barred, and bolted, the deposit of some awful secret, which nobody is to know, and of which he speaks to everybody. None dares to enter the fatal chamber; but the projector, Sir Abel Handy, cuts the gordian knot, by setting fire to the castle, in the prosecution of some chemical experiment to extinguish fires. The beautiful orphan saves, of course, the life of the beautiful damsel, and, penetrating into the fatal chamber, brings forth a knife and some bloody rags, the tokens of a murder. The travelling father, who is quite a tragic personage, confesses that he once killed his own brother, who turns out to be the father of the orphan!—true it is that this brother gave him provocation enough, for he took his mistress from him and got her with child, which child is the very orphan! Amidst all this uproar, an unknown person, wrapped in a great cloak, steps in,—the very murdered brother,—who, however, is plainly not dead, and had amused himself, it seems, in following, step by step, his supposed murderer, for twenty years, winning his money at play, without ever discovering himself, but returning it afterwards out of friendship, and to make amends for the unlucky accident of the child; yet allowing him to die by inches of remorse for the murder. Towards the

86106

end of the play, there is another brace of lovers introduced, and at last two marriages made, and one unmade; for old Handy, who has made the fatal experiment of marrying a maid-servant, a perfect shrew, gets rid of her by means of a first marriage, luckily discovered. And all this is to bring in some very trite and poor jokes on marriage, and likewise some superfine sentimental morality from peasants, in a provincial dialect.

The crude trash of these popular plays affords a fair sample of the whole modern British stage, which is rather below the level of the exhibitions at fairs, which I recollect having seen in France twenty or thirty years ago. They made me laugh sometimes, and might do so still; and, far from an unwillingness to yield to risibility, it is always a great comfort to me when I happen to find that I am not quite a stranger to that most valuable faculty of our species. But really, if it was ever wise to be ashamed of having laughed at anything, there might be some reason here. Voltaire said, that the language of English comedy is the language of debauchery, not of politeness. Muralt ascribes the corruption of manners in London to comedy as its chief cause: he says it is like that of no other country; the school in which the youth of both sexes familiarize themselves with vice, never represented there as vice, but as gaiety. As for comedies, says Diderot, they have none, they have instead satires, full indeed of gaiety and strength, but without morals, and without delicacy. We have, finally, the opinion of Lord Kaimes, who observes, that, if the comedies of Congreve did not rack him with remorse in his last moments, he must have been lost to all sense of virtue.

For myself, however, I must confess, that I have

hitherto seen no very bad morals on the stage,—but a great deal of very bad taste. There is, on the contrary, in most modern plays, fine speeches about virtue and patriotism, brought in head and shoulders, and always vigorously applauded.—This does credit to the moral sense of the public;—but I own I should like to see, on the stage, something of these satires, so full of strength and gaiety, of which Diderot speaks, and be introduced to that reprobate Congreve. "The bad taste which precedes good taste," said Horace Walpole, "is preferable to that which follows." The dramatic genius of the English *franchit les distances*; from the first bad taste it came at once to the last, without intermediate degrees. The English do not indeed defend their comedy,—they acknowledge that the best are coarse and indelicate, and that for many years nothing has appeared that is not below mediocrity. The theatre, they say, is almost entirely abandoned by the upper ranks of society,—the taste for the stage is lost. It seems to me a misfortune; for good comedy is a pastime more rational and amusing, than the insipid evenings of which I have given an account before.

Mrs Siddons has at last made her appearance, yesterday, (the 25th April) in the Grecian Daughter. She appears about fifty,—her voice is a little broken—,and F— was at first disagreeably affected at the change twenty years had produced. With fewer natural advantages, her talents remain the same, and she is certainly a very great actress. The house was quite full. Her younger brother, C. Kemble, acted; he has very dramatic features, and a great command of countenance.

April 29.—We have seen Mrs Siddons again in the Gamester, and she was much greater than on

the first day. Perfect simplicity, deep sensibility, her despair in the last scene, mute and calm, had a prodigious effect. There was not a dry eye in the house,—the most profound silence pervaded an assembly of people of all sorts, in the gallery as well as everywhere else. Mrs Siddons had touched a chord which vibrates in all hearts. We were placed farther from the stage than the first day, (in the pit, unmindful of consequences) and Mrs Siddons appeared still young and handsome. Cooke played Stukely *con amore*. He is an excellent actor, who delights (a strange taste) in these parts of scoundrels. This one (Stukely) is an amateur of baseness,—he glories in it, and boasts of it, which is not in nature. There is still a sort of modesty in vice which shrinks from a naked exhibition, and dreads even to see the secret image reflected from its own bosom.

The pit of Covent-Garden is nearly square, about fifty feet by fifty;—twenty-four benches for thirty people, give seven hundred and twenty spectators at 3s. 6d.; twenty-four lower boxes, twelve persons in each, is three hundred and twelve at 7s.; certain back boxes, called the basket, may hold one hundred and eighty people at 7s.; the second, third, and fourth rows, at least six hundred people at an average price of 4s., total eighteen hundred spectators, supposing the house full in all parts, L. 418 Sterling.

The eye of the spectator, in the front boxes, is at least sixty feet from the foremost edge of the stage, much too far to perceive the fine and transient shades of expression; equally so to hear what is not vociferated. With the dimensions of the theatres of antiquity, they should adopt likewise the masque, and the contrivances to augment the voice.

Sir Francis Burdett is still the town talk; and the question of privilege is debated at every dinner. They all agree that the House of Commons is merely legislative, and not at all executive or judicatory; but that it has certain natural and necessary rights of self-protection, and for the maintenance of peace and good order within its walls, as an individual has a right to check his children if they are noisy,—to turn out a troublesome intruder, or fire upon a house-breaker; but, if this individual leaves his house in pursuit of the intruder, or not only repulses or arrests the house-breaker, but inflicts punishment himself, he encroaches on the province of the law; and this is precisely what the House of Commons is accused of having first done about a month ago. An obscure man, named Gale Jones, who kept a debating club, a sort of gymnasium where young men meet to learn the art of speaking, called the British Forum, announced, by means of printed hand-bills, the following question as the subject of debate. "Who most outraged public opinion, Mr Yorke in calling for the standing order of the House, which excludes the public from the gallery? or Mr Windham by his recent attack on the liberty of the press?" This Gale Jones was denounced in Parliament by Mr Yorke, one of the members named in his hand-bill, brought to the bar, and imprisoned in Newgate. The object of the hand-bill was evidently to throw odium on the question of privilege, and to intimidate the members by a personal attack; and it might be factious and criminal, although worse things are said and published every day. But the prevalent opinion is now, that it was not a crime of which the House could take the punishment into its own hands. Sir Francis Burdett next came

forward with a letter in defence of this same Gale Jones, addressed to his constituents, but in fact to the public; undertaking to prove not only the illegality of his punishment, but the innocence of the publication itself, and accusing the House of *usurping* the powers of the other branches of government. A member might say all this in his place, but the publication was an offence against the House; and, after imprisoning Gale Jones, a private citizen, the House could not do less for Sir Francis, one of its own members; although it was obvious that a simple reprimand, without either martyrdom or triumph, would have been better. A first error has led to another; and, after disturbing the peace of the capital, furnishes it now with much conversation about privilege and prerogative, —rights of protection and infliction.

> "They will raise scruples dark and nice,
> And after solve them in a trice."

Sir Francis is said to have been employed since the late disturbances, in translating Magna Charta with his son; a display of patriotism rather ostentatious.

I do not know whether I understand exactly the object of some of the reformers. Parliament, they say, (and it is the language of many members of Parliament) such as it is constituted at present, is a costly tool, inconvenient, and of little use,—it is a dike built at vast expense, but the water rises above it and runs over. Ministers despairing of their places, amidst the storms of faction, consider themselves as mere passengers in the ship, and care not about its safety after the voyage, provided they share in the profits of the present adventure. A simple monarchy would have more energy and

promptness abroad, insure more tranquillity at home, and cost less. Is then a machine, so curiously constructed, and the result of the experience of ages, to be wholly thrown aside,—and an order of things, under which England has become a phenomenon of civil liberty, prosperity, and greatness among the nations of Europe, to be changed for another resting on upractised speculations? The British constitution may indeed have lost much of its freedom, from circumstances resulting from the present state of Europe, and may lose a great deal more, if that state should last many years. But as long as the constitutional organs remain, those precious forms, by which public opinion receives a legal existence and a name, the seeds of liberty cannot be lost, and a change of circumstances will restore their natural energy and efficiency. Were it even true that the British Parliament is useless as a legislature, it would be still of essential service as a house of education for grown men;—a place where the aristocracy of rank, of fortune, and of talents, meet to learn political economy,—study men and manners, practise eloquence, and acquire those habits of serious occupation and pursuits, the want of which condemned men of the same rank in France, to waste their activity and powers in frivolous idleness, or petty intrigues. These grown men, would not go to such a school without a semblance of legislation, which keeps up emulation and interest, like money at cards.

There are shocking abuses in the government, says another class of reformers, and the only remedy would be an equal and effectual representation of the people. You hear repeated everywhere, and read in print, the singular fact, that of 558 English

and Scotch members in the House of Commons, 307, forming a great majority, are elected by 154 powerful individuals! The boroughs or towns which return these members, having, by lapse of time, lost their population, and being reduced to a few hundred inhabitants, or indeed a few families, their votes are easily secured by the natural influence of rank and fortune, or forestalled by the more direct corruption of certain political brokers, who make it their business to procure the election of any candidate, for L. 3000 or L. 4000, by means best known to themselves. While these decayed boroughs enjoy such a disproportionate and perverted representation, many populous towns which have, in the meantime, risen in importance, such as Birmingham and Manchester, have no representatives at all in Parliament.

It is observed, on the other hand, that the most popular elections, those made really by the people, by every man having a tenement of the value of 40 shillings a-year, and paying taxes, are precisely those where the most costly sort of influence is employed, to such a degree, as to ruin frequently opulent families, who vie with each other in corruption,—the people receiving with both hands, and voting for the one who pays best, or at least, who treats them most. The electors, says Mr Windham, in his celebrated speech of the 26th May 1809, are quite as corrupt as the elected,—the one full as ready to sell, as the others to buy. After having made a traffic of their sovereign rights, the people are associated in all the abuses of which they complain, by means of contracts and jobs, collection of the revenue, &c. It is themselves that they have most to fear; and, instead of saying that the system is corrupt from top to bottom, it

might be said, with more truth, from bottom to top. Mr Windham denies at once, however, the criminality of selling seats in Parliament. He says, "That men are not found to be worse qualified for the duties of their station, for having obtained them by purchase; and mentions, as instances, the seats in the old Parliament of Paris, the church, the army, and certain law-officers in England. It is impossible to prevent these seats being made an object of bargain, or something very like it. Voting will always be influenced by the calculations of private interest. How is it," he asks, "that a landlord has more influence over his own tenants, than over those of another man? that a large manufacturer carries to the poll his own workmen, and not others? that the butcher and baker of an opulent man, spending his fortune in a borough town, and the tradesmen of his neighbourhood, should generally oblige him with their votes?—what have all such considerations to do with the qualifications necessary for the faithful and able discharge of the duties of a member of Parliament?" Admitting, what can hardly be disputed, that votes are obtained, if not by giving money to the voters, at least by an influence quite foreign in appearance to considerations of fitness for legislation; it may be asked, whether the man of influence may not transfer the election from himself to some other person, for a certain valuable consideration, without any great risk of this friend being much worse qualified than himself? If the absolute purity of elections cannot be enforced by any laws, and bought seats are not worse filled than others,—reform is both unnecessary and impracticable.

All the corruption so much talked of amounts to this, that, either by money, by good words, by

acts of beneficence, or by the lustre of a great name and transcendent popularity, a candidate to Parliament must first influence the people;—the means may not be all quite irreproachable, yet, at the worst, they are a sort of homage paid to the people, who receive in various ways their rents, duties, and services, as sovereign lord; a sort of reversal of the ancient feudal tenure, not worse in principle than the acknowledgment in horses, in arms, money, or the like, formerly paid for the renewal of a fief,* and much better in its effects and consequences. This government is a system of influence, diffused throughout the nation. There is, compared at least to others, a sort of mutual dependence between the different ranks of society,—between the rich and the poor,—the great and the low; the former cannot rise, nor the latter sink, without drawing the other after it. There is a continual shifting of places, it is true, and much internal competition between individuals; but the ranks remain in their proper station, and there is little reason to apprehend such a turn of the wheel, and total overthrow, as took place in France, when the feet and the head lost their equilibrium.

The government of England has been called, by way of reproach, an oligarchy; but the most popular governments are in fact oligarchic. The only use the people ever made, in any country, and can ever make of power, is, to give it away, or let it be taken from them,—and the authority of all is only that of one, or of a few. Here, you see distinctly the power of one, that of all, and of a small number, existing and acting together at the same

* Blackstone, chap, iv. book 2.

time, legally, independently, and yet combined into a whole, with fixed and permanent properties, and, although in a state of perpetual effervescence, never decomposed.

The most peculiar and admirable feature of the English constitution, and that which insures to it a long duration, is, that it has covenanted between the vices and virtues of our nature on safe and liberal terms. From that generous ambition, which thirsts for glory alone, to the vilest corruption, each human passion finds its wants provided for, and its due portion assigned.

Perhaps there would be less difference of opinion on the question of parliamentary reform, if the word representation was understood in the same sense by everybody, or not used at all. "Every member, though chosen by one particular district," says Blackstone, "serves for the whole realm, for the end of his coming thither is not particular, but general; not barely to advantage his constituents, but the commonwealth." Whether this end is to be obtained by a more popular representation, that is to say, by a greater portion of the people being active voters, is the only thing to be considered, and not the abstract rights of individuals to participate in the election of members of Parliament. "The English," says J. J. Rousseau, "think they are free, but they are much mistaken; they are so only during an election of members of Parliament; as soon as this election is made, they are slaves,—they are nothing: and the use they make of their liberty, during the few moments of its duration, shews enough how little they deserve to preserve it." Similar to these are the exaggerated notions of the first rate reformers in this country. They seem to think that liberty consists full as much in having

made, or assisted in making the laws, as in enjoying their protection. The Roman citizen, insulted and vexed by the tyrannical magistrates to whose election he had contributed in the tumultuous crowd of the forum, was not free; while the citizen of Manchester or Birmingham, sure of his property, his life, his locomotive faculty, all that an Englishman calls his birth-right, is truly free, although without a vote. The right of making laws may possibly be the best means of having them good, but does not in itself constitute liberty,—unless it is that sort of speculative liberty which the French revolution had for its object.

The security of property is hardly inferior in importance to that of life itself; not as a mere source of enjoyment to the possessor, but as the great incentive to industry and improvements, and as the basis of civilization. Life is rarely attempted, and the laws requisite for its protection are few and simple; while property is infinitely more exposed to dangers, and its defence more difficult. It is at the purse, and not at the life of its subjects, that a corrupt government aims; and it is by the purse also that its encroachments on liberty are best checked: therefore the protection of property should be among the first objects of legislation. To be protected it must be effectually represented; and the first qualification to watch over property is, to have much to lose by the subversion of the established order. Men of that sort may however want boldness and enterprize,—they may have more prudence than talents. Popular elections are best calculated to bring forth men endowed with the latter quality; borough influence, with the former. Boldness and shining talents should not be considered as the first qualifications for a majority of

the members of any legislative assembly, unless integrity was oftener found allied to them, than experience teaches us to expect. The legislators of republican France, chosen by the people, were mostly needy attorneys,—ignorant curates,—comedians,—enthusiastic theorists,—plausible adventurers of all sorts. The purest choice, that which is determined by the mere persuasion of the fitness of the candidate, seems the most likely to be wrong; as few take the trouble of persuading the people, but those who see their interest in deceiving them.

The reformers, and even the moderate among them, say, that the present mode of electing members is a shameful innovation; that it never was intended that decayed boroughs should send one-third of the members to Parliament, while modern towns of vast population send none; and that no man in his senses would dream of such a monstrous arrangement, if he had a government to organize. It appears to me, however, that the inhabitants of these modern towns, being mostly manufacturers, are not only most unfit for electors, from the natural ignorance, turbulence, and profligacy of their habits and manners, but this very disposition to disturb the peace and good order of society, prevalent in such large portions of the people, requires a concentration of the elective franchises in fewer and higher hands. And it might be plausibly argued, that, for every new *manufacturing town* there should be a *new rotten borough*, instead of reforming old rotten boroughs in favour of new manufacturing towns. Without pretending, however, to insist very strenuously upon this rather strong position, I merely mean to point out to foreign readers the principle upon which the mixed mode of English elections rests, that they may not wholly ascribe

to corruption, and consider as mere abuse, a fortuitous arrangement, apparently very incongruous, but productive of real advantages, if not suffered to extend too far.

The just proportion of popular and aristocratic elections depends much more upon accurate observation of facts and practical knowledge than upon abstract principles. It is possible that some of the rotten boroughs ought to be disfranchised, and popular election extended; but I believe that the qualifications of popular voters should be, at any rate, very much raised; and if a part of the weight of great fortunes was taken off, as much should be added to that of small fortunes, to render the influence of property greater in the mass, and less in individuals. In fact, none but substantial and independent householders ought to have a vote. A nation can hardly be very rich, and have a very crowded population, and retain, at the same time, a very popular government. It seems but too evident, that where bolts and bars are necessary, a concentrated and strong government is so likewise. This very question having been recently before the public, it was alleged, that, although the numerical wealth of the people had much increased within the last fifty years, yet the rise of prices, and increased style of living, had, in fact, made them poorer and more dependent. This is certainly true in regard to the middle, and in part to the higher classes of society; but an increased call of the rich upon the poor for labour, is necessarily productive of more independence among the latter. A greater diffusion of knowledge has rendered public opinion more formidable. It has rendered a greater number of people impatient to act a part,—desirous to lead, and not to be led. So far a stronger government

seems necessary; but, at the same time, its abuses are less likely to be borne tamely; and with force to repress, justice, moderation, and wisdom, are no less indispensable to conciliate.

The reformers seem to consider the mode of electing members of Parliament as the origin and main cause of all the abuses in the government. But it appears to me, that the danger lies much more at the other end. The government has means of influencing members of Parliament almost irresistible. A military establishment (army and navy) of half a million of men. A debt, revenue, and expenditure beyond calculation, enable it to increase at pleasure the number of its friends. England, indeed, is, at this moment, under a sort of dictature, which it would not be fair to confound with its natural and habitual state, independently of the means above-mentioned of influencing members of Parliament. These reformers reckon about sixty members influenced before-hand;—that is, who are brought into Parliament under previous engagements to vote with ministry, in honour and conscience, as soldiers obey their general; so much so, that if they happen to be seized with some extraordinary scruples at any particular measure, and stop short of their usual subserviency, they never think of voting on the side of their conscience,—I mean their natural conscience;—their political conscience does not permit it, but they give up their seat, and that in a manner worth mentioning. The constitution has provided, that any member accepting a place ever so small, vacates his seat. There is an insignificant place called Steward of the *Chiltern Hundreds*. I do not know exactly what it is,—not enough, probably to corrupt the footman of a member of Parliament,

—still it is the place commonly given by the minister to the scrupulous member, for the express purpose of vacating his seat, which is filled immediately by a more accommodating legislator. The first impression of such details of practical politics is undoubtedly very unfavourable; and a stranger might very naturally conceive, that the British Parliament is the most corrupt legislative assembly that ever existed:—he would be in an error. I happen to be personally acquainted with several members who have purchased their seats, and who would be, I am quite sure, as incapable of selling their votes for any private emolument, or advantage of any sort, as of taking purses on the highway. Many, indeed, of the opposition members have been elected by the obnoxious boroughs.

There is a great number of wealthy individuals, who, without any landed property, or family influence in a country,—bankers, merchants, great manufacturers, for instance,—who aspire to the honour of being members of Parliament,—for it is a great honour,—not at all lowered in public opinion, whatever may be said by the reformers. I do not know how much love for the people there may be in this emulation to sit in Parliament; we need not calculate upon a great deal, and may suppose a mere desire for personal distinction. Once there, those who have the talent of public-speaking take part in the debates; those who have the less brilliant talent of business distinguish themselves in committees. The greatest number, satisfied with M. P. to their names, and the privilege of franking letters for their friends, seldom attend, and come only on great occasions; for, of 658 members who compose the House, including Ireland, rarely more than one hundred sit at one

time; and I doubt whether the house would hold them all. Most of the members I have mentioned incline, as rich men, to the side of government; —that is, to the side of that force which may best protect them against the natural jealousy of the people, who would, in all countries I presume, strip the rich of their wealth, without being much the better for it. Whenever it happens, however, that the government gives greater cause of uneasiness to these cautious, and generally independent persons, than the people, they turn against it. The county members are always, I believe, men of consequence by their birth, estate, or talents; and what I have said of the more wealthy members applies still more to these. As to the class of members brought in by the ministers, they are here what the *vis inertiæ* is to matter, to prevent bodies being too easily displaced,—and there may possibly be a little too much of that. The ministers should neither be liable to be swept away by the first breath of popular discontents, nor capable of indefinite resistance;—for instance, of resisting a disapprobation as marked as the present. Under Mr Pitt, the terror of the people kept Parliament in subjection,—now it is the terror of Bonaparte. But when that cause ceases to operate, and the life of an individual is nothing to that of a people, public opinion, like a vast stream, will carry away all the ministerial dikes and embankments, and again occupy its accustomed channel. "At this time," said Dr Johnson of the ministry of Sir Robert Walpole, "a course of opposition had filled the nation with clamour for liberty, of which no man felt the want, and with care for the constitution, which was not in danger."—I fancy much the same might be said of the present period.

The threatening storms of faction hovering incessantly over the British horizon;—the exaggeration of debates;—the misrepresentations of party-papers,—give to this country the appearance of being perpetually on the brink of a revolution. It seems as if a chief of sufficient fame and talents was only wanting to overthrow the government, and establish himself on its ruins:—but the danger is more apparent than real. Let us suppose the individual the best qualified for such an enterprize;—let him have great military reputation, eloquence, skill in business, and as little morality as suits his occasions,—such a man will naturally be in Parliament,—a career sufficiently tempting to suppose that he will not think of trying at first any other, at the risk of discovering himself too soon, and arming all the powers against him. An ambitious citizen has that great and bright path open before him, and that alone. Once in Parliament, and in the opposition, for they all begin by that, he will not fail to harass the ministers,—to blame every measure,—and expose their total incapacity. He will become the idol of the people; and, obtaining at last, at the head of his party, a majority in Parliament against the ministers, he may ultimately force them to retire. Borne along by the stream of popularity too pleasantly to think of resisting it even if he could, he and his friends will naturally fill the places of their antagonists, and he will become first minister.

Is it supposed he will diminish the taxes? reform those abuses against which he used to declaim? bring forward a reform in Parliament? or desist from those secret proceedings by which ministers secure a majority in Parliament? No-

thing less. The increasing want of money will probably oblige him to add to the taxes, instead of reducing them. The times will be discovered to be unpropitious to a parliamentary reform; and, as to ministerial influence, it cannot be given up. His discarded predecessors have taken a strong position on the left side of the house, and, observing his motions, are ready for a charge, on the least opening of his ranks, or weakening of his forces. In this attitude, they have a fine opportunity of retorting his own principles upon him, and railing at his insincerity. From that period, accordingly, the popularity of our hero will decline, and every chance of usurpation by means of the people be lost for ever. His talents and influence may be such as to maintain him in the ministry all his life, but he cannot be any thing else; and should he be made a peer, which may not be difficult, and is always very tempting, it will only place him the farther from that sort of power to which usurpers aspire.

As there are no means of usurpation by the civil, neither are there by the military;—that is to say, by the army, for the navy is out of the question. The situation of England precludes a great military establishment, and affords few opportunities for the army to become formidable. In common times, it is a sort of well-disciplined militia, which never sees service, and commanded by young men of fortune and pleasure. This army is never assembled in a body in the country itself, which is not the theatre of war; and if it should happen to be employed on the Continent, and to be commanded by a general who did very great things, and that general should attempt to come home like Cæsar at the head of his victorious army, he must first embark his troops in a fleet of transports, at

the mercy of the naval forces, and collect his scattered troops after their landing,—a measure the more suspicious, from being without a pretence. The present state of England, with a numerous army inured to war, and commanded by a great general, is exactly the case supposed; yet the impossibility of an attempt of the kind succeeding is evident. The people are averse to the military; and circumstances must alter prodigiously before they acquire that esteem and reverence for regimentals and bayonets which prevails in France. An extreme abuse of power on the part of government might, no doubt, produce resistance, revolution, and usurpation, as under Charles the First; but a *gratuitous* usurpation is nearly impossible. The facts stated by De Lolme to prove the stability of the power of the crown, apply equally to the stability of the whole constitution. Alluding to the facility with which the great Duke of Marlborough and his adherents were stripped of their power, he observes, that Hannibal, in circumstances nearly similar, continued the war in spite of the senate of Carthage: Cæsar did the same thing in Gaul; and when at last he was ordered to give up his command, he marched to Rome and established a military despotism.

Foreigners will find in this work of De Lolme's, a correct and lucid exposition of all that is material for them to know of the constitution and the laws of England. It is much esteemed by the English themselves. The whigs, however, accuse him of mistaking what ought to be, for what is in fact; and it must be acknowledged, that he has seen things on the most favourable side; for instance, he says, "The executive power, being placed indivisibly in the hands of one, every other

person is interested in confining it within its limits, and protecting the laws against its abuse. The law of *habeas corpus*, for instance, is defended with as much zeal by the man of the highest rank as of the lowest." Then he continues, with the same amiable simplicity. "The minister himself is as much interested as the meanest citizen, in the maintenance of those laws upon which liberty is founded; for he knows that caprice or faction may throw him again into the crowd, and that the hatred of his successor might send him to pine away in a prison." There is nothing in this reasoning which might not apply to Richelieu, to Wolsey, to Stafford, or any other arbitrary minister; and as many people here would add, justly or not, to Mr Pitt. It does not appear, however, that this consideration had much influence on their conduct.

April 20.—We have had, for the last fortnight, a serene sky, warm sun, and not a drop of rain; the thermometer 60° to 65°. The horse-chesnuts began, about the 15th instant, to burst their large glutinous buds at the extremity of every bough, and are unfolding now each its ample green umbrella, with downy ribs. The Lombardy poplars are not forward, and do not seem to grow well here. The beautiful red tassels of the Juda tree begin to shew themselves through the bark. Honeysuckle and rose-bushes are all in leaf. The first green of the grass is less striking here than in America, as it does not disappear entirely in the winter. The lark is heard, but not the nightingale yet.

It is worth while to go to Hampton Court to see Raphael's cartoons. They are admirable for greatness of composition, drawing, and expression. I begin to think that Raphael was a great man

sometimes. That of Ananias struck blind, delighted me most. A skilful artist, Mr Holloway, has been at work some years, engraving these cartoons; he was then employed at a highly-finished drawing of one of them, from which the engraving is afterwards made. The palace of Hampton Court is very large, divided into several courts, two gothic, and one modern. It is thought to have beauties, which we could not discover. The site is flat, the garden planted in the old fashion of strait walks, and trees cut into shapes, vases, animals, &c. or rather they have been; for their education having been neglected for some years past, they now suggest the idea of unlicked cubs, with their long hair sticking out on all sides. There are some fine pictures in the apartments by Leonardo de Vinci, Salvator Rosa, and other great masters. I noticed four large pictures by Sebastian Richy, Lazarus, the Last Supper, &c. which I thought very good. The Prince of Orange inhabited this palace, when he came over in 1795.

A new panorama is now exhibiting in London; it is of Flushing. The spectator is placed in the middle of the town, on the top of some high building: bombs and rockets pierce the roofs of the houses, which are instantly in flames, or burst in the middle of the streets, full of the dismayed inhabitants, flying from their burning dwellings with their effects, and carrying away the sick and wounded. It is a most terrifying picture. At the sight of so much misery, all the common-places about war become again original, and the sentimental lamentations on suffering humanity oppress and sicken the soul, as if they were uttered for the first time. That feeling of lively pity, contrasted with your own safety, painted with such force and

nature by one of the best poets of this poetical land, recurs strongly here.

> " Ask the crowd,
> Who fly impatient from the village walks
> To climb the neighbouring cliffs, where far below
> The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coast
> Some helpless bark; while sacred pity melts
> The general eye, or terror's icy hand
> Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair,
> While every mother closer to her breast
> Catches her child, and pointing where the waves
> Foam through the shatter'd vessel, shrieks aloud,
> As some poor wretch, who spreads his piteous arms
> For succour, swallowed by the roaring surge."

The English are great in practical mechanics. In no country in the world are there, perhaps, so many happy applications of that science, I might say, of that peculiar sense, of that instinct of the human species. A gentleman of the name of Mann has invented a wooden leg of ingenious construction; an elastic spring wraps round the heel, continues under the sole of the foot, to the extremity of the toes, in such a manner as to imitate exactly the double motion of these parts in walking. There are of course joints. The artificial limb is made on the model of the natural one; it is hollow; the stump hangs in it, but is stopped at the knee, which rests in a sort of funnel, so exactly adapted, that the junction does not appear, and that the part is enabled to bear, without any inconvenience, the weight of the body in walking. I heard, with surprise, of a gentleman of our acquaintance having one of these wooden-legs, without my having observed it; and a young lady in the same situation is so slightly lame, that it is impossible to say on which side it is. Mr Mann was

first led to turn his mind to this subject, from a desire to relieve his own brother, who had lost his leg above the knee; and his fraternal affection has, in the end, made his fortune. I do not know exactly how his invention applies to cases of amputation below the knee, and do not believe he can have found so good a substitute in that case. This same ingenious person, or his brother, has invented a musical instrument with chords or strings, in the shape of a grand piano-forte, and with the same keys; each key, when touched, lifts one of the chords, which is brought into contact with a bow *(archet)* or skein of horse hair, moving continually on two little wheels or axes, put in motion by a weight. There is here more scope for skill and taste than either in the organ or the forte piano; for though the sound of the pipe of the organ may be prolonged at pleasure, as you touch the key, it cannot be modified as to strength, or quality of sound: the piano, on the contrary, is susceptible of modification of sound, by the manner of touching the key, but cannot receive duration; whereas, this instrument unites both advantages,—the sound lasts as long as you touch the key, and the quality varies with the strength applied by the finger, precisely as on the violin. The chords being very large, and the bow powerful, sounds are obtained similar to the deep bass stops of the organ, with all the softness and richness of the violoncello.

Besides two exhibitions of oil pictures, there are two of water-colours, very superior to the others, and to anything, I believe, of the sort in Europe. It seems strange that these eminent artists should choose a mode of painting which has great disadvantages, inferior capabilities, and is less lasting. But this is a female mode of painting; the only prac-

tical amateurs of the art here are women, therefore artists are to look for encouragement from them.

Pugilism is a regular science in England, as fencing is in France. Fighting for improvement is called sparring,—and in good earnest, boxing. In sparring, the hand is covered with much the same sort of glove as in fencing. I have been taken to a fives-court, where I have seen some of the best professors, and some amateurs of this noble art, spar. Two combatants, naked to the waist, ascended a theatre or stage, fifteen or twenty feet square, and three or four high, erected in the centre of the five's-court; each with his second; they shook hands, like the salute in fencing,—then on their guard; one foot forward,—knees a little bent,—the principal weight of the body on the foremost leg,—fist held to the height of the chin, at the distance of about a foot. In this attitude the combatants observe each other, eye to eye, watching their opportunity to place a blow, which is darted, rather than struck, with the back of the hand or knuckles; a moderate blow, well planted, gives a fall. The blows are parried with the outside of the arm, or with one hand, while the other returns the blow. The pugilists are very sparing of their strength and their wind; no unnecessary motion,—no precipitation,—and, above all, no anger. One of the first requisites is impassibility under the severest bodily pain. Notwithstanding the gloves, blood is spilt sometimes. Among the performers at the fives-court, Crib the younger, Gulley, and Belcher, were pointed out to me,—all names of renown in the art. They were not stout men, but remarkable for activity and coolness. The place was very full—a mixed company of people of all ranks,—a considerable proportion of men of fashion; and all went off in a very orderly

and quiet manner. The sword or pistol equalize strength, and secure politeness and circumspection between individuals in the higher ranks of society; the fist answers the same purpose between the high and the low. A gentleman well taught can by that means repress and punish vulgar insult, when supported by mere bodily strength. There is a sort of courtesy and law of combat here, as well as in more deadly encounters. You are not to strike an enemy on the ground, and never below the waist; you are to desist the instant he gives out; there are never to be two against one; and other rules, which soften the brutality of the art, and give to the very lowest, in their violence, some sort of generosity and honourable feelings. When two men are disposed to come to blows, nobody thinks of preventing them; but the populace make a ring, and see fair play. I was conducted a few days ago to Jackson's, a professor of pugilism, who keeps a school for the fashionables of London. He is the finest figure of a man I ever saw; all muscle; I could not clasp with my two hands the upper part of his arm, when the biceps was swollen by the contraction of the limb. This art has, like all others, its technical language. It is said of a pugilist that he *is game*, or *has bottom*, when he possesses in a high degree passive courage or fortitude; which consists in bearing blows and wounds, attended with the most dreadful sufferings, without flinching or yielding, as long as there is breath. A nose beaten flat,—an eye out of its socket,—broken ribs,—the skin and flesh torn and streaming with blood,—and still to stand and make head, shews a man to be game.* Game

* Gymnastic games, requiring strength and constancy, the

is literally sport, and jest; therefore this is understanding a jest! It is worth remarking, that these pugilists are obliged to live regularly, and with sobriety; and that, before a great battle particularly, they spend several weeks in preparations, called training, abstaining from all strong liquors, even beer, and practising continually, but without excess. The windows of print-shops are decorated with engraved full-length portraits of the favourites of the pugilistic art, in learned attitudes, and in uniform,—that is to say, naked; displaying their well-formed limbs, the fine *entrelacement* of their muscles, and the graces of strength. For such is the versatility of grace, that it is equally discernible in the exertion or the repose of manly strength,—the restless impotence and awkwardness of childhood, and the fearful modesty of a young beauty. It might be difficult, however, to make Hercules sleep gracefully, or a delicate nymph wield his club; and grace may probably be said to consist in the temperate and characteristic exercise of natural and peculiar qualities.

I remember to have seen on the stage in France two English pugilists introduced. They set to very amicably; one of them receives such a good hit on the mouth, that he stops (which shews our ignorance of the art, for boxers would not stop for such a trifle,) to spit out half a dozen teeth, one after the other, and between each time turning to his friend, with a look of lively and sincere congratulation, exclaims; *ah! le beau coup de poing!*

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possession of these qualities is expressed by the word *game*, which becomes an adjective; and a tried cock, dog, or man, is game. Therefore, although game literally is play and sport, it is here a very serious thing.

The great annual exhibition of pictures in Somerset House is opened, and we are just returned from it. I own I did not expect so much mediocrity. I recollect an immense picture of Mr Fuseli, about Hercules, Theseus, and Pluto, and everything that is bad in drawing, colouring, composition, and taste. Mr Copley has furnished another colossal production, the Prince of Wales on horseback,—certainly not good. Mr West's is not better. Portraits swarm,—and this uninteresting branch of the art is the best here. We saw several delightful portraits by Owen and Phillips, and a good miniature by Mr Robertson. A good landscape by Loutherbourg. We were in hopes of seeing something of Mr Wilkie; but he has quarrelled with this establishment, and there is nothing of his. Cossé has a very pretty picture, representing boys returning from school, not equal, however, to his "Asking in Marriage" at the other exhibition. A mixture of water-colours and oil-paintings has a paltry appearance. The English do not deceive themselves as to the state of the art in their country, and do not speak of the exhibition more favourably than I do. They seem to wish to see the fine arts flourish among them, and are disposed to give every encouragement, but they do not pretend to have acquired much excellence, nor indeed to attach any exaggerated importance to the thing. It is, after all, a mere ornament of the great social fabric; the solid and majestic style of its architecture does not require it absolutely. The most curious thing we saw there was young Betty, the infant Roscius, whose premature reputation filled England some years ago;—not his picture, but himself. He is a great calf; ill made,—knock-kneed,—a pretty face, fresh, round, and rosy, without expression, or

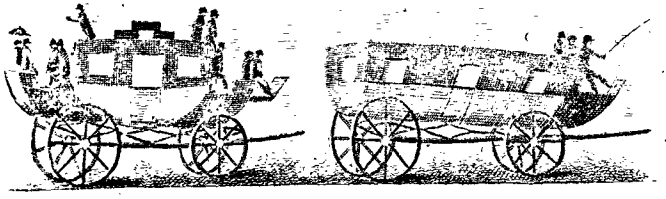
any perceivable trace of sentiment or genius. I suspect there must have been much exaggeration in the fashionable enthusiasm displayed on the occasion, as well as a great fund of bad taste. The cleverest child that ever was can at best mimic passions which he never felt; and at the heighth of your fallacious raptures, his mere face and figure afford you irrefragable proofs that you are the dupe of a shallow counterfeit and perfect *mystification* of sentiment.

The military asylum at Chelsea is a very fine establishment for orphan children of soldiers who have lost their lives in the service of their country. This edifice is remarkable for the noble simplicity of the architecture, which is the least merit of the establishment. Seven or eight hundred male children, and half that number of girls, all looking clean and healthy, are brought up here by Lancaster's method. The kitchen is *à la Rumford.* The whole work of the house is done by themselves, and the current expence but little, compared to the utility. The building itself cost L. 80,000 sterling. We saw the boys go through their exercises with great precision and activity; the young officers, wholly promoted by merit, seemed very proud of their situation;—the general in chief was an old soldier. Although brought up militarily, these boys are allowed at a certain age to choose another profession,—but they generally choose the military. This establishment does honour to the Duke of York, its founder.

May 6.—I have just seen the originals of which Matthews gave us a faithful copy a few days ago, in *Hit or Miss*,—the very barouche club; the gentlemen-coachmen, with half-a-dozen great coats about them,—immense capes,—a large nosegay at

the button-hole,—high mounted on an elevated seat,—with squared elbows,—a prodigious whip,—beautiful horses, four in hand, drive in a file to Salthill, a place about twenty miles from London, and return, stopping in the way at the several public-houses and gin-shops where stage-coachmen are in the habit of stopping for a dram, and for parcels and passengers; the whole in strict imitation of their masters, and making use, as much as they can, of their energetic professional idiom. All this is, no doubt, very ingenious and amusing. But let these gentlemen remember, that the lowering of the superior classes, the fashionable imitation of the vulgar, by people of superior rank in France, under the name of Anglo-mania, was one of the things that contributed to bring about the revolution. The influence of rank owes much to the delusion of distance, and should not be brought too near the vulgar eye.

I give here a sketch of English stage-coaches; those made like a vessel are of modern invention, and carry all their passengers inside. I have counted on the top of the others as many as seventeen persons. These carriages are not suspended, but rest on steel springs, of a flattened oval shape, less easy than the old mode of leathern braces on springs. The consequence of this accumulation of weight on the top is, a dangerous tendency to



overturn. If a double tier of passengers is necessary, the lower should at least be very near the ground. This has been in part attended to, for some of these stage coaches carry their baggage below the level of the axletree.

I have again seen Mrs Siddons twice; in Henry VIII. and in Macbeth, two tragedies of Shakespeare. Henry VIII. is a good easy sort of a tyrant, who suffers himself to be grossly imposed upon by his minister, and knows nothing of what is going on in the state, till his queen brings him word, telling him about certain commissions, and taxations, and exactions, which are on the point of producing an insurrection. The good man turns in anger to his minister, Cardinal Wolsey, another simple character, who excuses himself by saying, that the council had so ordered, and that he, poor soul, having only one voice, could not help it. The king makes, on the subject, some very philosophical remarks, and humane to a weakness, on the subject of resistance. The Cardinal, in the mean time, gives orders to grant all the people ask, and that it may appear to be by his intercessions. Henry, however, soon shews himself a little more in character, by the crafty manner in which he gets rid of Queen Catharine, in order to marry Anna Boleyn, with whom he has suddenly fallen in love. Wolsey, who always manages him as he pleases, sends a great Lord to the scaffold, because he has consulted a fortune teller. At last his turn comes. By a blunder, a little extraordinary for a man of his sort, he places under the eye of the king a certain unlucky document, being an inventory of his enormous ill-gotten wealth; and, as misfortunes never comes single, a letter which he had written to the Pope, begging

his assistance to prevent the marriage of the king with Anna Boleyn, is intercepted. The king, who is become at last the Henry VIII. of history, after having confronted his eminence, sends him away to read these unfortunate papers; "*and then to breakfast with what appetite you may*;" an expression which has become proverbial in English, and which, though highly derogatory from the French notions of tragical decorum, appears to me strong and natural enough. The minister, finding himself irrevocably disgraced, turns at once a philosopher and a saint. The divorced queen is not so resigned as the Cardinal; seated in a great arm-chair, and surrounded by her women and attendants, she fills the stage with piteous lamentations during a good half-hour:—sleeps,—has a long dream, wakes, scolds her servants; and at last, to the great relief of the audience, withdraws to another apartment to die, taking care to leave directions for her funeral. The bridal queen, Anna Boleyn, has, in the mean time, had a child already. The midwife comes to bring the news to Henry, who, much rejoiced, gives her a hundred marks; but the old lady thinks it is not enough:

> Said I for this, the girl is like to him;
> I will have more, or else unsay't:——

This child is no less than the illustrious Queen Elizabeth. Shakespeare lived during her reign, and that of James the First, and, like a good courtier, makes Archbishop Cranmer not only predict the future greatness of Elizabeth, but also that of her successor, *as great as herself.* It is worth remarking, that this prediction was not introduced till after James the First had come to the throne. This play is certainly very dull, particularly the scene of the arm-chair, and yet is for the sake of

Queen Catharine's part that it is played. In Shakespeare's time, women did not appear much on the stage, and he gave them few considerable parts; Mrs Siddons, therefore, has not much choice.

The tragedy of Macbeth has also a principal female part, but quite different from that of Queen Catharine. Macbeth is a Scotch chieftain, returning victorious from the wars with Banquo his companion. Crossing a wild heath, they fall into an ambuscade of witches, who, it seems, have placed themselves in their way, on purpose to play them a most infernal trick. It is hardly necessary to say, that a witch is always a frightful old woman in rags, with a great broom in her hands. I had seen these dramatic witches before, and the part is not always understood;—a bad actor, for they are men in petticoats, is apt to think that he must play the fool with his rags and his broom, and that he is there to make the gallery laugh. Rousseau said, that the pasteboard monsters of the opera of Paris were moved by a blackguard boy, *qui n'a pas l'esprit de faire la bête;* and some degree of talent is unquestionably necessary to do even these things well. The witches cannot pretend to French tragical dignity, but there is a certain low sublime that the actor understands, when he has any talents. If the cavern of the robbers in Gil Blas could be chosen for the scene of a French tragedy, the old woman might give some idea of this low sublime, injudiciously excluded from our stage.

The infernal ladies predict to Macbeth that he is to be Thane of Cawdor, and a king afterwards; and to Banquo, that, although not king himself, his posterity will be kings,—and then disappear, without explaining themselves farther. Macbeth being soon after created Thane of Cawdor, begins to have

some faith in the remainder of the prediction. The unbridled ambition of Lady Macbeth urges him to secure its fulfilment by the murder of the king, who is come to spend a night in their castle.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you drest yourself? Hath it slept since,
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem;
Letting, 'I dare not;' wait upon, 'I would.'
Macb. Pr'ythee peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.
Lady M. What beast was it then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man,—nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both.
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gum
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn
As you have done to this.

The murder of the king renders others necessary. Banquo is one of the first to be removed. Become more cruel by the recollection of their deeds of cruelty, and urged by terror, they deluge all Scotland with blood. At last the son of the murdered king returns with an English army, and Macbeth, forsaken by all, is killed. He had, since his accession to the throne, paid a visit to his old friends the witches, whose predictions had so well operated their own accomplishment, and found them em-

ployed in preparing charms, in their dark subterranean abode, assembled around a boiling cauldron. The fire sheds its pale and livid light on the haggard faces and meagre hands of three *midnight-hags*, mixing their hellish drugs, naming them gravely one after the other,—a monstrous assemblage of all that the wildest fancy could bring together, of objects fantastically hideous, in a simple age that dreaded no ridicule. And I own, that, far from feeling any inclination to laugh at the witches, they impress me with a considerable degree of horror. The double meaning of their prediction is always such as to urge Macbeth more and more to his destruction.

Such are the outlines of this play. Independently of its tragical beauties, it excites a strong interest, and, excepting the little infernal agency intermixed, is true to nature. The rules of Aristotle, without being very strictly attended to, are not so outrageously violated as in other plays of the great English dramatist. The principal charm of this, as of all his works, consists in the ease, the liberty, the inimitable grace, and the never-failing vigour of his language. He plays with his ideas, flowing abundant, lively and deep from an inexhaustible source.

Mrs Siddons, as Lady Macbeth, was that night a merciless tigress, thirsting for blood and carnage. She goads on her husband to the consummation of his crimes, with unrelenting ferocity. Yet, after placing by the bed-side of the king the instruments of his murder, and while anxiously waiting for the performance of the deed, she says,

> ——————Had he not resembled
> My father as he slept, I had done't.

This unexpected sentiment of humanity and momentary feeling of tenderness crossing the murderess's mind, like a flash of lightning in the darkness of the storm, is expressed without pomp of language, and rests for its effect on the simple energy of the contrast:

> A sunny island in a stormy main;
> A spot of azure in a clouded sky.

Macbeth himself, a prey to the terrors of guilt, thinks he heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!"

Towards the end of the play, when the castle is surrounded, and all the delusive dreams of ambition have vanished, leaving only remorse and despair, Lady Macbeth comes out of her apartment, walking in her sleep, pale and dishevelled, and seems to be intent on rubbing out some stains she has on her hands. It is blood she thinks she sees, and tries in vain to efface;—her discourse, incoherent, interrupted, indicates the agitation of a tortured mind.

"Out, damned spot! out, I say!—one; two; why then 'tis time to do't;—Hell is murky!—Fie my Lord, fie! a soldier, and afear'd? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?"

Then a little while after she says again,

"Here's the smell of the blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand,—Oh! Oh! Oh!"

Such scenes as these, of which there are many in this play, afford the greatest scope to the talent of the actor. Mrs Siddons and Mr Kemble did them full justice; restoring to the conceptions of the poet what the insufficiency of language has

made them lose, and clothing with a new body the shade of his genius.

The death of Lady Macbeth, announced by the cries of her women, introduces some very beautiful passages, which are translated in the French journal, but would be superfluous here. I yielded with great diffidence, to a desire of conveying into the French language something of the beauties of Shakespeare, but I felt too plainly the difference of the two languages,—and yet that is the least difficulty. For the thoughts, the turn of mind, of two nations so near and so much alike in many respects, differ still more than their respective languages; and, by a singular contradiction, while liveliness and reason form the respective bases of their supposed characters, the poetry of the former is as conspicuous for regularity and imperturbable decorum, as that of the latter is for exuberance, licence, and eccentricity. An inordinate fear of ridicule is the passion of a cultivated age, and rules in France with more force than anywhere else, not the less incurred, however, in many respects, for being so sedulously avoided.

"On est honteux des affections fortes devant les ames légères; l'enthousiasme en tout genre est ridicule pour qui ne l'éprouve pas; la poésie, le dévouement, l'amour, la religion, ont la même origine. Hors le soin de son existence tout peut être illusion, ou peut être supposé tel."—*Mad. de Stael.*

"Il y a souvent dans les choses où tout paroit ridicule au vulgaire, un coin de grandeur, qui ne le fait apercevoir qu'aux hommes de génie."—*Voltaire.*

It appears impossible that the French and the English should ever agree on the comparative me-

rits of their tragedies. Their standards of excellence are too different. The period of poetical inspiration seems to have come too soon for the one, and too late for the other. The uniform and rigorous decorum, —the pomp and servility of the court of Louis XIV. checked the flights of Corneille and of Racine; the rudeness and bad taste of the age of Queen Elizabeth obscured the genius of Shakespeare. It had been happier if the French poets had appeared a century earlier, and the English bard a century later; before taste was over-refined, and when it had ceased to be barbarous;—when genius, in the innocence of early youth, knew not shame; and, yielding to its first delirium, said all it felt, and felt nothing that it could not say;—habitually simple and ingenuous,—often lofty and impassioned,—sentimental or profound, —but by starts only, and unequally, as in nature. The French tragedy has none of these inequalities; the English too many of them, and too strong. The one is uniformly declamatory, and magnificently monotonous,—the other too often absurd, low, and disgusting. Those whom the prejudices of education, and long habits, have reconciled to either of these defects, are the more incapable of tolerating the contrary ones; and it would be in vain to try to bring them to the same opinion. If, however, the two nations receive similar impressions from their respective tragedies, dissimilar as they are; if the same effect is produced by different means, they may be allowed to feel and enjoy in their own way. The human heart is accessible by more than one avenue. "Quand une lecture vous élève l'esprit" says La Bruyere, "et qu'elle vous inspire des sentimens nobles et courageux, ne cherchez pas une autre règle

pour juger de l'ouvrage,—il est bon, et de main de maître."

Criticism on objects of taste is, after all, little more conducive to a higher relish of their beauty than dissection is to a higher relish of the beauty of the person. I do not know whether the ignorance of every language, every literature, or every poetry, but one, is not necessary to preserve in all its energy the relish of that one, and to prevent any part of the happy delusion from being dissipated. As the *amor patriæ*, in its full force, exists only for those who never travelled, there is generally some pleasure lost by being too wise.

There is, in the play of Henry the Eighth, something about imprisonment in the Tower, and about the guards. The public caught the allusion to Sir F. Burdett's situation, and there was a good deal of clapping and hissing. The former had the advantage; but I cannot tell whether it was for or against Sir Francis. I had the honour of dining, a few days ago, with a lady, a great oppositionist, and even a reformist, who admires, of course, Sir Francis, and has paid him a visit in the Tower. One of the guests, a dignitary of the established church, and anti-reformer *par metier*, out of patience with all this tenderness for Sir Francis, attacked him violently and his talents, as well as political principles and motives. He said, among other things, that Sir Francis had been his pupil at college, and a great dunce; that, however, after he was grown up and married, he had bethought himself of his own ignorance, and taken the desperate resolution of returning to school, or at least resuming his studies. He took for that purpose a preceptor, a Frenchman of some literary reputation, to whom he allowed L. 500 sterling a-year,

as a remuneration for all the political philosophy he acquired under him, and of which he has since made such a splendid display. He owned, however, that the patriot was mild and benevolent,—a generous landlord, and good master. As an orator, Sir Francis is acknowledged to have considerable talents. As a statesman, his real is certainly more conspicuous than his prudence or judgment. By aiming at too much, he will do nothing; and, wasting his means in skirmishes, he will never achieve a great victory.

We have been frustrated in an attempt we made to see the Tower,—a deputation of the livery of London having, unfortunately for us, taken the same day to present an address to the suffering patriot. The concourse of people was prodigious; and, far from being able to penetrate, we thought ourselves fortunate in extricating ourselves from the crowd without accident. This Tower appears a confused heap of roofs and chimnies, surrounded with a wall and a ditch, broad, deep, and full of water. We shall choose a better time for another visit.

Returning, we stopped at St Paul's. My admiration of this magnificent temple is not yet diminished.* Its interior is thought naked and unfinished. I was nevertheless struck with its greatness, which loses little by the want of minute ornaments. Naval trophies hang down from the inside of the dome. I do not know whether these

* St Paul's, built by Sir C. Wren, was finished 1710, was 35 years in building, and cost L. 736,752 sterling. It is 500 feet long, 250 wide; the summit of the dome is 340 high; its external diameter 145 feet. St Peter's of Rome was 135 years building; it is 729 feet long, 364 wide, and 437 feet high to the summit of the cross.

sort of ornaments are very appropriate to the spirit of Christianity; but what religion loses in purity, public spirit gains in enthusiasm; and, in this age, the exchaage may be necessary. Through an iron grate in the pavement under the dome, we observed a light. It is a sepulchral vault, where the remains of the naval hero of England have been deposited. Workmen were preparing a place by the side of Nelson, for his friend and companion in arms, Admiral Collingwood. The thought of being buried in Westminster Abbey seems to have occupied some of the last moments of the hero; instead of that, he is made here the founder of a new dynasty of the dead. A great name was necessary to consecrate St Paul's—none could be better for the purpose.

The excessive vanity of Lord Nelson, and some other errors, tarnished a little the glory of his last years. He loved to shew himself all over ribbons, and orders, and wounds, and revelled in popular acclamations. It was the salary of his labours, and he was not ashamed to stretch out his hand to receive it. What avail, after all, crosses, and ribbons, and glorious wounds, if not to be shewn? That pleasure is felt by all men. It springs equally from the weakness of our nature, and from its greatness; and it may be more estimable to own the feeling than to disguise it. Lord Nelson was thus decorated, resplendent with the outward badges of greatness, when he received his mortal wound on the deck of the Victory at the battle of Trafalgar. It made him conspicuous, and probably caused his death. He had been warned and knew the danger, but would have it so. He had sacrificed his limbs and his health to win the prize, and now, at the peril of his life, he would show it to the enemy,—a magnanimous sort of vanity!

The following day we went again to St Paul's to hear a grand oratorio for the benefit of the children of the clergy;—(the sons of the clergy sounds a little strange to a French ear.) Handel's music appears to me a fine and learned harmony, without chant,—without melody,—a succession of fine sounds, which express, or rather inspire nothing, and with which I was soon tired. This great composer was here the founder of a sort of national school of music; and it is sacrilege not to acknowledge his merit. I will not decide hastily,—but it is not the first time I have had the misfortune to be tired of Handel's music. "Le plaisir de l'harmonie," says J. J. Rousseau, "n'est qu'un plaisir de pure sensation, et la jouissance des sons est toujours courte,—la satiété et l'ennui la suivent de près; mais le plaisir de la melodie et du chant est un plaisir d'intérêt et de sentiment, qui parle au cœur, et que l'artiste peut toujours soutenir et renouveller à force de génie."

Returning from St Paul's, we stopped at a little church, St Stephen's, Walbrook, the interior of which is considered as the most perfect model of pure and chaste classical architecture; and it certainly deserves all its reputation. It is also the work of Sir C. Wren. The outside of this beautiful building is covered, quite crusted over, with shabby houses stuck against its walls.

Parliament has been employed this session on a very interesting subject. Sir Samuel Romilly, who is a very eminent lawyer, as well as a distinguished member of Parliament, but who is accused of thinking, with Lord Bacon, that time is the greatest of innovators, and that its suggestions should not be resisted, proposed to commute in certain cases capital punishment (death) for ba-

nishment and imprisonment. He wants also to define crimes more particularly than the laws do at present, and to circumscribe the arbitrary power of infliction given to the judge, and which extends at present from a few months imprisonment to the pain of death, for the same denomination of crime. The ancient criminal code of England is, he said, the most sanguinary in existence; it condemns to death a person stealing to the value of five shillings out of a shop, or forty shillings out of a boat, or a public loading-place. Fortescue reports, that under Henry VI. there were more people executed for robberies in England in one year, than in France in seven. During the reign of Elizabeth, executions amounted to 400 a-year, which, for 45 years of her reign, gives the frightful total of 18,000 executions. But that was nothing to her father, Henry VIII: the executions were then 2000 a-year, being, for 38 years, 76,000 men put to death;—what a carnage! An eminent magistrate of the county of Somerset, says Hume, who wrote in 1596, that is to say, towards the end of the reign of Elizabeth, and when the authority of her government had acquired all its strength, and the people a certain habit of order and submission to the laws, states, that there had been 40 criminals executed in that county in the course of one year for felony, 35 burnt in the hand, 37 whipped, and 183 acquitted, and that the acquitted were most of them not much better than the others; that, moreover, there was not one-fifth of the guilty who were brought to trial, the number being so great, that the magistrates were afraid of them. Hume, who loved authority, ascribed this imperfect police to the inadequacy of the revenue of the crown, which did not afford the means of interesting a sufficient

number of people in the maintenance of power. However that may be, it appears, by the debates on this question, that, since that time, and without any mitigation of the laws, the number of the executions has diminished successively, and so rapidly, that in 1806, of 3426 persons committed, there were only two criminals executed. In 1807, 3492 commitments, and only one execution. In 1808, 3748 commitments, and not a single execution. It is not credible that out of upwards of 10,000* persons committed on grounds deemed sufficient by magistrates, three only should be guilty; therefore we must suppose that the extreme severity of the laws prevents their execution. No act can be more solemn than that of passing sentence of death, and yet, from the frequency of the thing, and the few cases in which that sentence is carried into execution, this awful act has ceased to excite any terror, any pity, or even any attention. The criminal himself does not believe in it; and the order for his execution after this encouraged hope, would be a refinement of cruelty, and an absolute injustice. The Master of the Rolls, who is a magistrate only second in rank to the chancellor, remarked, that the extreme severity of the penal law produced a tacit system of evasion, by which the accusers, the jury, the judge, and finally the King's council, join, each in his department, in violating their oath to execute an unnatural law.

There is certainly something very faulty in all this; and when an unanimous sense of justice has

* It appears by the debates, that one only out of 29 of condemned criminals has been executed, therefore the 10,000 commitments above-mentioned, have produced 87 condemnations, and these three executions.

in fact abrogated a law, it ought not to remain in the code. The certainty of a moderate punishment has more effect than the doubtful possibility of a severe one; and finally, this system substitutes arbitrary decisions to positive laws. To all these good reasons, and against the opinion of the most respectable members of the House of Commons, the ministers have opposed their impenetrable phalanx,—and I really do not know why, as they do not seem to have any interest in it. There was a small majority against Sir Samuel Romilly's motion. He will bring on the question again in another shape, and good sense and justice must triumph at last. Mr Windham spoke, as usual, extremely well against the law as it is,—and, at the same time, against its reformation.

There is much to say against the custom of banishing criminals, particularly to such a prodigious distance as Botany Bay. The expence is enormous; it is a great charge upon the public; and the good citizens have a right to complain that rogues should be sent to travel at their expence. It may be, after all, a mistaken mercy to let them live. What a modern writer justly celebrated has said somewhat rigorously of the mere poor, might be said of these felons with much more propriety: "At nature's mighty feast there is no vacant seat for them." I own I did not expect to find here a system of criminal laws so inconsistent, so cruel, and at the same time so relaxed; and yet the end seems answered, for, with an unarmed police which is neither seen nor felt, there are no perceivable disorders, and no violence except those occasioned by political factions. Instead of the positive and unbending character generally ascribed to the English law, I find, that, in practice, it is

arbitrary, and hardly under any other rule than the common sense of mankind. The noble institution of the jury on one hand, and on the other, the right of pardoning in the sovereign, correct all.

May 20.—We have made our first sortie from London, to see what the spring was out of its smoke and dust, 30 miles off, in the county of Surrey. The surface of the country is gently waving, covered with pasturage of the finest green, with numerous flocks of sheep, and herds of cattle; here and there groves of forest trees,—but little arable land, few inclosures, and great heathy commons. All this is very beautiful, and pleases me extremely; but surprises me equally. So near this Colossus of a town, with its 800,000 mouths to feed, I should have expected to see everywhere fields of corn for men, and of clover and sainfoin for animals; everywhere the plough,—no trees but fruit-trees,—no pastures, and, above all, no heath. We do not lose certainly by the exchange; but I do not understand how the proprietors of this valuable land calculate. I should suppose that all this beautiful country belongs to people of fortune, who think more of its beauty than its produce, and the conjecture is very much strengthened, by the appearance of multitudes of good-looking houses, half-mansion, half-cottage, but evidently inhabited by persons of taste and opulence.

I measured at Weston two *abeles* of twelve feet in circumference; several elms, and a young oak exceeded that size; the branches of a chesnut covered a space of a hundred feet in diameter. We were taken to a hill, (Leith Hill) 1000 feet above the level of the sea, from whence there is a most extensive view:—North, the dome of St Paul's shrouded in smoke, and even Hampstead and

Highgate beyond; south, a narrow streak in the horizon, which shines on a bright day, and which is the sea. The two extremities, London and the sea, are here sixty miles apart; the eye commands the whole interval. This spot is marked by a tower, built by an honourable gentleman, member of several successive Parliaments, who is buried here, and has secured, by this means, an immortality which he was afraid the ingratitude of his country might refuse to his long services.

The spring has been here cold and late; horse-chesnuts are only beginning to shew their blossoms; the hawthorn not yet; apple-trees have not lost theirs. The thermometer varies from 45° to 60°; a fire is still very acceptable.

On our return to London, we found Sir Francis Burdett again before the public. He has instituted a suit in the court of King's Bench against the Speaker of the House of Commons, who gave the order for his arrest, stating his damages at L.30,000, against the sergeant-at-arms who arrested him, and against the governor of the Tower, (Lord Moira) who detained him. The Parliament has been employed for some days past, in debating whether the authority of any court is to be acknowledged in a question of privileges. The records of the House have been searched for precedents. They found many of the lower members of the law, such as attorneys, bailiffs, &c. &c. and even some judges, arrested by the authority of Parliament, for meddling indiscreetly in things relating to privilege; yet the committee who reported these facts, was of opinion that the Speaker, &c. should enter their plea before the court, condescending, out of courtesy, to state their reasons for what had been done; but, if the judges should proceed farther,

the House of Commons would probably impeach them. The debates on this question have been very animated, ingenious and argumentative. I observed particularly the speeches of Lord Erskine in the upper house, Sir Samuel Romilly and Mr Ponsonby in the Commons. To a disinterested by-stander all this heat and jarring of contradictory authorities, the manifest exaggeration of all they say and do, appear out of all proportion to the importance of the case, and it is impossible not to feel surprise and disgust. On the other hand, it must be remembered, that it is only at the point of contact of the different powers, and on their mutual boundaries, that any collision can take place, and that the importance of the dispute is not to be estimated by its immediate object, but by its consequences. Soldiers defend, to the last drop of their blood, a breach which is only a heap of stones, for the sake of the place behind, which must fall if the enemy succeed in making a lodgement. The importance of constitutional forms, and the danger of their infraction in a government like this, are very happily illustrated in the following passage of an old English poem (Hudibras):

> As when the sea breaks o'er its bounds
> And overflows the level grounds,
> Those banks and dams that like a screen
> Did keep it out, now keep it in:
> So when tyrannic usurpation
> Invades the freedom of the nation,
> The laws o' the land that were intended
> To keep it out, are made defend it.

May 25.—I wished much to see Strawberry Hill, the house of Lord Orford, better known in France under the name of Horace Walpole, by his colloquial wit, and his letter of the King of Prus-

sia to Jean Jaques,—so French, that the latter ascribed it to D'Alembert in his factum against David Hume. I knew that Mr Walpole had the passion of minor antiquities, painted windows, snuff-boxes, and historical baubles of all sorts. He laughed at his own taste, but I had no idea it was with so much reason. Strawberry Hill is a Gothic baby-house; the windows chequered like Harlequin's coat, with all the colours of the rainbow: narrow passages lead, through small doors, to rooms like closets. On the wall hung the coat-of-mail of our Francis I. mentioned in the correspondence of Madame du Deffand, but looking too short for that Prince, who was a tall and stout knight. We were shewn the portraits of his favourite Madame de Sevigné, of Madame de Grignan, of Madame de la Fayette. The ink-stand of Madame de Sevigné was on the table. *Cela donne à penser!* Time, with its frightful rapidity, has already carried so far from us Walpole, Madame du Deffand, Voltaire, d'Alembert, and all that society of which the Duke and Duchess of Choiseul were the centre, that the period in which they lived seems now blended with the age of Louis XIV.; and their manners more like those described by Madame de Sevigné, than the manners of the present day. The last twenty years have covered, with their funeral crape and their blood, with their folly and their splendour, the space of centuries, in the memory of men. They have dug an abyss between the times that preceded and followed; and, forming a new æra in history, future generations will say, before or after the French revolution, as before or after the fall of the Roman empire,—before or after the dark ages.

Strawberry Hill, notwithstanding its name, is

quite flat, even low, and seems damp; the road, passing close by, is covered with a pointed gothic arch of elms, forming a very appropriate avenue. The aspect of the house is melancholy; the grounds are well carpeted with green, and shaded with large trees, the usual decoration here.

The King loves astronomy, and has an observatory in the little park of Richmond, called the King's Paddock. It is furnished with a large telescope of Herschell; a transit instrument of eight feet, through which we saw Venus crossing the meridian; a vertical instrument of twelve feet for zenith observations; a mural of eight feet of rays; an equatorial telescope, and several other instruments less considerable:—a few models of machines; among them one to determine the lateral pressure of arches; a collection of German minerals; and a good apparatus for philosophical experiments. His majesty happened to be at the observatory some years ago to observe an occultation of a planet, when a deer pursued from Windsor crossed the river, leaped over the park palings, followed by the dogs, and was taken at the foot of the observatory, precisely at the moment of the occultation. We took the liberty of inquiring whether the attention of his Majesty had been proof against this interruption, and were answered that a cloud had unfortunately interposed just then, otherwise nothing could have taken off his Majesty's attention. The King's Paddock is a dead flat, without any other view than its own meadows and scattered trees, but that is really enough. English park trees have a character of picturesque magnificence, unequalled anywhere else, and a few of them on a lawn constitute alone a landscape. They form the principal charm of

the view from Richmond Hill so justly celebrated. From the brow of an inconsiderable hill, perhaps 300 feet, you see a vast plain, and the Thames winding through its rich pastures, where cattle and sheep graze at liberty. Dark masses of tufted trees project irregularly in the shape of bays and promontories over a sea of verdure, with detached shady islands. Here and there the eye distinguishes an oak stretching its vast horizontal limbs; oftener an elm rearing, in successive tiers, its rounded masses and plumy top. A few houses half hid among these groves, and paths slightly marked across the green, are the only perceivable traces of man; no ditches, no hedges, no inclosures of any sort,—no roads, no strait lines. As far as the eye can reach in an immense semicircle, the scenery, always the same, is ever varied. As the prospect recedes, every slight depression of the level sketches the nearest distance in a rich outline of edging tops of trees,—upon the farthest, fainter and bluer, till all is lost in the vague greyish haze of the horizon, with some indications of hills. If they were real hills, the prospect would leave nothing to wish for.

From a far greater heighth, whence the eye measured a plain far more extensive, torn and laid waste, rather than embellished by a broad and rapid stream, which disdains winding, I was accustomed, in the days of my infancy, to contemplate an horizon skirted by the Alps, with Mont Blanc in the centre. In autumn, a thick fog often fell during the night, on the vast plain below; and it was seen early in the morning like a sea; its surface perfectly calm and unruffled, and the margin exactly defined along the sides of the hill. The eastern glow of the morning witnessed no change; but no

sooner had the rising sun darted its first level rays from between the deep black dentated summit of the Alps, than the sea of vapours began to heave its billows; the mighty waves rolled and tumbled furiously as in a tempest, till, losing their density, they rose, slow and majestic, in vast clouds, and, enveloping at last the spectator himself, hid the vision of glory from his sight.

Richmond Hill, without pretending to so much sublimity, has a stile of beauty more ornamented, mild, *riant*, and pleasing. It is not a forest, for there is nothing rude and neglected; not a garden, for their is no art; not a *country*, for *cultivation* and business are nowhere going on;—the simplicity and unity of plan and means, trees and grass, and vast extent, give it an appearance of nature,—but nature was never seen so select and chaste, and unmixed with offensive objects. It is at least rich, elegant, and high-born nature, and something, at any rate, unique of its kind. Most of this magical effect is owing to the following circumstances: Some rich proprietors happen to occupy all the fore-ground of the picture in the plain below,—Lord Dysart, Mr Cambridge, &c.—They have spread their lawns, planted their groves, and levelled their enclosures. Further on are the royal grounds. All the rest of the country is sufficiently planted to give it, when seen fore-shortened in the remote view, a very woody appearance, and make it an uninterrupted and boundless continuation of the near scene. The blue haze of distance finishes the front view. The fine old forest trees of the park of Richmond, hanging on the left side of the hill, and on the right other trees, and good-looking houses, form the screens or frame of the picture. It is, however, a pity that

so many people should have had the same taste as to the beauty of this view, and that it should be only eight or ten miles from London. Houses have accumulated along the top of Richmond Hill, forming a street, or rather a row, looking over the beautiful terrace, and inhabited by substantial citizens;—a class of people more respectable for their good conduct, than remarkable for their taste. The walkers on the terrace admire most what their glasses alone enable them to discover; the colours flying on the top of Windsor Castle, or the roofs and chimneys of London. And with Thomson,

> The raptured eye
> Exulting, swift to huge Augusta send,
> Now to the sister hills that skirt her plain,
> To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
> Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.

Beauties without a name are no beauties for them. The Thames, which they call majestic, holds the first rank among the objects of their admiration. It is no doubt a pretty little stream, a narrow ribbon or silvery snake twisting along the green meadows; but if it was dried up, and its muddy bed filled and sodded over, I do not think the prospect would be materially injured. Water, in that geographical map state, has less beauty than in any other.

Ascending the river from Richmond, we came in sight of Pope's residence. The two stumps of the illustrious weeping-willows, planted with his own hands, the first, I believe, that grew in England, are still visible on the surface of the ground. His house is transformed into a great staring building, new and naked. A formal railing stretches along the water edge, and no trace of poetry is

mains on the place. Below Richmond, Sion House, a great palace of the Percies, came next in view, It is a prodigious quadrangle, and has nothing remarkable, but its innumerable windows; the site is melancholy and uninteresting. Lower down is the new Gothic palace of Kew, which the King is building himself,—his own architect as we were told. Mr Wyatt, a celebrated artist, is only the master builder;—the public seems to think it is visible enough, and we were of the same opinion. This place is not unlike a miniature of the old Bastile. Its situation is certain the worst possible; the immediate prospect across the river being a sort of large trading village, or suburb of London,—black, dirty, and noisy.

I have been induced by the beauty of English lawns, to give some attention to the process of gardeners. The ground, ploughed and harrowed carefully, is either sown or sodded; rolling and mowing, and a moist climate do the rest, for there is nothing at all peculiar in the grass itself. The rolling is principally done in the spring, when the surface is sufficiently firm not to poach, and the bottom still yielding. If moss gets the better of the grass, ashes or fine mould restore it, but it is not to be done often, as the object is not to have the grass grow strong, but low and fine. The mowing, or rather shaving of this smooth surface, is done once a week, and even twice in warm rainy weather; once a a month does in dry weather. The grass must be wet with dew or rain, and the scythe very sharp; the blade is wide, and set so obliquely on the handle, as to lye very flat on the sod. The rollers are generally of cast iron, 18 or 20 inches in diameter, and two and a half or three feet long, hollow, and weigh about 500 pounds, moved about

by one man; those drawn by a horse are, of course, three or four times heavier. I have seen one, the diameter of which was seven or eight feet, and the weight 5000 or 6000 pounds, drawn by four horses.

June 2.—We are just returned from the naval hospital at Greenwich, on the Thames, five miles below London. It is a most beautiful edifice, singularly disposed. Instead of a wide front to the river it presents two horns or wings, nearly 300 feet apart. The open interval is decorated with a statue in marble of George II. by Rysbrach. Behind these wings are two other piles of building, in a line with the first, and likewise insulated; the whole forming a spacious avenue, adorned with a magnificent Doric colonnade, and terminated north by the Thames, which is here a very great river, wafting fleets of commerce and war,—and south by the park of Greenwich, with its green hills and fine shades. This general disposition insures a great circulation of air; the view is open on every side; and it is not only the most magnificent of hospitals, but the most cheerful I ever saw. It does not prevent, however, the old sailors who inhabit it from looking very tired and melancholy; they are seen warming themselves in the sun, or crawling languidly along the magnificent colonnades or porticoes, of which the elegance and beauty makes a sad contrast with their crippled, infirm, and dependent old age: 2400 of these veterans reside in the interior, 150 widows of sailors as nurses, and 200 sons of seamen, brought up for the navy. About 3000 out-pensioners receive L. 7 sterling a-year each. I have reason to believe, from some calculations made on the subject, that each of the 2400 house-pensioners costs, in-

cluding the interest on the building, about L. 50 sterling a-year; and I believe that the out-pensioners, with their seven pounds a-year, which, without being sufficient, helps them to live, are vastly happier as long as they can do any work. Whatever the feelings of the veterans may be on the subject, there cannot be any doubt as to the impression which this noble and comfortable establishment must make on the young seamen passing before it, going up and down the Thames. "It is not," as Paley rightly observes, "by what the Lord Mayor feels in his coach, but by what the apprentice feels who gazes at him, that the public is served."

The interior of the chapel, which is 110 feet long by 52 wide, is finished in the most beautiful style of Grecian architecture, from the designs of Mr. Stuart, who published the antiquities of Athens. Nothing can exceed the exquisite finish of the ornaments, particularly the portal and folding-doors of the entrance. The funeral-car which served to transport the body of Lord Nelson has been placed in one of the halls;—a memorial fitted to its situation.

The site of Greenwich Park is unequal and picturesque, and offers fine views. On an elevated spot is the national observatory, from the meridian of which the English compute their longitude; it bears the name of Flamstead, for whom Charles II. built it. The celebrated veteran of astronomy, Maskeline, is at present astronomer-royal. The old invalid, our conductor, observed that *Dr Maskeline was always at work about the stars*, but that he did not let anybody know what he found, but the King.

We have seen lately two noted collections of

pictures, that of Sir Francis Bourgeois, the largest, and that of Mr Angerstein, the choicest of this capital; a distinguished artist, Mr J. had the goodness to accompany us. At Sir Francis Bourgeois we admired mostly a Vandyke, the Virgin and child; the drawing perfect,—the colouring grave and vigorous,—the expression such as I think would not be found among the works of the great masters,—creators of the art. The vague and undefined outline of Vandyke has a prodigious effect. Rembrandt and Murillo have the same merit. N. Poussin alone fills one of the apartments; *sans prix* for connoisseurs, and for me also,—but it is in *minimo*. This audacious avowal will draw upon me the contempt of many, but may afford comfort to some who feel as I do, but who dare not own it, thinking they are alone in their opinion. The murder of the innocents, by Le Brun, is horribly beautiful. Several excellent landscapes of Cuyp, notwithstanding a very peculiar light, hardly natural; a very fine vigorous old man's head by Caravaggio; several Claudes, which did not please me much, and a Salvator Rosa not at all. Nothing could persuade me that four-fifths of this immense collection are not composed of very indifferent pictures, originals as they may be.

Mr Angerstein has not many pictures, but they are all excellent; they occupy two large rooms. His famous Rembrandt (the woman taken in adultery,) is certainly the finest thing I ever saw as to the magic of colouring; it is impossible to say how the effect is produced when you examine it attentively. This picture cost, I believe, L. 6000 sterling. A large picture of the resurrection of Lazarus, drawn by Michael Angelo, and painted by his disciple, Del Piombo, fixed our attention.

The history of this picture is, that it was painted in competition with Raphael, and that it had the advantage! The figure of Christ has nothing of that expression of ineffable goodness which should always be its character. The fire of his eyes,—the paleness of his hollow cheeks,—his thin ragged beard,—animated, and almost threatening gestures, —may give him the look of an inspired prophet, but not of a god: Omnipotence is more calm,—it acts without effort. The limbs also are too affectedly indicated under the drapery; the object was not to draw an academical figure. As to Lazarus, he is not only restored to life, but to all that fulness of flesh which he must be supposed to have lost during the course of the disorder which sent him to the grave; and instead of that astonishment and extasy naturally expected in a man just raised from the dead, Lazarus is coolly employed in loosening his garter, or at least some ligament round his left leg, and that by means of the great toe of his right foot, which he seems to use with a great deal of force and dexterity, instead of his hands, which are otherwise employed. Alive as he is, a woman, his sister probably, holds her nose and averts her head, as if, notwithstanding his good looks, he still smelt of the place he had just left. There does not seem to me in all this a single thought worthy of the subject; and as to the colouring, it is dull, flat, and dusky,—the figures all look like mulattoes. Such is the picture which is an acknowledged test of taste. I own I do not understand it. Of four Claude Lorraines, two pleased me much; fine hazy distances, and light graceful trees,—the figures very bad. One of these pictures is a sea-port; buildings, vessels, masts, and yards, afford endless strait lines; the last ray

the setting sun edge each of these strait lines with a sharp light, then another long strait line of reflection on the surface of the water. Claude liked this sort of composition, for he has repeated it often. We next remarked a small picture, all blue and cold, very preciously finished, and under a glass; Christ in the garden of Olives, and the name of the painter no less than Corregio! Then two Titians; the outlines hard and incorrect, and, by way of colouring, all the interval between the outlines, that is to say, all the figure, of a dingy white, without any difference of light and shadow, making it quite flat. Another Rembrandt, the Adoration of the Wise Men of the East, superlatively beautiful as to colouring; for Rembrandt is not great in expression. A good bacchanalian scene by Poussin, but still the same dingy red, dull colouring. Above a door I observed a good Murillo, and was greatly surprised to find it was tapestry, by a lady-artist, a Miss Thompson. I saw there with great pleasure the collection of the original pictures of the *Marriage-à-la-Mode* of Hogarth; they are very good, but I think I should prefer the excellent engravings made of them by himself.

Every morning, about eleven o'clock, the band of the Guards assembles in the court-yard of that miserable palace of St James's, and plays for about three quarters of an hour,—softly—slowly, in that beautiful medium, the *sotto voce* of the Italians, which, both for instruments and voices, is so full, so rich, so favourable to great effects in music. The performers are mostly Germans. The audience is usually composed of the lower ranks of people,—the higher are not up. I have been struck with the profound attention,—the fixed eye, where stands a tear, now and then observed

among the crowd. There is a sixth sense for music, which may be cultivated, but cannot be supplied when wanting, and of which it would be as much in vain to attempt giving an idea to those who have it not, as to a blind man of colours. This sense, like the others, only opens an avenue to that moral sense, which exists without the material sense of music; for it is the same which feels the power of eloquence,—the charms of poetry,—and probably the same also which thirsts for glory, and admires virtue. He who has feelings, but no ears, may conjecture, by analogy, what the effect of music is;—with an ear and no feelings, he will understand the rythm, and enjoy the harmony of fine sounds, but without emotion, and will not even be able to conjecture what music is. "Homme vulgaire," says Rousseau, in the celebrated article *genie* of his Dictionary of Music, "que t'importe de le connoitre? tu ne saurois le sentir."

The Persian ambassador is still in fashion everywhere. I was surprised to hear him laugh very loud yesterday with Sir Gore Ousley, who is his interpreter, and another person, who understands his language. I did not think the Orientals ever departed from their gravity. An officer present, Sir David B., with his arm carried off at the shoulder, modest and unassuming, seemed to attract less attention than this diplomatic barbarian.

England has just lost Mr Windham. His death has been marked, as his life was, with the originality of his character. He would undergo a cruel operation, against the advice of medical men, and prepared himself with great courage, and a perfect knowledge of the danger, as appears by the letters he wrote, to be delivered in case of his death. It afforded, probably, the only chance for his life.

Mr Windham has left a voluminous diary, which will be given to the public some time or other. This illustrious man has excited so general an interest, that it became necessary, in the last days of his illness, to satisfy the public by a daily bulletin. His sins are now forgiven, and all parties agree in doing justice to his perfect disinterestedness, his frankness, his generosity, his courage, his profound contempt of mere popularity, his knowledge, and eloquence. He leaves behind him no reputation equal to his; but he leaves many men capable of being more solidly useful than he was; and the state loses only a brilliant ornament. His fortune was about L. 6000 sterling a-year, and all from patrimony,—not acquired.

An event of another sort has divided public attention,—the extraordinary attempt to assassinate one of the Princes, who was attacked in his bed, during the night, with his own regimental sabre, and escaped with difficulty, after receiving many wounds, none of which are mortal. One of his servants was found dead in an adjoining apartment, with a bloody razor not far from him, his throat cut from ear to ear, and he is supposed to be the assassin. This miserable man not having given before any marks of insanity, the motive of so desperate an act is become a great object of curiosity. He was an Italian.

The birth-day, soon after this, has been celebrated with more than usual pomp. The crowd was immense,—the town illuminated,—the people full of joy and loyalty,—and on quite a cordial footing with the horse-guards on duty among them, which, considering the late tumults, and those expected shortly when Sir Francis Burdett comes out of the Tower, shews the English people

to be, like all others, governed by the mere impulse of the moment. The ladies who go to court on the birth-day are dressed in the fashion of fifty years ago, as more suitable, I suppose, to the age of their majesties. They are carried there in sedan chairs, which can penetrate further than carriages; and it is really a curiosity to see them as they pass along the street towards the Palace of St James's. To enable them to sit in these chairs, their immense hoops are folded like wings, pointing forward on each side. The preposterous high head-dress would interfere with the top, and must be humoured by throwing the head back; the face is therefore turned up, kept motionless in that awkward attitude, as if on purpose to be gazed at; and that face, generally old and ugly, (young women not going much there, it seems) is painted up to the eyes, and set with diamonds.

> Son gros cou jaune et ses deux bras quarrés
> Sont de rubis, de perles entourés;
> Elle en étoit encore plus effroyable.—*Voltaire.*

The glasses of the vehicle are drawn up, that the winds of Heaven may not visit the powder and paint too roughly; and this piece of natural history, thus cased, does not ill resemble a fœtus of a hippopotamus in its brandy bottle. The present generation can hardly believe that it was possible to be young and handsome in this accoutrement; and yet it was so. I have seen some of these ladies smile on the wondering spectators as they passed, conscious, I should hope, of their own absurd appearance.

I had received a commission from a person in a public station in France, to send there certain political pamphlets of the day, for and against

government; and, thinking there might be an impropriety in doing it clandestinely, the American minister, Mr Pinkney, had the goodness to mention the circumstance to one of the secretaries of state, who, far from objecting, offered to furnish an opportunity, which is certainly liberal. At the same time, the system of publicity here is such, that it is hardly worth while to keep any thing secret;—it would be like letting down the curtains before the windows of a house all built of glass.

Ministers have just experienced a little defeat. A motion of reform, respecting sinecures, has passed the lower house by a majority of ten, but it is supposed they will stop it in the upper house, and there will be no reform at all. It will be a pity if it is so; for the government appears to me at present strong enough to say, Thus far we shall go, and no farther, and might not always be able to satisfy the people at so cheap a rate.

The finances of England are a perfect anomaly in political economy. They present quantities which frighten the imagination, and lines of figures to which the mind attaches no idea. The sum total is, like the great bodies of La Place, too large to be seen. The finances were at the lowest possible ebb at the revolution of 1688,—no debt, but, at the same time, no credit, and no capability in the nation to raise a revenue adequate to its occasions. In 1672, Charles II. suspended the payment of debts of the state, amounting to L. 1,328,526 sterling. The interest was paid for some time, but ceased before his death. After a suit of twelve years before the courts of justice, the creditors obtained judgment; it was, however, set aside; and finally the government chose to discharge a debt of

L. 3,428,526 sterling in principal and interest, by the payment of L. 664,263 in 1705, or rather by providing for the future payment of the interest of the latter sum:—such was the disgraceful beginning of the present debt of Great Britain. *

The scarcity of specie, which is now attributed to the paper circulation, was, at that period, remedied by the introduction of a paper circulation, which shews that the excess alone is vicious. That paper consisted of exchequer bills, invented, in 1697, by Montague, then minister of finance, and which have ever since acted a great part in the financial operations of Great Britain. They are a delegation or assignment on the revenue,—a sort of half paper money, but not forced; and which, bearing interest, and being paid or funded at the end of each year, is convenient to the public, and circulates very freely.

William the Third had to struggle with a total disorganization of the finances,—the want of credit,—desperate factions,—corrupt practices,—and dilapidations, much greater in proportion than those which are so much complained of at present. There is a remarkable similarity between the opinions and complaints of that time and the present, although under circumstances widely different. They spoke then of the debt just born as enormous. A writer of great reputation, Davenant, said that England could not furnish a revenue of more than two millions sterling, (equal to eight millions now,) without ruin to its commerce and manufactures. That revenue is now seventy mil-

* Sir John Sinclair's History of the Public Revenue, Vol. I. p. 397.

	Increase during this war	31,338,689	1,096,979		
1748	Debt at the end of the war	78,293,312	3,061,004		
	Diminution during peace	3,721,472	664,287		
1755	Debt at the beginning of the war	74,572,848	2,396,717		
	Increase	72,111,004	2,444,104		
1762	Debt at the peace, two years after the accession of George III.	146,682,844	4,840,821	8,744,682	24,456,940
	Diminution during the peace	10,739.793	364,000		
1776	Debt at the beginning of the American war	135,943,051	4,476,821		
	Increase	121,269,992	5,192,614		
1782	Debt at the peace	257,213,043	9,669,435	13,300,921	21,657,609
	Diminution	4,751,261	143,569		
1793	Debt at the beginning of the French revolutionary war	252,461,782	9.525,866		
	Increase	327,469,665	12,252,152		
1801	Debt at the peace	579,931,447	21,778,018	36,728,971	61,278,018
	Deduct for annuities (see the History of the Public Revenue, by Sir John Sinclair, Bart. Vol. I. p. 474.)	9,379,807			
	Increase to the end of the year 1809	570,551.640	21,778,018		
		240,346,442	10,000,000	about.]	
1810	Present Debt (See Political Register, Vol. XVIII. p. 323.)	811,898,082	31,778,018	70,240,226	82,027,288
	Funds accumulated in the hands of the Commissioners of the Sinking-Fund, from the year 1786 to the present time. (See Political Register, Vol. XVIII. p. 426.)	160,000,000	4,443,519		

lions, and neither commerce nor manufactures are ruined; at least if they suffer it is from a different cause. Bank-notes were then at a discount of twenty per cent. and stocks lost from forty to sixty per cent. Bank-notes are said to lose now also twenty per cent. and the want of specie was assigned as the cause at both periods. There was then five or six millions hid away in private hoards, and now there is not a thrifty housekeeper, or timid man, who has not also his hoard of guineas. Public officers had grown rich by fraud and peculation,—the crime was notorious, and remained unpunished:—I hear of cases of that sort now here every day. Finally, the terror of the power of France, and the absolute necessity of opposing it to extinction, was and is the order of the day. The emperor of this day is, no doubt, far more powerful, able, and ambitious, than the great monarch of that time; and although England may not say altogether the same thing of her sovereigns of the two respective periods, it possesses now means of defence far greater than it did then; and whatever the gain may be on one side, it is at least as great on the other. I annex a statement of the present national debt of Great Britain, embracing its progress from the beginning.*

During the course of the last century, we find every writer on the subject inveighing against the debt. Hume declares, that if the nation does not destroy credit, credit will destroy it. Dr Price says, that the evils and dangers of an ex-

* The sum of gold and silver in circulation under William the Third did not exceed eight millions sterling, including the plate which was carried to the mint, equal to 32 millions now. Dr Price stated, in 1793, that the sum of gold in circulation in the kingdom did not exceed 16 millions sterling.

orbitant debt are so great, that it is impossible to exaggerate them. "A sinking fund might save us in time, but we are come so near the end of our resources, (1790) that there is no time left for us." Since that, the debt has quadrupled! "An exorbitant debt," he says again, "leads to despotism,—the natural tendency of all governments, if not arrested by the watchfulness of a permanent opposition, and ultimately by resistance; but resistance is necessarily attended by troubles, confusion, and danger for the public funds, therefore passive submission is preferred. The advance in price of all things destroys commerce and manufactures, and even population; and stock-jobbing corrupts public morals." Lord Kaimes, Adam Smith, Blackstone, all hold in some degree the same language. Dr Price, however, did not confine himself to pointing out the danger of this fatal progress, but he undertook, at the invitation of Mr Pitt, to devise means to stop it. He suggested several schemes of redemption, one of which was adopted by Mr Pitt, without, as the editor of Dr Price asserts, even acknowledging the obligation. The first invention of the sinking-fund is not due, however, to Dr Price. He says himself, that Sir Robert Walpole had established one, or rather Earl Stanhope, in 1716. This first institution was, in fact, violated by Walpole himself some years after, in order to give himself the credit of having reduced the taxes. The sinking-fund, as organized at present, and proposed by Dr Price, was instituted, by act of Parliament, in 1786. It provides that the sum of L. 250,000 sterling shall be paid every three months to certain commissioners, (one million a year,) to be employed by them in the purchase of stock at the market-price; the interest of the stock

thus purchased continuing to be paid to the commissioners, to be applied to new purchases of stock until the interest of this accumulation formed, including the annual million, a revenue of four millions sterling. The interest of their future purchases is then no longer to be paid to them, and their purchases are limited, after that period, to four millions a-year,—this was to happen in 1808. The government added new funds in 1792; and, finally, a late act of Parliament (1802) decreed the continuation of the payment of the interest to the commissioners until the entire redemption of the national debt existing in 1802, (580 millions.) This accumulation amounts already to 160 millions, and is to pay the old debt in 38 years from the beginning. No debt will then be extant but for loans made since 1802, amounting now to about 200 millions; but even these new loans, having each an excess of tax beyond the annual interest, they carry in fact with them a principle of extinction, increasing in a geometrical ratio.

It is sufficiently evident, that a nation, or an individual in debt, paying every year, besides interest, something, ever so little, towards the principal, will, in time, clear off incumbrances; but it is not so easy to understand how the end can ever be attained, when larger sums are borrowed every year than are paid. To borrow with one hand, and pay with the other, seems an operation at best useless. The great secret of Dr Price is this, that the debt increases, simply by the capital of each new loan; the interest being paid annually to the lenders, and extinguished, while the sinking-fund, converting interest into principal by new purchases, increases in a compound ratio. And the more effectually to overcome incredulity, Dr

Price tells us, that a penny put out at interest on the day of the nativity of our Saviour, with interest upon interest, to the date of his book (1791), would amount to more gold than 300 millions of times the bulk of our globe; while at simple interest, this penny would have only produced seven shillings and sixpence! This, however, does not apply to the case at all, or proves too much; for if it is out of the substance of this same globe that the compound interest is to be drawn, it will never be able to supply 300 millions of times its own bulk? In other words, the accumulating interest of the sinking-fund is to be drawn from the wealth of the people; and in practice, it matters not how many times it might exceed that wealth, as the abilities of the people do not go beyond it.

By a sort of economical abstraction, Dr Price separates the finances from the people. The finances gain by the sinking-fund, not the people; or rather the people of the present day lose something by it, and the people of future times gain just as much. In this last point of view, it may however be, and I believe is, a useful establishment; thus, the natural depreciation of value of money all over Europe, by the annual importations of gold and silver,—by the increased circulation of bank paper,—by the increase of the public debt itself, makes the sum payable every year in interest represent less, and become in fact a lighter burthen upon the people. The people are enabled to pay each year a little more nominally than this interest, without paying, in reality, more; and this nominal surplus is very naturally applied to the repayment of part of the principal of the debt; and should the surplus even exceed the depreciation, it would be right to equalize the bur-

then, between present and future generations. The sinking-fund may be the best means of this equalization, but is nothing more, and there is no gain that I can see; it is a harness well-fitted to the back and shoulders of the beast; and by means of which its strength is applied to most advantage; the burthen is better placed thereby, but is not specifically lighter. A loan is, in political economy, what the lever is in mechanics, compensating power by space. The sinking-fund shortens the long arm of the lever.

Dr Price surprises his readers with the assertion (undeniable in an arithmetical point of view) that, by means of the sinking-fund, it matters not at what rate the nation borrows; the higher, indeed, the better. If the lender asks four per cent. give him eight, and the nation will be the gainer! It is invulnerable, like Milton's battalions of angels, cut down and made whole again at pleasure; and whose heads refitted themselves to their shoulders, after they had been struck off. Take, for instance, a loan of 100,000,000 at eight per cent. do but raise on the people, besides the 8,000,000 of interest, 100,000l. a year, by way of sinking-fund; accumulating the yearly interest thereon, and in 56 years the state will be liberated; but this liberation will require 94 years, if the loan was made at four per cent. Again, raise one per cent. more than the interest of a loan, as a sinking-fund, the loan will be all redeemed in 37 years, if at five per cent.; in 41 years, if at four; in 47 years, if at three.'

Most of what has been said and written for a century past, on the natural limitation of taxation, and the national debt, has proved manifestly erroneous; and, after so many false predictions, it really

would not be safe to predict any more. The government gropes on through the unknown regions of finance, advancing every year a few steps through their obscure immensity; feeling all the time the pulse of the people, as the criminal on the rack has a physician by him, to watch the instant when a turn of the wheel more might kill him. "*Il faut pousser contre une porte,*" says Charron, "*pour savoir qu'elle est fermée;*"—till now the door has always yielded to the pressure, whenever government has tried it.

I have ascertained, by inquiries made with some care, respecting the nominal increase of prices of all things, that the rent of land has trebled in the last fifty years.* It is not uniform, and depends materially on adventitious circumstances, such as canals, roads, and capital. In Lincolnshire, for instance, pasturage, which, by its nature, has received no other increase of nominal value, than that occasioned by the depreciation of specie, rents now at 40 or 45 shillings an acre, which 40 or 50 years ago produced only 15 and 20 shillings In other places, the increase is much greater. The pay of labourers was, 50 years ago, something less than a shilling a-day, now 2s. 6d. or 3s. a-day. Country wages, by the year, L. 8, or L. 10, and the labourer fed; now L. 20 or L. 22 for men; and for women they have risen from L. 3 or L. 4, to L. 8 or L. 9. In the same interval of time, the price of wheat has quadrupled, having risen from 3s. 9d. to about 15s. † Farmers pay their high rents now with

* The late Mr Kent, Craig's Court, Charing Cross, who, by his profession, was likely to be well-informed, confirmed this.

† I have annexed the table of depreciation of Sir George Shuckburgh Evelyn, taken from the Philosophical Transactions

TABLE

OF THE DEPRECIATION OF CURRENCY,

From the year 1050 to 1795.

Sheep.		Hog.			Goose.		Fowl.		Cock.		Butter per lb.	Cheese per lb.	Beer.			Average Depreciation.	Beef and Mutton.		D. Lab
s.	d.	L.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	d.	d.	s.	d.	d.		d.	q.	s.
1	3	0	2	0												42			
1	8	0	3	0			0	3											0
1	7				1	0	0	3	0	$4\frac{1}{2}$									
2	7	0	2	6	0	9	0	2	0	$3\frac{1}{4}$						56			0
4	$11\frac{1}{2}$	0	5	1	0	$6\frac{1}{4}$													0
4	$3\frac{3}{4}$	0	5	6	1	0	0	$8\frac{1}{4}$	1	0	5	2	0	$1\frac{1}{2}$	1	100	1	$0\frac{1}{2}$	0
													0	4	2		1	2	0
					2	0			1	6									0
													0	4	2				
11	0	0	14	0	3	0	1	3	1	3	$4\frac{1}{2}$	2	0	8	$2\frac{1}{2}$		1	$3\frac{1}{2}$	0
													0	10	3				
													1	0	3		2	2	0
6	0	1	15	0	3	6	1	6	1	6	9	$3\frac{1}{4}$	1	0	3		3	0	0
7	0	1	15	0	5	0	1	10	1	10	10	$5\frac{1}{2}$	1	2	3		4	2	0
																			1
18	0	5	8	0	3	0	1	6	1	6	$11\frac{1}{2}$	5	1	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$2\frac{1}{4}$		5	3	1
																	9	0	2

greater ease than they did their low ones formerly, partly from the greater consumption, readier sale, and rise of prices of their produce; and partly because they cultivate with more industry: and that those only who have a capital, venture on large farms and great rents. It does not appear that any very great discoveries have been made in agriculture; the most useful novelty was the introduction of turnips for animals, and potatoes for men. With turnips, large flocks of sheep are kept, which not only furnish meat and wool, but fertilize the land, and fit it for cultivation.

During the fifty years which preceded the last, the rise was not near so considerable; wheat indeed seems to have fallen from 4s. 5d. a bushel to 3s. 9d.; meat doubled. The rent of land rose half, or fifty per cent.; and it is worth observing, that landlords found it difficult to get tenants, while now, a lease is no sooner expired, than ten farmers offer to take it. Upon the whole, the nominal increase of prices has been about fourfold, in the last hundred years. It is undeniable, that, under such circumstances, a debt of an hundred millions, for instance, represents now only twenty-five millions, and in another century may represent only six. This is an effectual sinking-fund. The one hastens the payment of the debt, the other destroys the debt; it extinguishes without paying it. The people pay 4,000,000 for the interest on this debt, with the same facility they would have paid 1,000,000 one hundred years ago; because their wheat, their sheep, and their daily labour, bring them four times the sum of money they brought formerly.

Vol. LXXXVIII. p. 176; which it may prove interesting to compare with the depreciation of other countries.

Taxes are prodigious, but they bear exclusively on the rich; and as nobody is compelled to be rich, he who chooses need not pay taxes. Those who were born to a fortune, or by talents and industry have acquired one, under the protection of a government vigorous, safe, and free, alone pay for the support of that government; the mere poor pay in fact nothing. This is probably the only country in the world where people make fortunes by agriculture. A farmer, who understands his business, becomes rich in England, with the same degree of certainty as in other professions; while, in most countries, a farmer is condemned, by the nature of his trade, to be a mere labourer all his life. The depreciation of money, or increase of prices, is really indifferent to those who sell, as well as buy. Those only who live upon a fixed income,—the lenders to Government, for instance, who buy, but do not sell, are progressively abridged of their accustomed enjoyments, and fall back into the rear-ranks of society. It must be owned, however, that as they receive an interest of four or five per cent. on their capital, while the land-proprietor does not get more than three per cent. on his, their lot is not so unequal as it appears at first sight. The depreciation operates as a tax on the national debt, on a certain surplus of wealth, with which individuals fill up the annual loans; on the floating capital of the nation, which would otherwise elude taxations easier than any other sort of property. It is in fact the debt which pays the debt. Such is the great corrective principle of the national debt, and the reason of its having been carried so far beyond what was deemed its natural limits, without any material inconvenience. Notwithstanding the loud complaints

against taxes and the debt, there is not much real harm done, or danger to apprehend, and as to *ruining the nation*, which is a very common expression here, it puts me in mind of the carpenter who, when told by some powerful person, that he would ruin him, answered, very philosophically, through mere simplicity, "thou canst not ruin me, I am a carpenter!" You cannot ruin a nation unless you strew salt on its fields, or dry up its rivers. There is nothing mortal, in a national point of view, but an arbitrary and corrupt administration of justice. A pure and equitable system of law is the invaluable gem which all the other social institutions are only intended to guard and preserve inviolate. In this sense, we might say with Pope,

> For forms of government let fools contest,
> That which is best administered is best.

The means, however, cannot be indifferent to the end proposed, and the object of forms of government is precisely to secure that best administration.

The greatest evil attending this perpetual rise of prices, is, that it begins at the wrong end; by the proceeds of labour, instead of the pay of labour. The landed-proprietor and his tenant are taxed; the one exacts a higher rent, and the other a greater price for his produce, and the increased quantity of money is another cause of rise of prices. The labourer, however, can no longer procure, with his usual salary, the common necessaries of life for himself and family, but, as the demand for labour has not increased, and as improvements in machinery and larger farms have a tendency to diminish it, he has no means to enforce

an increase of salary, and no other argument to offer than that of his poverty,—and farmers are accused of being a little deaf to this argument. The salary of labour then lags behind the advance of everything else. This would take place, at any rate, from a more general cause, the increase of population beyond the demand for men; and this operates here likewise. Perhaps the two causes united, operate, after all, only as one,—the dose of misery necessary to retard population once administered, no matter by whom, and the effect produced, the scarcity of labourers enables them to command a higher salary. The interval between the paroxysms are no doubt the shorter, from the activity of the cause, but the remedy is always equal to the disease. This unfortunate struggle between a good and a bad principle, between hunger and pleasure, is, after all, inherent in our nature, and social institutions are not alone chargeable with its consequences. The savage who roves uncontrolled by laws, through the wilderness, is still more immediately under the tyranny of want than the labourer of the fields of Europe, and the unanswerable proof is, that he multiplies less. But the one is overtaken by an invisible hand, and the other sees it, and soon learns to detest it. The savage cannot feel resentment against the deer which flies before him, or the fish he cannot catch. The land he did not sow cannot be expected to yield anything to him; but the labourer, who sows and does not reap,—who sees abundance all around him,—who creates it in fact, and does not partake of it,—and against whom a terrible law pronounces sentence of death if he should enter that granary which he filled, to take what his salary does not suffice to purchase,—needs

much virtue, and a sort of practical morality, very meritorious, to resign himself, and endure in peace. He has a wife and three children, perhaps, and earns their bread with great difficulty; but without this social order, he might be told, without this rigorous right of property, his family might have already died with hunger, or probably neither himself nor them would have ever existed. Under this social order his neighbour rolls in wealth, while himself is restricted to mere necessaries; but without it neither of them would have had those mere necessaries. All this is undeniable, but at the same time, if I may be allowed to use a common expression, more energetic than elegant, "*ventre affamé n'a point d'oreilles.*"

The general principles of population have been so successfully elucidated ten or twelve years ago, in a work * which has taken its place by the side of "the Wealth of Nations," and other works, forming the code of political economy, that I wish to refer my countrymen to it if translated, and if it is not, I mention it as one of the numerous works that would indemnify them so liberally for the trouble of studying a language almost unknown to them, and offering an inexhaustible mine of knowledge, of ideas, and of imagery. The French have heard, no doubt, of some of the English writers,—they know that Newton was a great mathematician, that Pope wrote the Essay on man,—they admire Young, whom nobody reads in England, and being "*d'un beau noir,*" they think it quite English,—Shakespeare, they understand, has written a number of barbarous tragedies,—and Milton a mad poem on

* The Essay on Population, by Mr Malthus.

Paradise lost:—Add to these two historians, Robertson and Hume, and you will have the main body of English literature lost in a crowd of English novels fabricated at Paris.

June 6.—There has not been a drop of rain for the last six weeks; the verdure of the town gardens is destroyed, and the streets are very dusty, except the genteelest ones, which are inundated twice a-day by means of carts and fire-plugs communicating with the pipes under-ground, which circulate throughout the town. The windows are, however, universally adorned with plants quite fresh and luxuriant,—the reseda particularly, which perfumes the air: this luxury is very general.

This is the season of the fine arts. Several great collections of pictures are open to the public, or at least to the *beau monde*. We have just seen Lord Grosvenor's. The house is between a court and a garden, in the Parisian stile; and the ground-floor is composed of a suite of five large rooms, with a hall in the centre. These rooms are full of pictures, and all that is not picture is red cloth—hangings, carpets, draperies over the windows, chairs and sofas—everything is as red and as sumptuous as possible; the fringe of the draperies cost six guineas a yard. Among the pictures, I noticed a Virgin, by Wanderwerf of Dusseldorf, most highly finished. A very fine Berghem. Another good landscape by Both. Two good N. Poussin's, and several very bad landscapes by G. Poussin. A most capital bear's fight by Snyder. Several bad, quite bad Raphaels, (I am a hardened sinner.) The original of Wolfe's death by West,—not so good as the excellent engraving of that picture. The battle of the Hogue by the same artist is also an admirable one. If I had

seen nothing else of Mr West, I should have a very high idea indeed of his talents.

It is amusing to sit in a corner, and observe, as they pass, the countenances of the visitors in places of this kind, staring round with a total absence of all pleasure and all feeling. Nine-tenths of them know and care absolutely nothing about the pictures they look at, particularly the men. Why then do they come? Because it is fashionable, and because it is dear; you give gold at the door. The English appear to me to have more esteem than liking for the fine arts. Drawing is no part of men's education; and I hold it to be the first requisite for an amateur to be also an artist; although I am aware that the contrary opinion has been maintained. The object of painting is to represent nature; yet a good picture is far from being a *copy* of nature. It is no new observation, that very green trees, and very blue water do not make a good landscape on canvas; although nature employs these very colours in their most vivid hues, with tolerable success. But nature spreads over her landscapes the luminous canopy of heaven; its brightness *puts out* terrestrial objects, and harmonizes the crude opposition of their colours. Artists have not the same resource, and, as they cannot illuminate their sky, they must obscure their earth; repeating on the lower keys of the instrument that harmony which nature gives on the higher. As the brightness of natural light is unattainable, so in some degree is its faintness, when reflected by distant objects; the effect called aërial perspective cannot be wholly produced on the canvas, without giving to distant objects larger dimensions than they really have;—mountains represented under their true angle would look like ant hills. Historical sub-

jects, and many others represented in the interior of buildings, have not the difficulty of the sky to encounter, but they are not wholly free from those of aërial perspective. There is a vigour and a distinctness in near objects so superior to those in the back-ground, that the artist is obliged to exaggerate lights and shades, in order to hollow out or to relieve the obstinate flatness of his canvas. The knowledge of the manner of producing the effect desired, might not, after all, be necessary to judge of the truth of that effect, if there was nothing arbitrary in it; but it cannot be disputed that the best picture does not make a similar impression on practised and unpractised eyes. I once found a servant mistaking the foam of a cascade for ladies and gentlemen walking up and down a hill, and another complaining that a white drapery was dirty on one side,—because it was in shadow.

The practical skill displayed by the artist is another very considerable source of pleasure, which none but artists can feel. As to the poetry of painting, the power it has sometimes of speaking powerfully to our imagination and our feelings, does not depend so much on the practical knowledge of the art, as the other sources of pleasure received from it do. Few are susceptible of such feelings; and of those few there is no knowing how much of the emotion they experience is due to the intrinsic merit of the picture, or to their own overflowing sensibility. Some particular cast of feature,—an attitude,—a look,—a distant likeness,—the very name of the artist,—the very time in which he lived,—may awaken in them feelings far beyond what the brush and canvas represent. Any picture which has some such effect upon most of these who are susceptible of it, has indeed

a claim to superior excellence; but that is hardly ever the case. Few pictures are known to excite generally powerful feelings. Indeed, I am persuaded that painting has very little power of that kind, compared to music or poetry; and far the greatest part of the pleasure received is only the gratification of taste, and admiration of skill, which, great and enthusiastic as they may be, do not carry us, after all, much beyond the brush and the canvas. Sculpture has not the same difficulties to overcome, and may venture on a literal translation of nature; yet it must not take painting for its auxiliary. A painted statue never was good for anything; although I own I do not understand why it should not.

We had been told, that, to see the pictures of the Marquis of Stafford, it was sufficient to write a few days before, to ask permission. But we received a printed answer, stating, that "it was necessary to be acquainted with the Marquis of Stafford, or recommended by persons that were so." A distinguished artist, Mr T. whose name cannot possibly be unknown, received, as I am informed by himself, the same answer. Mrs D. hearing of our disappointment, has since obtained tickets for us, but they are for the next week, when we shall not be in London. This fine collection of pictures was, I understand, bequeathed to the Marquis, on the express condition of opening it to the public. If, however, the public consists only of those who are acquainted with him or his friends, it certainly narrows the circle very much. Interest, more or less, is also required to see any of the other collections in London, and heavy donations expected at the door. To the charge of illiberality it is answered, that the public is so rude,

ignorant, and vulgar, that some sort of selection is requisite; and that, even as it is, it has been found necessary to exclude canes and umbrellas, for fear the pictures should be touched and spoiled; also that pick-pockets might introduce themselves for the sake of the watches and handkerchiefs of the connoisseurs. I think a moveable balustrade might be placed, on shew-days, a few feet from the pictures; and as to pick-pockets, numerous as they might be formerly, I have not met with any yet. The pride of rank and fortune is so circumscribed and checked in this country by the laws and manners; it encounters a certain equality of rights always so near it; and has, comparatively with other countries, so few personal advantages, that whenever it can shew itself it does. In whatever relates to property, it is unrestrained. The public has certainly no right to complain that those who have taken the trouble, and have been at the expense of forming collections, should impose their own terms; but the obligation is certainly less as the terms are harder; vanity and curiosity are mutually gratified; it is a fair exchange, and no obligation.

June 12.—Oxborough, Norfolk.—We arrived here yesterday, 91 miles in a day and a half, counted for 95 miles, the fractions being always in favour of the horses. We had heard a bad character of this part of the country for beauty; but the chalky heaths about Newmarket have been much inclosed of late years in very large fields, and extensive screens of larches and pines, planted for the sake of timber, and protection against the east-winds; and, besides answering these good purposes, they are a great ornament. These easterly winds, which are cold and dry, are very apt to prevail on this coast, and are much dreaded;

they have done a great deal of harm this spring. The first process of husbandry on a heath, consists in peeling off the surface, which is performed in a very laborious and awkward manner, by men pushing before them, by jerks of the middle part of the body, a very large sort of spade, sliding under the thin turf or heath, which is thrown up in heaps and burnt. It seems as if a machine might do this as well, with infinite saving of labour; but I dare say there is some good reason against it of which I am not aware. The scale of agriculture is such, that I saw five pair of fine horses with five harrows at work in one field. They sow their grain in drills, and weed it by means of a frame into which nine small hoes are inserted, alternately, in two rows, so as to run between nine lines or rows of plants at the same time; this weeding harrow is drawn by one pair of horses;—enormous rollers are used to crush and pulverize the earth. The drought and night frost have done so much harm, that farmers are employed in many places in ploughing up their wheat to sow turnips. Large farm-houses are seen with all their out-houses substantial and complete;—very few cottages. I do not know how and where the common labourers live, those in the fields do not appear poor or in rags;—farmers on horseback ride about overlooking their labourers; they look like rich manufacturers, not at all like peasants. Agriculture is evidently not a beggarly trade here. Large flocks of ragged sheep, with long black legs and noses, range about the heath, disputing with innumerable rabbits every blade of grass; the latter are seen popping in and out of their holes in every direction. The Norfolk sheep give the best English wool, next to the South Down; the price 35s.

for 28 lb. No Merinos here. Rabbits sell at 6d. the carcass, and 1s. to 2s 6d. the skin. Black-cattle here have no horns; of an accident they have made a species; I do not know whether there is any utility in it, but there certainly is no beauty.

About fifty miles from London, on a rising ground, we observed two barrows about 20 feet high, and near them a deep trench across the plain; these mounds are probably of Danish origin, covering heaps of bones of the slain in battle.

June 15.—The Abbey of Castle Acre is the first Gothic ruin we have seen in a country which possesses so many. This is a fine Anglo-Norman edifice; the western front in good preservation, light, and the ornaments admirably finished. I took a sketch of it. The ruins cover a great space; some people were employed in removing part of them;—I hope this profanation will not be carried too far. A few miles farther, we were shewn the remains of a fort, either Roman or Danish, nowise remarkable but by the materials of its walls, formed of a confused mass of flints, in a common bed of mortar or cement, as hard as the flints themselves; the whole is like a perfect rock. The soil seems extremely barren, and hardly fit for cultivation, yet the finest farms are seen everywhere, and the inhabitants look quite affluent. Land rents from 15s. to 40s. an acre, and sells at thirty years purchase; in some cases land has sold at forty, fifty, or even eighty years purchase; but the latter price was in consequence of game, or some other peculiar advantage. An intelligent capitalist of London, Mr A. has purchased a great tract of land hereabouts at a very low price, in pursuit of some great scheme of improvement. The stocks give uneasiness; foreign commerce is still more

precarious at present; these circumstances throw a larger capital into agriculture than its share in ordinary times. The consequence is, a greater abundance of natural products, and prices rather lower than they would otherwise be;—that is to say, that the rapid rise of prices is a little retarded, and that the salary of labour has a little more time given it to overtake the general advance, which is all the great mass of the people need care about.

A gentleman in this neighbourhood has a cabinet of porcelain, made in Italy in Raphael's time, and painted from his designs. The lustre of this name is the greatest merit both of the drawings and of the ware. The same gentleman has some good pictures of Vandyke, Leonardo de Vinci, and Rembrandt, my favourite painters; and we admired his fine lawns and majestic shades.

June 18.—Bury St Edmonds. We left our friends this morning, grateful for the warm reception we have met with, and melancholy at the idea that, at their age, we are not likely to see them again. This venerable couple is attended by an only daughter;* and filial duties never were more charmingly discharged, with that cheerful constancy which knows no impatience, no disgust, no weariness,—that total forgetfulness of self, compared to which the virtues of heroes sink to nothing. The country we have passed is much the same as described before, chalk and flints, with a thin layer of vegetable soil,—immense fields, without inclosures of any sort,—no buildings in sight. Some parts of these plains give the

* This amiable woman died unexpectedly three months after we left the place. Both parents followed her to the grave a few weeks after.

idea of the sea. Farming is conducted in the same extensive style. We observed ten ploughs at work together in the same field, with each a pair of very fine horses;—no oxen used in agriculture. Few villages, and those by no means pretty; but no appearance of poverty. The houses, indeed, poor enough on the outside,—but the casements in good repair,—the floors clean,—and the people with decent working-clothes on, and healthy looks. No beggars at all to be seen. The roads, made of pounded flint, are hard and smooth;—the horses fly along. It is certainly a pleasurable sensation to be thus transported with ease and swiftness, and without fatigue or exertions,—a lazy sort of selfish pleasure, however, which one feels almost ashamed of enjoying.

The prices are here, for bread, 14½d. the quartern loaf of five lb.; beef, 9d. to 10d.; mutton, 9d. veal, 8d. (this is the cheap time of veal;) pork, 10s. for 14 lb.; all these are nearly London prices:—Labour by the week in summer, 14s.; in winter, 12s. Workmen find themselves even in small beer. Women 8d. a-day. Wheat is 61s. for a comb, or 17 stone, being 238lb. (equal to 15s. sterling, or three dollars for an American bushel of 60 lbs. which costs there about two dollars;) coals, 45s. a chaldron of 36 bushels; flour, 85s. per sack of 20 stone, or 280 lbs.

A private gentleman of this country, a great agriculturist, and particularly a great sheep-breeder, has a territorial income of L. 60,000 a-year. He wanted Mr Pitt to make him Lord Leicester, but, not succeeding, he turned, and has been ever since a great Foxite! He influences the election for most of the members for Norfolk,—defeated Mr Windham once,—and another time was the means of

securing his return,—though Mr Windham lost his seat ultimately, on account of certain practices deemed corrupt proved against him. Probably Mr Windham would not condescend to do secretly what he held right in itself, and the legitimate and salutary influence of property. Another private gentleman of this county, residing very near Newmarket, the late Mr Th. returned his income for the income-tax at L. 110,000 a-year. You hear everywhere in England of these princely fortunes.

After spending three days agreeably at Bury St Edmonds, we continued our journey towards London, by Cambridge. I am inclined to think English society pleasantest out of London. There is more leisure,—as much information, and manners equally good; for nobody is provincial in this country. You meet nowhere with those persons who never were out of their native place, and whose habits are wholly local,—nobody above poverty who has not visited London once in his life; and most of those who can, visit it once a-year. To go up to town from 100 or 200 miles distance, is a thing done on a sudden, and without any previous deliberation. In France, the people of the provinces used to make their will before they undertook such an expedition. Cultivation of mind, and elegance of manners, are more conspicuous comparatively among women than among men. There is more difference between the women of this country and those I have seen elsewhere, than between the men of the same countries respectively. The men appear to me less universal than they were in France, formerly at least; but they know better what they do know. They are less apt to say every thing which comes into their heads, they think before they speak,—they have less

vanity, and more pride. This is wise and respectable, but does not form, perhaps, a state of society very amusing. The women are no less remarkable for their discretion and reserve; but it is the reserve of modesty instead of that of pride,—not voluntary nor insurmountable. Commercial communications and exchanges are not better established here, or upon an easier and more convenient footing, than mental ones. Science, anecdotes, politics, fashions, even the most frivolous,—everything that can interest the mind of all descriptions of persons who have any mind at all, circulates through its appropriate channel, day by day, week by week, or quarter by quarter, to the remotest corner of the country as regularly and abundantly as in London. Every body finds on his table, at stated days and hours, the newspaper, the journal, or the review, to which he subscribes; and if he cannot afford to subscribe, he will at least find all these things at the circulating-library, the reading-room, or the book-club of the next little town or village. He will know exactly, let his life be otherwise ever so obscure and solitary, what is going on at court, in parliament, at the opera; what routs, births, deaths, marriages, and elopements have taken place among people of consequence. Deeper works will give him the spirit and criticism of most literary novelties, on abstruse, edifying, or amusing subjects. Novels, in shoals, will finally serve to fill up any portion of his time, his whole life if he pleases, with every variety of sentimental distresses and pleasures the human faculties are capable of feeling. Poetry is so happily cultivated in England,—the present generation particularly has produced so many admirable specimens of it,—that the feelings it imparts are become

familiar. Women, with more time, more curiosity, and livelier feelings than men, know better how to avail themselves of these opportunities; and the tincture of science, of literature, and of every accomplishment forming the habitual state, is in general unmixed with pedantry. It is an every-day dress which they are at ease in, and does not unfit them for the common business of life, and the duties of their station. I do not know whether this light and easy regimen is, generally speaking, calculated to form strong and original constitutions of mind; such, however, thrive under any management, when the germ and power is in us; and England, of all countries in the world, shews the least signs of mental feebleness and enervation among its inhabitants.

There are almost everywhere book-societies or clubs, variously constituted. They are generally composed of ten or twelve persons, contributing annually a certain sum for the purchase of books. Any of them may propose a book, which, when read by all the associates who choose, is put up for sale among them. The person who recommended the purchase is obliged to take it at half price, if no one bids higher. The annual contribution is commonly from one to four guineas.

The English are very fond of biography and posthumous letters of illustrious persons. The French literature abounds in *memoires*,—the English in lives and letters. It is the gossiping of clever people, and it must be owned that there is a great charm in this reading, which seems to lift a corner of the veil which covers the human heart; and every man feels a curiosity to compare that of others with his own. They do not confine themselves to English lives and letters. There are,

for instance, Mad. du Deffand's letters, published in London in French, and Prince Eugene's memoirs, (genuine or not, very interesting.) We are very proud in France of our language being the polite language of Europe, and the diplomatic language, and even of our knowing no other. A blind man might as well be proud that every body looks at him, while he does not look at any one. The English see from their windows across the channel all that passes on the Continent; hear all that is said, and read all that is published, without translation, and in its original form; and they are far better *au fait* of our literature, ancient and modern, than we are in the provinces of France.

We visited Cambridge on our way to London. This little town contains the celebrated university, or rather the university contains the town. Several of the colleges are magnificent; but the chapel of one of them (King's College) attracts general attention. It is a long square, 316 feet by 84, of a singularly light and beautiful Gothic. Nothing can exceed the high finish of the inside; immense painted windows, separated by light piers, pour in a fine temperate light, and make the Gothic arch, 80 feet above your head, appear suspended in the air. Over this arch the curious are conducted, and walk over the thin flat stones, with the consciousness that a mere shell, not more than four or five inches in thickness, alone separates them from a blessed eternity. Yet, at the very summit of this thin arch, large blocks, twelve in number, and each weighing a ton, are set on, and held there by the simple lateral pressure of the other stones of the thin arch. These blocks are seen from below carved in roses. Ten or twelve feet above this arch is a light roof, covered with

lead, from which the view is very extensive. A very large and powerful organ and its screen divide in two parts the length of the chapel. That screen, made of dark wood, was carved all over with the utmost care and labour, near three centuries ago; and the true lovers' knots, and other ornaments, are allegorical of the then recent union of the unfortunate Anna Boleyn with Henry VIII. This king, notwithstanding the atrocity of his character, was the friend of letters, and a benefactor of the university. The most celebrated of the colleges at Cambridge is Trinity College, founded by him. We saw there a very fine statue of Sir Isaac Newton in white marble, by Roubiliac. The artist has contrived to make a good drapery of the professor's robe. Sir Isaac Newton holds a prism in his hand, and looks up. His features are large and regular; and the expression of his countenance simple and sagacious,—not unlike, I think, to Montesquieu's. The apartment of the philosopher is shewn. The University library is very large, and contains 90,000 volumes. Dr Clarke, whose voyages are before the public, has enriched this university with antique marbles, rare manuscripts, and plants; and he has deposited in the library a very curious cast of Charles XII. the mould having been taken on his face four hours after his death at Frederickshall. The hole made by the ball is visible a little above the right eye. The mouth has a remarkable expression of contempt, and, upon the whole, it much resembles the portraits seen of him. I was employed in sketching this cast, when one of the under librarians objected to the thing being done, without permission being previously obtained. Another, however, stepped forth in defence of the arts, and said the permis-

sion was not necessary. During the altercation resulting from this conflict of authorities, I finished my sketch, which is very like; and did not fail to shew my gratitude to the good-natured librarian. We had a letter of introduction, but the professor to whom it was addressed being absent, our only passport to the curiosities of the place was one which is very generally welcome, and in England, perhaps, more so than anywhere else.

There is a botanical garden attached to the university, and a lecturer, but who does not lecture; his chair is a sinecure. The garden appears well kept; but the plants grow and flourish in vain; the students, as we learnt from the gardeners, having no taste for this exotic fodder. Cambridge is, or was formerly, the whig university, and Oxford, on the contrary, in the high tory principles. Our Guide informs us, that Cambridge may boast of the sublimity of Milton, the enthusiasm of Gray, the great discoveries of Bacon and of Newton, the penetration of Milner, and the erudition of Porson; and among its children reckons, besides several holy martyrs, Cranmer and Latimer,—Ridley and Wishart:—he might have added to the illustrious men, Pitt,—and, I believe, Fox also. The guide I have mentioned is a little book, containing the history of the place, and a description of all its curiosities. There is no place of any note in England which has not its printed guide, with which the servants of the inn are eager to furnish you. This one informs me, that, during the revolutionary fanaticism which led Charles I. to the scaffold, Cambridge, notwithstanding its whiggism, suffered more than Oxford.

Some miles beyond Cambridge we found, at one of the inns, a boy of eighteen, seven feet nine

inches high! I had never seen a giant, and had no idea of the effect. When sitting, his chair seemed likely to be crushed by his weight, as well as the table on which he rested his elbow; his feet and hands were particularly enormous; and when he rose, and crossed the room in two strides, with his head appearing to touch the ceiling, it was still more extraordinary:—a person above the middle size could easily pass under his arm. This monstrous disproportion with surrounding objects overthrew all received ideas, almost as much as if houses had been seen moving, and dogs and horses with wings flying in the air. If this appears an exaggeration, I can only refer to a sight of my giant He confessed that he could not lift a greater weight than another man, and a walk of four or five miles was a good deal for him. His voice is strong, but without being in proportion to his body; big bones, but not yet well covered with muscles, and he did not look as if he had done growing. He does not eat much; his large mild eyes look heavy, but he spoke sensibly. He told us that his father and mother, brothers and sisters, were all of common size.

June 29.—London, after such a long residence in it, appears like a sort of home; we are preparing, however, to leave it for a very long tour, by the West of England, Scotland, and return by the East. Aliens are required in time of war to apply at the alien-office, every three months, for a license to reside; a person of the country must join in the application. For such a journey as ours I have been required to name the principal places through which we are to pass, which does not exactly agree with our wandering plans, and threatens difficulties. I am far from blaming any proper precautions; but there seems to be very little

to fear here from spying, or from a surprise; the publicity of every thing renders the one useless, and the sea renders the other impossible.

Before leaving the capital, I have to remark, that formerly it was subject to frequent visitations of the plague. From 1592 to 1665 this frightful epidemic appeared five times; viz. 1592, 1603, 1625, 1636, and 1665, carrying off one-fifth each time. At the last period (1665), 97,000 persons perished by the plague in London;* (as many as 1200 a-day). The following year (1666), the great fire destroyed 13,200 houses out of 66,000, that is, the fifth part of the town; but it was the part the most crowded, old, and ill-built; and since that time the plague has not again appeared! It is difficult not to admit the belief that the disorder owed either its origin or progress to the state of things existing in that part of the town, or to a certain germ destroyed by the fire. It is remarkable, that these two successive devastations, the plague and the fire, far from diminishing permanently the town or its population, seem to have operated as an encouragement; for in 1686 (twenty years afterwards), I find the number of houses in London increased to 88,000, and the number of inhabitants from 500,000 to 695,000. It is true, that, besides these two extraordinary causes

* The plague carried off 300,000 victims at Rome, under Nero; that is three out of ten, instead of two out of ten as in London;—and much more recently, at Marseilles, in 1720, the plague destroyed 50,000 inhabitants; that is to say, probably more than half the number,—as Marseilles, in its most prosperous times (1780), contained only 90,000 inhabitants. The great plague, which ravaged the whole earth during fifty-two years, from 542 to 594, depopulated entirely and left empty a number of towns.

of increase and prosperity, fire and the plague, there had been a third, still more active, although less local; for Sir William Petty, a contemporary author of great reputation in political arithmetic, informs us, that in ten years of the same interval of time, the civil wars had destroyed the fortieth part of the people; that is to say, twice as many all over the country as the plague had done in London. Going back to the time which preceded the cessation of the plague, we find, that, during the existence of this scourge, the increase of population of London has been still more considerable in proportion than during the twenty years which followed it, the numbers having doubled at every period of forty years: they were 77,000 in 1565, and 669,930 in the year 1682. The population of the rest of the kingdom did not increase near so rapidly; for the population of England, from 5,526,900 in 1565, came only to 7,360,000 in the year 1682, including London, which forms the eleventh part of the whole.*

Sir William Petty indulged himself in speculations on the future increase of London, and found, that, in 1802, London would contain 5,359,000 inhabitants, and all England, 9,82[illegible],000. This last prediction has been very curiously confirmed by the event, for in 1802 the census gave 9,706,378 for England and Wales; but, far from finding such an enormous proportion of that population accumulated in the capital in 1802, we find only 899,439; therefore the increase of Lon-

* Sir William Petty estimates the population of England at the conquest, in 1066, at two millions only; which, compared to the late census, shews the population to have doubled every 360 years. None of the earlier numerations, however, are at all to be relied on.

don, however great, has advanced at a very retarded rate, and it will be more and more retarded. In support of the possibility of this prodigious extent of London, Sir William Petty observes, that a well-cultivated space of country, forming the area of a circle of 70 miles in diameter, would suffice to feed this 5,000,000 of inhabitants, at two acres a head.* Notwithstanding this pretended possibility, the prophet mistrusted his own prediction, and fell into another mistake, pronouncing, that the increase of London would reach its maximum and stop before the year 1800, which has not happened, and is not likely to happen soon. The fact is, that the ratio of increase became slower much sooner than he expected; and, far from coming to its maximum, it is impossible to say when it will reach it. All the great towns in England united, from Manchester, which contains 84,000 inhabitants, to Cambridge, which contains only 10,000, gave, in 1802, a total of 1,076,000, that is, with London, 2,000,000 of town people, supported and defended by 7 or 8.000.000 of peasants, soldiers, sailors, &c. It is very possible that England might support twice its present number of inhabitants, considering the great quantity of uncultivated land; but these lands are probably inferior in quality, and might require twice the number of labourers sufficient for the good lands now in culture; therefore, although the population of England might double, that of the towns could not possibly; and there is no risk in predicting, that the population of London will never exceed a million and a half, and the other towns in proportion.

* Political Arithmetic, p. 114. This calculation is certainly erroneous; such a circle would contain 2,500,000 acres, and at two acres a-head would feed only 1,250,000 persons.

Following Sir William Petty in his conjectures, it is curious to see him foretell that London would extend principally towards the west, for, he says, the wind is westerly three-fourths of the year, and driving the smoke from that part of the town over to the eastern part, gives the former a great advantage of atmosphere, which must determine people of easy fortunes to inhabit it in preference, drawing after them all the tradesmen, &c. who live by them. In five hundred years the king's palace, he continues, will be at Chelsea, (the King is now building a palace at Kew, beyond Chelsea); unless, indeed, by that time, we may be transplanted to America, and Europe wholly overrun and laid waste by the *Turks*, as the Eastern Empire was! —Should this great emigration take place, we rather think it will not be owing to the poor Turks.

July 5.—Salisbury.—We are just arrived here in two days from London, by way of Salthill, Reading, Andover, &c. and we passed by Stonehenge two hours ago. Salisbury plain is a very extensive tract of country, perhaps fifteen or twenty miles across, without a tree or a house, and almost without any plant higher than a short blade of grass, being fed down by immense flocks of sheep. The surface is not flat, but undulating, and the higher grounds are marked by singular artificial mounds of earth, covering probably the bones of slain warriors. Near a cluster of five of these barrows we saw a circle distinctly traced by a shallow ditch, perhaps 80 or 100 feet in diameter, the purpose of which must have been religious rather than military; there is grandeur in the scene,—and the mind is prepared for Stonehenge. The first sight of it, at about half a mile distance, is certainly not striking; a confused heap of stones, covering a

very small spot on the top of an eminence. On a near approach, however, and when you come quite close, the object appears quite wonderful; you find enormous blocks of stone standing up like pillars, in a circle; they are from 20 to 30 feet above ground, 8 or 9 feet wide, and about 3 feet thick, 4 feet asunder, and surmounted by other smaller blocks, placed horizontally on the top of the pillars or imposts. Seventeen of these pillars are standing, seven or eight lie prostrate, and there appears to have been a greater number formerly; five only of the horizontal blocks are up, the others down. A second circle, 8 or 10 feet within the first, is composed of smaller pillars, 6 or 7 feet perhaps above ground; ten of these are standing; some down, and many more broken and destroyed. At the centre is a third circle, or rather oval, composed of ten high pillars with their cross pieces in pairs; like five gates 30 feet high, and a number of smaller pillars standing or thrown down, over a sort of altar of a stone different from the others. On the top of the pillars, a sort of globular mortice, fitting a correspondent hollow in the horizontal piece above, serves to keep the blocks united; this sort of joining is most observable in the blocks which have been thrown down. The great pillars may contain 600 cubic feet of stone, and weigh 45 tons each. There is no quarry on the spot. Fifteen or sixteen miles from thence, on Marlborough Downs, there is, I am told, a quarry of sandstone like these; but by what means could a barbarous people transport these enormous blocks, and, what is full as incomprehensible, plant them upright in the ground, and place the cross blocks on the top? There is another monument of this sort at a little distance, at Abury near Devizes, less known, al-

L.S. del.

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I. Clark direx.

though nearly as extraordinary. Brittany in France possesses druidical monuments on the same plan. The arts and powers of nations in the first stages of civilization are mostly applied to the erection of great masses, of which Egypt affords the most remarkable examples. Refinements of taste aim at another sort of luxury, far less durable.

The soil is a bed of clay, slightly covered with a bed of vegetable mould, as in Norfolk, and equally capable of cultivation; an acre would then furnish as much subsistence as twenty do now. The plough encroaches every day upon this desert, but there is still a great space in resource for future generations.

July 6.—Salisbury is a little old city, very ugly, and of which there is nothing to say, except that the steeple of its cathedral, which is immensely high, and built of stone to its very summit, is twenty inches out of the perpendicular, which is really enough to take off the attention of the most devout congregation. We went to the morning service, and did not find a single person in the church except those officiating. It is not the first time we have observed this desertion of the metropolitan churches,—even where the steeples were quite perpendicular. This church seems to lose in zeal and fervour what the sectaries have gained; and the regular clergy are accused of giving themselves too little trouble in the cause.

Three miles beyond Salisbury we visited Wilton, Lord Pembroke's. It is an old house, built in part by Inigo Jones. A whole wing was dismantled and thrown open ten years ago, to make a gallery of antiques. The floors, exposed to the injuries of the weather, are half rotten, and the poor antiques, thrown about higgledy piggledy, sans nose, sans

fingers, sans every other prominent member, form a marble field of battle, half melancholy, half ridiculous, the sight of which would distress me beyond measure, were I their master, and could not afford to finish the work so unfortunately begun. Sancho might well have said here, "*qui trop embrasse mal étreint.*" Had the antiques been simply arranged along the walls of the apartments as they happened to be, without tearing down doors and windows, it would have been an interesting and respectable sight, which the possessor and the public would have enjoyed all this time. The site is low and flat; a velvet lawn, level as a piece of water unites to a real piece of water, artificial, and by no means bright, but of a good effect notwithstanding, and prodigious fine trees everywhere. They are such as are met with nowhere in the world except in an English park. Nature always plants in a crowd. Here a young and vigorous subject, picked out of the nursery-bed, is placed alone in a good soil, properly prepared; it is merely protected for some years by a fence, in other respects left to itself; it soon forms a pyramid, round, regular, and formal, yet pretty from the plumpness of youth. In the progress of years this roundness is angularized; the strongest boughs kill the others —the lowest, as they extend further in search of air and light, yielding to their own weight, incline towards the ground, which they sometimes touch, forty or fifty feet from their trunk;—above, other boughs, each according to their several positions, project at right angles, towards the open space;—higher and higher, the boughs incline more to the vertical, till at last, towards the summit, some remains of the conical form is observed, —exuberant masses of foliage, spread in inclined

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ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY BRANCH OF THE

layers all around, mingling gracefully with each other. Here and there, through irregular vacancies of cavernous obscurity, you perceive the large naked limbs which support all this magnificence. For ages these fine trees grow in beauty, in strength, and in majesty. During another succession of ages the extremities begin to grow thin and perish,—the head becomes bald, the heart is sound still, but the limbs give way; they are paralysed and die, and the trunk alone continues to vegetate, while generations of men appear and die in succession. The beginning of this last state is the best to make a picture of, the second state is the best to look at—for the picturesque beauties are not those of gay and flourishing nature.

I measured an evergreen oak (not a large tree naturally); it covered a space of seventeen paces in diameter, and the trunk was twelve feet in circumference. An elm was sixteen feet in circumference, and many appeared about equal. Beyond the water, which, before it spreads out into a stagnant lake, is a lively stream, you see an insulated hill covered with wood. We went to it by a very beautiful bridge. The view from that eminence is fine, and its slope would have afforded a healthier and pleasanter situation for the house. The deer came to the call, and ate leaves held to them;—too tame for beauty, as they lose by it their graceful inquietude and activity, and become mere fat cattle for the shambles. Deer are a good deal out of fashion, and have given way to sheep in many parks.

From Wilton we went to Stourhead. The inn, close to the grounds, is in a romantic little lane, buried in laurels and pine trees, with a picturesque little Gothic church, all grey and mossy. After dinner, we were conducted to the house of Sir

Richard Hoare. You go up a number of steps, too many by half, to the door, and enter a fine hall, leading to a large room in front, probably sixty by forty feet, and on each side a wing connected with the hall, by a short gallery. These apartments are full of pictures, none of which are very remarkable. One of the ladies and myself having sat down a moment to look at a picture more conveniently, a young girl who showed the house, told us as civilly as she could, that it was *the rule of the house not to allow visitors to sit down.* This is a rule of which that gentleman (a rich banker) has the merit of the invention. We have not met with any thing of the sort anywhere else; and there really seems to be less reason for it out of London, and in a place rather out of direct roads.

The upper part of the grounds is very high, scooped out in the middle by a gentle descent, which becomes a deep dell or valley, where several springs unite to form the head of the Stour, —a rapid little river. The grandfather of the present possessor dammed up this valley, which became a little irregular-shaped lake, covering perhaps thirty acres; the outlet, a fall of about twenty feet; the whole surrounded with woody banks and sloping lawns. Three temples peep out of the woods, marking the best points of view. An easy path leads to these stations, round the lake, passing by several fine springs, issuing clear and cool from the bosom of the mountain,—one of them in a grotto. There is certainly great beauty in all this; but the water of the lake is dull and muddy, full of reeds and aquatic plants, which mark its stagnation. The lawns are half covered and belittled by shrubs, planted everywhere, particularly endless tufts and thickets of laurels; beau-

tiful in themselves, but in too great profusion. The woods also are too close, resembling rather an American thicket. None of those magnificent single trees, so peculiar to English landscape, are to be seen here; in fact, I think there is as much done to spoil, as to adorn this fine spot. I have not yet seen an artificial piece of water that bore any resemblance to the water of a natural lake, always so clear; and it seems strange. Perhaps if the surface of a valley intended to be flooded, which is generally a rich soil, was first peeled off a few inches, or spade deep, according to the depth of the mould, aquatic plants would not be so apt to grow in the poor under-soil; worms and insects also would not meet with so much food as among the decayed sod and vegetable mould. The Serpentine River in Hyde Park is, I think, the clearest artificial water I have seen.

The highest part of these grounds is marked by tradition as the spot where the great Alfred raised his standard against the Danes, in 867; and the Hoares have erected there a stupendous triangular tower, 150 feet high, with a staircase to the top, where you may go and get as giddy as you please, and gaze at an immense prospect like a geographical map. There is a charm certainly, and a deep feeling of interest in the idea of treading the soil where such a man stood.

July 7.—After going the same round again this morning, we left Stourhead for Bristol, 37 miles of most beautiful country; a continual garden, full of gentlemen's houses and grounds, and of neat cottages, single, and in villages; too much chequered with inclosures for picturesqueness; but exhibiting every appearance of prosperity. The road very hilly, but in perfect repair, and the horses

excellent, as we have found them everywhere, except in Cornwall and Devonshire. The multitude of gentlemen's houses, scattered over the country, is a feature quite peculiar to English landscape. The thing is unknown in France, where the country, at a distance from large towns, presents only farm-houses and peasants' cottages, and now and then a castle, old and neglected; but none of these houses which are the habitual residence of comfort and elegance. In France, the landed-proprietors have their houses in the nearest little town.

July 9.—Bristol. I rode this morning to a gentleman's, a few miles from town, to whom I had a letter, and I found a place, like all the others, neat, green, and shady. On one side, at a little distance from the house, was a sort of terrace of rocks, sixty feet high, at the bottom of which a rivulet was seen, winding over a broad expanse of black viscous mud; this was the Avon, which, at high water, fills the abyss level with the top of the rocks. On the other side of the house was a green slope, with a flock of Merino sheep grazing. In the distance the Severn, which is there an estuary.

Land in this part of the country rents at from 30s. to 40s. per annum, and sells at thirty years purchase.

As we get farther from London, I think I perceive more moderation in political opinions; fewer people speak of revolution, either to wish or fear it, or believe the people ripe for it. The party of which Cobbett is the mouth-piece, does not appear numerous out of the capital. The masterly caricatures of this Hogarth of the pen, so well known in America, are quite characteristic of the manners and government of England. Foreigners, who read some of the party publications which

swarm from the English press, and particularly Cobbett, conceive, certainly, very erroneous opinions of the real state of things. I believed, in America, with many others, and I know that several persons at the head of the American government believe now, that England is on the eve of a revolution, which, it is supposed, will free them from her maritime pretensions; and if it is possible to be thus deceived in a country so similar to England, what must it be in France, where no adequate idea can be formed of party exaggeration? Far from taking these party writers literally, I find the greatest part of the English public look upon them only as professed wrestlers, whose display of strength and abilities interests and amuses them, but whose object, besides the gratification of some malice and vanity, is merely money. They are not believed sincere, and without that belief there is no real persuasion. To be fully sensible of this, it is sufficient to observe, with how much more attention the simple charge of the judge is listened to at the close of a trial, than all the eloquent pleadings that preceded it. Mixed with abundance of undeniable facts, and under the garb of downright truth and honest surliness, Mr Cobbett deals out principles the most fallacious, with great art, and wonderful force of popular eloquence; but his frequent and outrageous contradictions of his own principles have, in a great degree, neutralized them. He is to receive judgment this day, having been tried for a libel, with intention to excite the troops to mutiny.

There is not another government in Europe who could long withstand the attacks to which this is continually exposed. The things published here would set on fire any other heads in the world; but

either from insensibility, reason, or habit, they make but little impression. This sort of impassibility extends in some degree to personal attacks. Private anecdotes and secret stories are brought to light daily, of such a nature as ought to make the individuals concerned so ashamed to show themselves, as absolutely to drive them from society for the rest of their lives. Nothing of the kind:—the neck is no sooner out of the pillory, and the shoulders hardly healed after the castigation administered by the hands of newspaper-writers, and other practitioners in the art of abuse and invective, than the person appears in the world as if nothing had happened. It is strange that a people so proud, and certainly full as moral as its neighbours, should show this strange callousness.

From our hotel at Bristol we see and hear continually the troops quartered here exercising on the square before the cathedral. There are five regiments, principally employed in guarding a depot of prisoners of war. The soldiers, compared at least to the guards in London, are by no means stout-looking. The officers are in general larger made than the men; and this is a confirmation of what I think I have observed before, that the class of gentlemen in England is a finer race of men than the same class in France; but there is not the same difference between the common people of the two countries respectively.

We have had several days in June and July, called here very warm, which may be considered as a fair sample of English summer heat, and that was quite moderate, compared to the heat in America. The climate, both winter and summer, is never extreme; and although rarely resplendent, is best for use, more favourable for exercise,

either for labour or pleasure. The people, accordingly, are visibly more active here than in America.

July 10.—We left Bristol this morning; twelve miles to the ferry over the Severn, of most beautiful country, in the highest state of cultivation, and everywhere gentlemen's houses, and ornamented grounds. The ferry is two or three miles across, very expensive, and ill contrived;—our carriage suffered a little in getting over. Thence to Chepstow. Piercefield, a spot noted by all travellers, is near it;—we went there, and are just returned. A walk is carried for three miles along the very brink of an abrupt terrace of rocks, 150 or 200 feet perpendicular, not in a straight line, but either sweeping round, or projecting and retiring in deep angles. The precipice is generally masked by overhanging bushes and trees, and only now and then, and in the most favourable points, the prospect is thrown open to the view, with only a *garde-fous* for your security, and a seat for your repose. There you see trees and coppice far below your feet; then the Wye, twisting about like a snake, or a narrow ribbon of liquid mud, deeply cased in banks of solid mud; for the tide was low, and there is about 50 feet perpendicular between high and low! On the other side of this deep slimy bed is a knoll of head-land, unfortunately of very rich soil, as it causes it to be nicely divided in square patches, carefully ploughed and dug up, and everything going on in the way of husbandry, picturesque or not, all under your eye. Beyond that, again, is another abrupt terrace of rocks, higher than the one you stand upon, calcareous, and breaking in better forms than the primitive class of rocks. Now and then you catch a glimpse of the Severn at a distance. Such a prospect has

of course, many great beauties, and great faults, and did not appear to me, on the whole, equal to its reputation. At one place, the body of a large intercepting rock has been pierced through for the walk, the length of perhaps 20 yards. Inside of this ring of rocks and precipices is a lawn of more than a hundred acres, in soft swells and undulating lines, with a distant crest of dark wood, serving as a back-ground to the mansion, which seems, at a distance, something like the house at Stourhead. This fine green carpet of 100 acres spread before it is shorn by 500 sheep; and clumps of glorious oaks and elms are scattered about in careless profusion. This is all beautiful. The prospect from the house, which stands high, must be excellent; but it is not shewn. This house, and 3000 acres of land, not all good, cost the present owner L. 90,000 sterling. The rent of good arable land, or of woodland, that is, coppice cut every fourteen years, is from 30s. to 40s. an acre, and it sells at thirty years' purchase; labourers 2s. 6d. a-day and small-beer,—twenty years ago, 1s. 2d. In this interval of time land has doubled. This progression, being universal, does not injure any one but stockholders or mortgagees. Butcher's meat is 9d. a-pound; a good fowl is 4s. 6d.; fuel is cheap. The land here is exposed to drought, from the rocks being near the surface; therefore their crop of wheat and grass will be particularly scanty this year.

July 11.—Ross. We left our carriage this morning at Chepstow, near the mouth of the Wye, and came to this place in a hired chaise, proposing to return by the river; 31 miles of very fine but very hilly country. From a height we had an extensive view of a most rich tract, the Vale of Monmouth,

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twenty miles every way, and cultivated like a garden. Farms in it let for L.5 and L.6 an acre; forty years ago the rent of the same land did not exceed 30s. or 40s. an acre: it belongs mostly to the Duke of Beaufort. Soon after, from another height, the Vale of Usk, nearly as rich, but mostly meadow, being overflowed every spring. At Ragland we visited the ruins of the castle of that name, the last subdued by the cannon of Cromwell. The floors and roofs are of course gone, but enough of the walls remain to trace a large hall, perhaps 50 by 30 feet, and 25 feet high, with spacious bow-windows (the frames of stone are yet entire), looking over a spacious court, and an enormous fire-place, with double flues forking off, with a window between, just above the fire,—the music-gallery, and drawing-room; then, under the keep, the subterraneous dungeons, where prisoners were let down by a sort of well, and the very "loop-hole grates where captives weep" still perfectly visible. We felt no kind of compassion for the decay of this goodly castle,—it is better as it is than as it was; and the comparison between the times of its glory and the present make the existing grievances appear very light. Some of the towers are entire, and ivy is mantling over the whole, according to the best rules of picturesqueness. I took a view, notwithstanding a heavy shower, which now visits us once a-day, to the great comfort of farmers.

July 13.—Chepstow. We have come here in two days from Ross, by the Wye. There is no need whatever for thought or foresight in travelling in England,—no care necessary, but that of keeping your purse well furnished; everything is done and arranged for you in the most convenient manner beforehand. We had not been many minutes in the inn at Ross, before

the master, perceiving, no doubt, that we were people of taste in quest of picturesque beauties, called for our orders respecting a boat to go down the river. These boats attend there during the *touring* season. The price from hence to Chepstow, 45 miles in two days, is L. 4, 10s. and 5s. *pour boire.* The landlord knew exactly what was necessary for the victualling of the vessel, and we found all ready in a basket in the boat; this boat was covered with an awning, the seats with a carpet, a small table in the middle, and two oars.

From Ross to Monmouth the Wye is a good little river, without vices or virtues; you see cultivated fields to the right and left, and nothing else. Lower down, the banks rise by degrees, are clothed with woods, and broken with rocks in fine detached masses; the woods, however, are only coppice, cut every fourteen years,—no fine trees; and at the water line, instead of sand or rock, are reeds steeped in mud, although the current is rapid: here and there a neat green turf extends to the water. The finest parts of the Wye resemble the banks of our Hudson river. One of these rivers is more than a mile wide, and the other perhaps twenty yards;—unfavourable extremes on both sides; there the majesty of the banks sinks before the vastness of the river,—here they overpower it. This river meets so many promontories and sinuosities, that a walk of half a mile, at the point where Goodrich Castle stands, brought us to a place which the boat had a circuit of three miles to make before reaching; and another time, we made a short cut of about a mile over a high promontory, four miles round, called New Weir, or Symond's Yacht. From the summit of this high ridge, beyond the deep trench at the bottom of which the river flows, the view extends far and wide over a waving sur-

face of country, remarkably well cultivated, and dotted over with cottages and good houses, most of them owned by the Duke of Beaufort. We were here beset by a great number of beggars, attracted, and in fact created, by the alms of travellers. The hopes of getting their bread that way has prevented honest exertions, and they have become wretchedly poor by pretending to be so. This is more or less the case where there is any sight to attract travellers. Wales and the Wye are visited by all tourists; we are precisely in the tract, and meet them at all the inns,—stalking round every ruin of castle or abbey,—and climbing every high rock for a prospect; each with his Gilpin or his Cambrian Guide in his hand, and each, no doubt, writing a journal. This is rather ridiculous and discouraging. Goodrich Castle is a very fine ruin.

The exterior of Tintern Abbey disappointed us; but the *coup-d'œil* of the interior is wonderful. Suppose Westminster Abbey, with the roof off,—the pavement transformed into a short green turf, over which clusters of pillars, like Gothic skeletons, rear their slender forms; dark ivy in matted locks hanging from their high bushy heads. The walls, and part of the arches over the aisles are still entire; even the delicate tracery-work of the large windows; and, as we were told, the painted glass adhered to them till within a few years. I took some views of these ruins. Upon the whole the beauties of the Wye itself fall rather short of the descriptions of Gilpin and other travellers.

Wishing to see the last number of Cobbett, we sent the servant of the inn to procure it; he is just returned, and informs us, that nobody in Chepstow knows anything of Cobbett's Political Register. I do not know whether to wish the good people of

Chepstow joy of it, or to pity them; as the Political Register, together with some treason, contains certainly a good deal of information and entertainment.

July 14.—We are at Cowbridge, Glamorganshire. Forty miles to-day, through Newport, Cardiff, and Landaff:—the country just uneven enough to afford extensive views over an immense extent of cultivation, lost in the blue distance; nothing wild, or, properly speaking, picturesque, but all highly beautiful, and every appearance of prosperity. Wales seems more inhabited, at least more strewed over with habitations of all sorts, scattered or in villages, than any part of England we have seen, and which are rendered more conspicuous by white-washing of the most resplendent whiteness. Every cottage too has its roses, and honeysuckles, and vines, and neat walk to the door; and this attention bestowed on objects of mere pleasurable comforts, is the surest indication of minds at ease, and not under the immediate pressure of poverty. It is impossible indeed to look round without the conviction, that this country is, upon the whole, one of the happiest, if not the happiest in the world. The same class in America has certainly more advantages, and might have more enjoyments; but superior industry and sobriety more than compensate for the difficulties they have to struggle with here. The women we see are certainly better looking than nearer London. The language of the inhabitants is quite unintelligible to us; at the inns, however, all is transacted in English. Having gone to see some ruins while the horses were changing at Cardiff, we found the post-boy had driven away; and on inquiring the reason on his return, he said he was afraid the horses would catch

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Welch Beggar Woman.

cold standing;—this is delightful for the middle of July, when the people of New York are dying with heat.

July 16.—Tenby. Ninety-one miles in two days, through a hilly but rich country, affording continually vast views of cultivation, a surface chequered with fields and hedges, and studded over with white dots, the outside of cottages, roofs and chimneys, and even the very stones on the road near the houses being fresh white-washed. There is no particular beauty in all this on near inspection, but distance ennobles and harmonizes all; and many of the views, without woods, without rocks, or high mountains, and without water, were still highly beautiful, and almost sublime. Very few commons or waste grounds were to be seen; those few had sheep and a vast number of young asses grazing about; these, with their long ears and small bodies, and their vivacity, gave the idea of rabbits in a warren,—

> And they would toss their heels in gamesome play
> And frisk about, as lambs and kittens gay.——*Coleridge.*

Near Swansea we visited the copper and iron works. They were just opening a smelting furnace; the fused copper, in a little stream of liquid fire, flowed along a channel towards a cistern full of water; we saw it approach with terror, expecting an explosion; instead of which the two liquids met very amicably, the water only simmering a little. The workmen looked very sickly: we found, on inquiry, their salary was but little higher than that of common labourers. It is remarkable, that, much as men are attached to life, there is no consideration less attended to in the choice of a profession than salubrity.

We came in sight of the sea several times to-day. It blew fresh on shore, but there was not much surf, from being, I suppose, a confined sea. Single trees, oaks particularly, are in general very much bent, almost horizontally, from the sea; that is to say, the stem is, while the bows and leaves turn towards it. Large woods, covering steep ascents facing the sea, we observed growing strait and thriving; the trees protect each other, or the height behind obliges the sea air to pass over their heads. We crossed several iron rail-ways, leading from founderies and coal-mines in the country to the sea. Four low cast-iron wheels run in an iron groove lying along the road. It is now, however, the general custom to place the groove on the circumference of the wheel, running upon the rail, which is a mere edge of iron, upon which no stone or other impediment can lodge. Five small waggons, and sometimes six, fastened together, each carrying two tons of coal, are drawn by three horses, that is, four tons to each horse, besides the weight of the waggon,—about five or six times as much as they could draw on a common road; on an ascent the waggons are separated.

The rocks of Tenby are worn by the sea into the most fantastic shapes, and pierced through and through, in several places, like gateways; and at low water carriages drive close to the sea upon a firm beach. The town is built along the summit of the cliff, and in the finest situation imaginable; but the houses turn their backs and blind sides to this glorious prospect, having windows only to look at each other, across a narrow dirty street. The use these Hottentots make of the beetling brow of the cliff, the very place for poetical raptures and philosophical contemplation, is too vile to be nam-

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Welch Girl.

ed. The bathers lodge in a lower situation, less beautiful, but cleaner.

July 19.—Cardigan. We left Tenby yesterday, with horses so tired, that all we could obtain from them was to draw the carriage empty, and so slowly, that we arrived at Pembroke before them,—a walk of ten miles. This morning we have crossed Milford Haven, a narrow and deep bay or arm of the sea, forming an excellent harbour, sheltered on all sides, but not used at all. Such a one on the coast of France, where they are so scarce, would not be thus neglected. The surrounding country is solitary, peaceful, and agreeable. Our first stage was Haverford West, 11 miles; then 30 miles on one stretch of hilly country, for which we were obliged to take four horses.

July 20.—Aberystwith. Another stage of 40 miles with four horses, in ten hours. There is so little travelling in this remote part of the island, that the post-horses are commonly employed in husbandry. The country is rough and hilly, but presents the same appearance of prosperity and good cultivation, though less fertile; granite and slate having succeeded to limestone. The country people give us a friendly nod as we drive along. The women certainly are uncommonly good-looking. Welsh for two shillings is *dua sols*, as we hear it pronounced, which sounds very like French. The sides of the road are made very gay, by the finest stalks of the purple foxglove growing among very luxuriant fern, and appearing as if it was the same plant. A beautiful low purple heath, and thyme, also with purple flowers, cover the tops of the hills. We have been nearly all day in view of the sea, on our left hand, and fancied we could see Ireland: the clouds were exactly

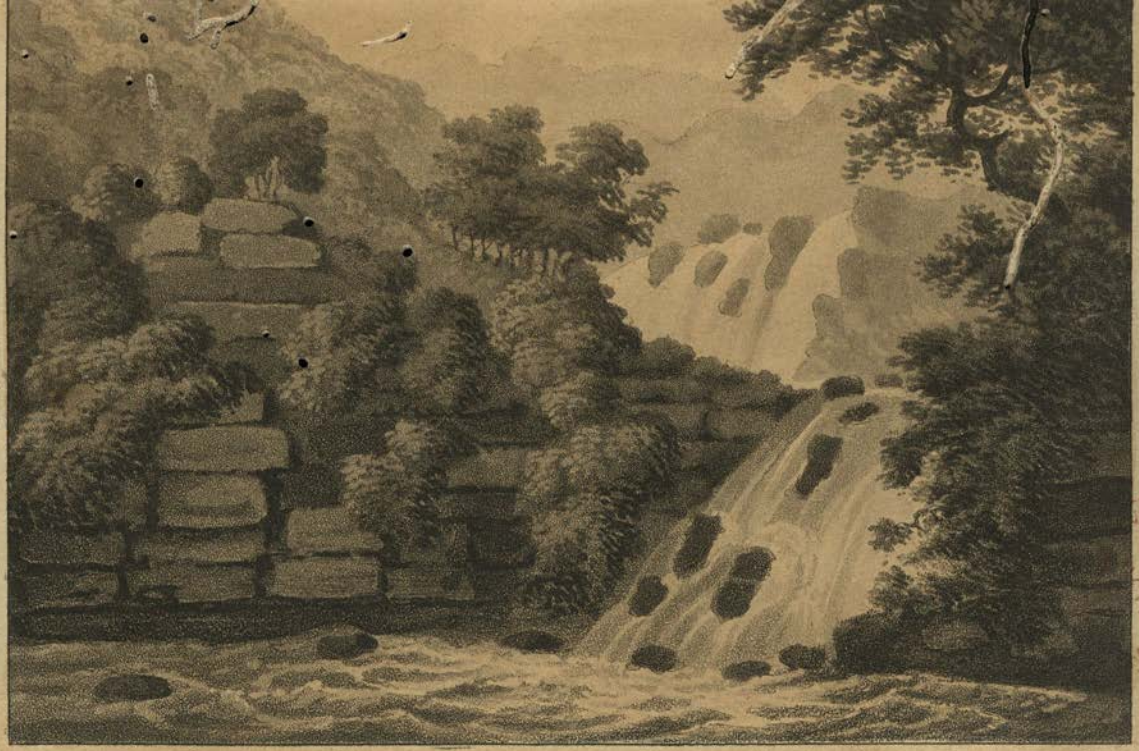
reflected by the glassy surface of the water, curiously streaked with the brightest green and dark purple.

July 22.—Dolgelly, (pronounced Dolgethly) Merionethshire. The ride from Aberystwith, 35 miles, is certainly very beautiful, the latter part especially, from several rich valleys surrounded by moderate hills, which our "Cambrian Guide" calls, "*tremendous mountains, shook into every possible form of horror.*" Cader Idris deserves alone the name of mountain, and formed a conspicuous object for a great part of yesterday. We stopped at its base to see a very pretty waterfall, and continued our route to this place through a narrow path between two steep acclivities of crumbling rocks, having the beauty of desolation. This morning, having provided four ponies and a guide, for these sort of conveniences are found ready organized here, wherever wanted, we went back a few miles in order to ascend Cader Idris, which we effected in three hours hard tug, partly on horseback, and partly on foot, by a zigzag path, with all the usual dangers, and hair-breadth escapes, and found ourselves at last seated on a crumbling pinnacle of slate rock, with large detached pieces of quartz here and there. The schistus appeared porphyritic, and, as I should suppose, what the Germans call *gros wache.* The youngest of the company added the initials of our names to those of many other wise tourists who have preceded us,—a lofty record of travelling fame. I was not so well employed, for I attempted a sort of circular drawing or panorama of the main objects we saw, without success. It was a sort of troubled sea of mountains, with many a beautiful valley among them, each with its meandering stream, and all like a geographical map. The course of the Maw from

Dolgelly to the sea, which we knew to be ten miles, was seen at one glance, as if the whole extent had been drawn on a bit of paper, every object distinct, and we should not have supposed the length exceeded one mile. The ocean occupied about one half of the horizon. As we descended, (which took two hours), the prospect became less grand, but more beautiful; and the foreground, instead of rugged fragments, was all over bright green and bright purple, with fern and with heath. The general shape of this mountain is something like a saddle, its perpendicular height 2850 feet. Our guide had rendered himself very acceptable to the ladies during this expedition, by his readiness in tendering a steady arm and hand in difficult places,—by his good-humour, and civil deportment. Being a very communicative person, they found out at last that he was the jailor of Dolgelly, which being a small and poor place, where people must turn their hand to anything, he was also the sheriff's deputy, for the execution of the last resort of criminal justice! The whip and the halter had, therefore, been held occasionally by the same obliging hand, which we had pressed the moment before: he did not indeed explain himself very clearly on this point; and happily the want of that hand was then nearly over. In fairness, I am bound to say, that there is not, at this moment, a single person under our friend's care.

July 24.—Tan-y-Bwlch, (pronounced Tany-Boohl, meaning the foot of the hill.) In our way here, we stopped to see two remarkable falls of water, Doll-y-Mullin;—very beautiful, but of which a description would give very little idea, and therefore I shall not attempt it. We had a walk of three hours for one of them. I had just

finished the annexed sketch, when we met, very unexpectedly, a gentleman of our acquaintance, with a friend of his, and were conducted to his cottage, most delightfully situated, and in the best taste. This procured us a letter for Mr O., the proprietor of the admired valley of Festiniog, where we now are. The house of Mr O. is placed on the slope of the hill, on one side of the valley, covered with a fine hanging wood to the summit, through which the house, a plain building of grey stone, with a terrace before it, peeps out, overlooking the fertile valley below, which extends several miles to the right and left, with a little river of clear water winding through it. The screen of mountains forming the other side of the valley, is too near the eye, too rough and poor for beauty. The details of great rocky mountains frittering into fragments, are often mean on a near view, although the noblest objects in nature at a proper distance. The greatest part of the land of this valley, which now rents at three guineas an acre, would not fetch 7s. twenty years ago. A great part of this rise is owing to judicious draining, on a large scale, and good turnpike-roads, where bridle-paths only existed before. Labour here, and nearly all over Wales, is from 2s. to 3s. a-day; beef and mutton 8d. or 9d. a pound; fuel very cheap, at least peat, which is to be found everywhere, even on the tops of the mountains, and seems to cost only the labour of cutting and carrying home. There is much less difference between the remote and central parts of this kingdom, as to the prices of provision and labour, than I should have expected. From an elevated spot we were shown, at the extremity of the valley, some miles distance, a great embankment undertaken by a Mr Maddock, by which about



L.S. del. Edinburgh, Published by A. Constable & Co. Jan.y 1818. I. Clark direx.

3000 acres of land, mostly sand and peat-land, are to be reclaimed from the sea. The mountains on each side the valley furnish stones, which are carried forward *en talus* by means of a rail-way. There are 300 men at work, and the two projections nearly meet in the middle, where the tide is so violent as to carry away the stones before they reach the bottom.

July 25.—We left Tan-y-Bwlch this morning with three horses, and the next stage with two, after being obliged to take four for the preceding 210 miles. We passed by Beddgelert, Carnarvon, and Bangor Ferry;—this last is the place for embarkation for Ireland, by Anglesey. We have stopped for the night at a country inn eight miles beyond, superlatively comfortable, and with the finest view possible. It is not a post-house; but finding the house at Bangor Ferry full, and no horses, those of Carnarvon have brought us so far, and we have sent forward for others. Post-horses do not seem under many regulations; the price, &c. appear left to the natural operation of competition; and in remote places where post-horses are kept by one person only, the traveller is pretty much at his mercy. I have, however, experienced so little difficulty in our already extensive travels, that I have not yet taken the trouble of ascertaining whether there is any legal check to exactions; the fact is, that there is less disposition to it, a more accommodating temper, and civility of behaviour among the people, than, not only in America, but in France, as far as I recollect. A pair of horses is generally 1s. 6d. per mile, sometimes 1s. 3d. or 1s. 4d.; leaders, when necessary, only 1s. per mile; postilions about 2½d. per mile. Ferries are extremely high: the passage of

Conway river cost 16s. while the ferry across the North river at New York, four times as wide, costs about one half of that sum.

July 26.—Before setting out this morning, we walked to a fall of water a few miles off the road. Although more than 200 feet high, yet, as the water falls over a naked rock, without any accompaniments, the heighth has no effect till you reach the foot of the hill, and measure it with yourself; when it is proved to you, rather than shewn. The same thing happens at Niagara. There are no near objects of dimensions sufficiently known to serve as a scale; you are obliged to have recourse to your imagination for some, and the surprise is only produced by reflection. Looking at the fall of Niagara, you may say, for instance, that if a first-rate ship of war was brought to the foot of it, its main-mast would not reach the summit, (160 feet); that there would be room for that same ship behind the fall,—behind the liquid vault which springs 40 or 50 feet beyond the edge of the rock, Next, it is necessary to bring to your assistance the recollection of some well-known river, to form an idea of the bulk of water before you. The Thames, for instance, at London bridge, which is 300 yards in breadth, or the Seine at Paris, probably 200 yards; while the Niagara river is full 900 yards, including the island which divides it in two unequal portions. With these facts in your mind, you come at last to admire, and be astonished; but it is an effort of reason. What you see is merely a great mill-dam; but what you measure and compare is one of the wonders of the world.

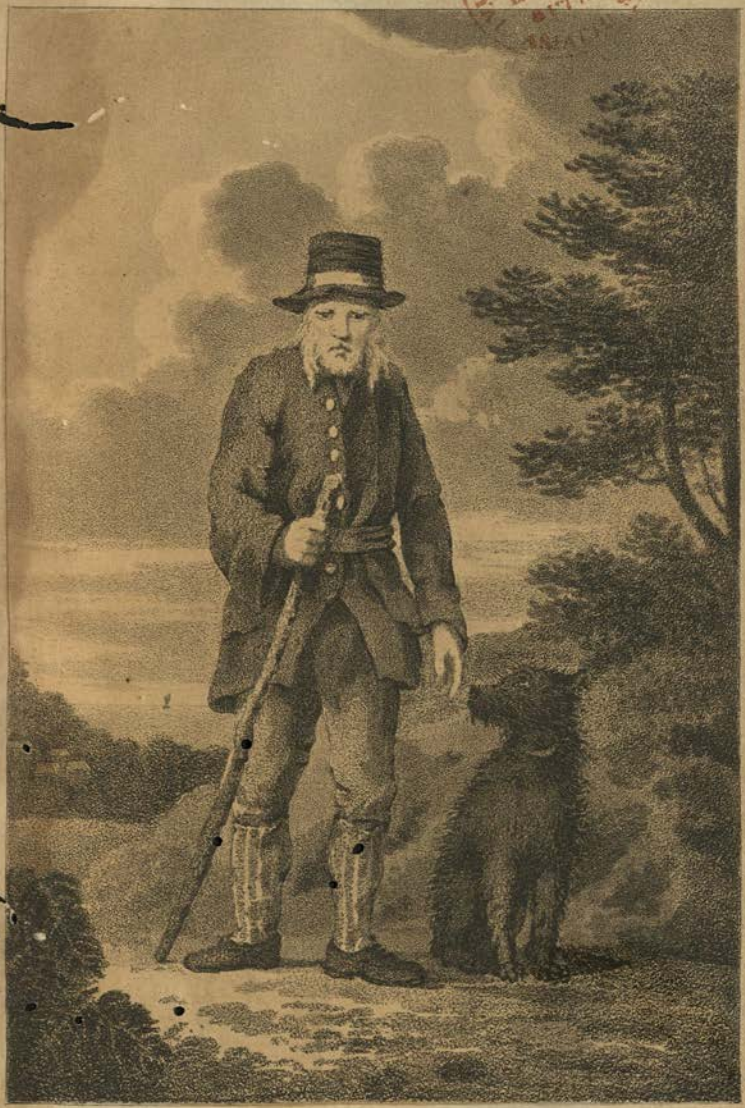
The approach to Niagara is more striking than the fall itself. Coming to it from behind, you may sail down the river 17 miles from Lake Erie; fur-

ther, you would be carried down to inevitable destruction. You then travel along a level bank on the British side, at first very little above the water, deepening more and more as you advance, by the sinking of the bed of the river. The broad expanse of water slides along an inclined plane, with a rapidity constantly accelerated;—strewed with insulated rocks, against which the dark waves dash with inconceivable fury;—they elevate their round masses, then whirl in frightful hollow curves, and, from amidst the spreading foam, send up in the air sudden jets of white vapour like smoke. Distinct bodies of water seem to dispute the passage with each other,—they overleap, they delve under each other with the rapidity of lightning. About two miles below the landing, you perceive, at a distance, the vast plain of tumultuous waters ending abruptly, and, in its stead, a column of vapour rising slowly up into the atmosphere. Amidst the general hollow noise of the cataract, unequal blows are distinguishable, like subterraneous explosions. The scene becomes every step more terrific. You see clearly that the whole stream is swallowed up; it rounds smoothly over the brink of the abyss without struggle, and disappears. Trunks of trees mark sometimes the extreme rapidity of the current;—they are seen shooting beyond the edge of the sinking river. Descending the bank 80 or 100 feet, you reach the Table-rock,—a horizontal stratum, level with the top of the cataract. There you may touch its very edge,—dip your hand in it,—and, with a plumb-line, measure the height; but the charm is in a great degree dissipated; and, however great and magnificent the object you see, its effect does not appear equal to what it ought to be, and what you *know* the reality is.

I hope this digression may be excused in favour of the cataract *par excellence;* and the Welsh cannot take it amiss that one of their falls should have brought Niagara to my recollection. To finish the description, I have only to notice a remarkable appearance. The water seems to fall with a retarded motion, to stop, and, near the bottom, to ascend visibly. This is owing to the resistance of the air on the surface, which reduces it into foam, and at last into light vapour. The water, at the moment of rounding over the edge of the fall, is of the most lively green, or sometimes bright blue. A sort of silver gauze soon covers its surface in graceful folds, growing whiter and thicker as it descends lower;—the real fall, and its accelerated motion, are ultimately hid by this kind of veil of vapour.

We passed to-day the foot of Snowdon, and intended another p oney expedition; but it rained,—the ponies were forestalled,—and the fatigue and bruises of Cader Idris were not altogether over; therefore we had only a sight of Snowdon,—and a good-looking mountain it is, with all its cluster of inferior mountains about it, all bare rocks. Snowdon is 3500 feet.

This moderate climate is certainly much fitter for bodily exercise than that of America. We think nothing of five or six miles a-day on foot. The flies, however, begin to be almost as numerous and inconvenient out of doors as there, but not in the house. Musketoes are by no means unknown. We see snakes, but the viper is the only one deemed dangerous. America is usually thought to be full of these reptiles, and that you are exposed every moment to tread upon a rattle-snake; the fact is, that the sight of a snake is not much more common there than here, and most of them



J. S. del. Edinburg, Published by A. Constable & Co. Jan.y 1816. J. Clarke direx.

Welch Shepherd.

are as harmless. A child armed with a stick will attack and kill the rattle-snake, which is very sluggish;—it is met only in dry stony places. The snakes of moist places are not venomous.

We are now arrived at St Asaphs, in the beautiful valley of Clwydd, (pronounced Cluid) only 28 miles to-day, through the finest country imaginable:—glorious views of the sea,—ruined castles, with the usual stories about Cromwell's cannon. He was a great master of the picturesque, and his ruins are always in the best taste. The Castle of Aberconway, 600 years old, is still nearly entire.

July 27.—On our way from St Asaphs to Denbigh, we stopped at the house of a gentleman we had seen in Norfolk; he was not at home, but one of the ladies of the family accompanied us to Denbigh. From this house the view takes in the whole valley of Clwydd, 20 or 30 miles long, and about six broad, with hills of moderate and irregular height on each side. A great number of gentlemen's houses were in sight, with their usual accompaniments of wood and lawn, but no cottages,—I mean real dwellings of the poor. If there ever was here a revolution *à la Françoise*, declaring *guerre aux châteaux, paix aux chaumières*, the castles would certainly carry it, being a hundred to one. This general appearance of the country brings to my mind a bon mot of Carlin, the famous harlequin. "Quel dommage que le pere Adam ne se soit pas avisé d'acheter une charge de Secretaire du Roi,—nous serions tous nobles!" I do not know what office the Father Adam of England bought, but every body in it seems rich. Whenever I have asked proprietors of land, or farmers, why they did not build houses for their labourers, the answer has generally been, that such houses

are nests of vermin, pilferers, and poachers; and that, far from building, they would rather pull down such houses. The labourers reside in some small town or village in the neighbourhood. Denbigh, for instance, has doubled in extent within a few years by this accession of inhabitants. Labourers have often several miles to walk to and from their work, which is so much out of their labour, or out of their rest. This, I own, has lowered a little my ideas of universal felicity, which the appearance of this country encourages one to form. There are then, it seems, obscure corners, where the poor are swept out of the way, as the dust of the walks of the rich, in a heap out of their sight; and, to judge properly of this general prosperity, it would be necessary to see what passes in these abodes of the labouring class.

The poor of England are under certain regulations, called *poor-laws*, forming one of the distinctive features of this government. Their object is half police, and half charity; but their utility very questionable. They were principally established under the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and furnish a strong instance of the danger of governing too much. It was enacted, that the overseers of the poor "shall take order from time to time, by and with the consent of two or more justices, for setting to work the children of all such whose parents shall not, by the said persons, be thought able to keep and maintain their children; and all such persons, married or unmarried, as having no means to maintain them, use no ordinary and daily trade of life to get their living by. And also to raise, weekly or otherwise, by taxation of every inhabitant, and every occupier of lands in the said parish, (in such competent sums as they shall think

235.

(t) a convenient stock of flax, hemp, wool, thread, iron, and other necessary ware and stuff, to set the poor to work." *

The legislators of that period imagined that labour of any sort was sure to command subsistence at any time,—but woollen and iron-ware are not bread. Let us suppose a greater number of weavers, or other workmen, than manufacturers can employ; some of them becoming destitute, overseers are to set them to work according to law;—that is to say, are to employ them in making, for the account of the public, the very articles for which the trade had already proved unable to furnish them employment. The market being thus overstocked, every shuttle set in motion at the public work-house will necessarily stop another elsewhere; for private manufacturers cannot afford to lose on their goods, although the overseers may. The workmen thus dismissed by individuals will, of course, pass over to the overseers, till at last the public, becoming the only manufacturer, would have the same surplus of workmen as the trade had originally, to be ultimately supported without working, as the goods will not sell beyond the consumption,—which might as well have been done at first. Work-houses have, therefore, in a great degree, become out of use, and weekly assistance in money substituted to such labourers as can find no work, or whose work cannot support them. Money, however, is not bread, any more than woollen or iron-ware; for when the baker has only ten loaves to offer to ten purchasers, if an eleventh purchaser comes forward, his money may

* Essay on Population by Mr Malthus, quarto, p. 413.

raise the price by competition, but cannot create a corresponding eleventh loaf,—therefore unless money can draw supplies of corn from foreign countries, it produces no national relief; for every loaf of bread you enable any individual to purchase, by supplying him with money, you deprive another individual of that very loaf.

This assistance in money afforded to individuals by the public, has, by degrees, increased to a prodigious amount. Foreign readers will hear, with surprise, that the tax raised for that purpose, on the rental of the kingdom, exceeds seven millions sterling, annually;* and in some parishes is imposed at the rate of 4s. or 5s. in the pound. The income tax itself, raised on all sorts of property, and which is thought so exorbitant, produces only from ten to twelve millions. The necessary consequences of this system are, 1*st*, An encouragement to idleness and improvidence, and to marriage without the means of supporting a family. 2*d*, A multiplicity of vexatious laws respecting *settlements*, by which the right of removing, at pleasure, from one part of the country to another, is so abridged, as to attach, in a great degree, the labouring class to the glebe, as the Russian pea-

* Id 1776, the poor-rates amounted to L. 1,529,780 sterling, and the average of the years 1783-4-5, was L. 2,167,749 sterling. The price of wheat in 1776 was L. 2, 2s. 8d. sterling; in 1783-4-5, L. 2, 3s. 7d. sterling, per quarter; at the same period, the workhouses cost L. 15,892 sterling a-year; and what is most wonderful, L. 11,713 sterling for entertainments; L. 24,493 sterling expenses of removals of individuals, &c.; and finally, L. 55,891 sterling law charges! In 1803, the poor-rates were L. 5,318,000 sterling, of which L. 4,267,000 sterling only expended on the poor. The rack rental was then 40 millions, now nearly 55 millions, therefore the poor-rates may be estimated 7 millions and a half now.—Quarterly Review, No. XVI.

sant is. Parishes being bound to provide each for their own poor, it becomes a matter of importance to prevent new comers from acquiring a *settlement*, by removal to a new parish; and the poor are repulsed from one to the other like infected persons. They are sent back from one end of the kingdom to the other, as criminals formerly in France *de brigade en brigade*. You meet on the high roads, I will not say often, but too often, an old man on foot, with his little bundle,—a helpless widow, pregnant perhaps, and two or three barefooted children following her, become paupers in a place where they had not yet acquired a legal right to assistance, and sent away, on that account, to their original place of settlement, supported, in the meantime, by the overseers of the parishes on their way. *3dly*, The funds of the poor are under the administration of overseers, at least as to the details of individual relief; men for the most part not much above those to whom they administer this relief, in point of rank and education, and more awake to the feelings of a little brief authority, than to those of enlightened humanity,—fond of governing; watching the poor with jealousy; meddling with the management of their families with a degree of ill-natured curiosity, and subjecting them to the most odious of tyrannies *l'insupportable joug de nos égaux*. *4thly*, When carried to an extreme, (and 5*s*. in the pound is very near an extreme), the system of assessment operates like an agrarian law, a levelling principle, tending to put everything in common; that is, to destroy the very foundation of society, industry, national wealth, science, and everything which distinguishes the civilized from the savage life, depending on the right to property. *5thly*, The wages of labour follow with difficulty the gradual

rise of price of the necessaries of life; this difficulty is increased by the gratuitous assistance given by parishes, as it obviates the absolute necessity of the rise of wages; therefore, as observed by Mr Malthus, the poor laws create, in fact, the poor they assist. It is very probable that, upon the whole, neither the rich pay more, nor the poor receive less than they would otherwise, only they receive as a charity, as alms, what ought to be salary; with this fatal difference, that the industrious labourer having no share in the alms or auxiliary salary, is much worse off than the idle. The least of the bad consequences to be expected from the poor laws, would be the final establishment of a monachal government, like that of the jesuits in Paraguay. Such is, I believe, the most prevailing opinion respecting the institution; yet no measures seem likely to be taken by Parliament to remedy the enormity of the evil. *

I am astonished that the bad effects apprehended should not be more apparent than they are; for, after all, I must repeat, that poverty is nowhere obtrusive here; no rags—no famished looks,—no beggars,—few robberies, at least in time of war. Looking for a cause adequate to this, we are led to suppose in the manners of the people a dislike to receiving alms; a salutary pride which shrinks from debasement and servitude. Under this point of view, the unfeeling ad-

* It seems, that if, instead of receiving parish assistance, the poor were supported by government, and the expense borne by equal taxes over the whole kingdom, many of the evils would be avoided; settlements, litigations, superabundance of labourers in one parish, and scarcity in another, &c.; while no inconveniences comparable to the above would, in all probability, be incurred.

ministration of overseers would be a happy circumstance. The more bitter and disgusting the poisonous draught, the fewer are those who can bring themselves to swallow it. That the population of a country is determined by the productiveness of its soil, is a proposition sufficiently self-evident; and it is well known that the multiplication of the human species has a tendency to outrun the means of subsistence. New countries, like North America, double their population every twenty or twenty-five years; while the best possible state of agriculture, the utmost labour bestowed on a given extent of land, will not multiply its produce beyond a certain point, very soon attained; yet it has been denied that poverty is inherent to our nature, and the assertion, that the best government, in favouring population, hastened in fact the period of natural want and poverty, has been treated as a sort of political impiety. The author of the Essay on Population, already noticed, has been charged with furnishing a pretence to the selfishness of the rich, in regard to the poor, as well as an argument against any wholesome reforms in governments; but pretences will never be wanting to those who seek for them; and the physician who, at the same time that he pronounces a disorder incurable, points out a sure palliative, does us more good than the quack who promises a complete cure, never yet effected. The palliative proposed by the Essay on Population, belongs to individual prudence and forbearance, and not to legislation; namely this, not to procreate children till you have wherewithal to maintain them; not to marry till you have secured a competency. It is not domestic independence alone which would be secured by the observance of

this rule, but also political independence, freedom, and national strength. Where there are more labouring men than are wanted for labour, the lower classes are at the mercy of the higher, and slaves as in China, and *vice versa*. As to strength, internal and external, it is estimated far more accurately by the number of births compared to the number of inhabitants, than by that absolute number. If 250 annual births suffice, in any given country, to keep up and recruit a permanent population of 10,000 souls, and in another country, 300 annual births are necessary to recruit a similar population, it follows, that life is shorter in the latter country, and that the inhabitants must be more exposed to want and hardships than in the former; and likewise, that fewer individuals reach that middle age, which alone constitutes an efficient popuplation.

By the "Statistique Générale et Particulière" lately published in France, says Mr Malthus, it appears that nine-twentieths of the French population is below the age of twenty. In England, seven-twentieths only are below that age; consequently, out of a population of ten millions, there is, in England, one million of individuals above twenty more than in France, which gives 300,000 or 400,000 males more of a military or labouring age. Early marriages, without adequate means of subsistence, might increase the number of births, but it does not follow that it would increase the population, or rather that it would increase the number of grown efficient individuals.

Lord Castlereagh stated in Parliament, in March last, that the army amounted to 320,000 men,* the

* The army is recruited by 23,000 men annually.
The last population returns of Great Britain enumerate 2,544,0[illegible]

navy 150,000 men, exclusive of merchant vessels; this is nearly half a million of men for the sole purpose of war, out of a population of fifteen or sixteen millions. In this proportion, France proper, independent of its allies, should be able to keep up a military and naval establishment of more than a million of men. Considering how many men the manufactories and commerce of England, and the enormous luxury of servants employ, it appears evident that its efficient population bears a very high proportion to its nominal one.

Respecting the poor-laws much anxiety has been expressed as to a practical substitute; for, although the country might do without them, as the example of Scotland shews, yet it is not pretended that parish assistance could be discontinued suddenly. The prodigious extent of waste land appears to me to offer the most natural substitute. The nation has perhaps two hundred thousand destitute families subsisting wholly, or in part, on its bounty; it has, on the other hand, about twenty millions of acres uninclosed, and nearly useless. The cultivation of one-twentieth part of that land would afford employment and subsistence to the two hundred thousand families of paupers. I am aware that many obstacles would have to be overcome; yet the remedy seems abundantly equal to the evil. The present generation of poor once provided for, those born after a certain period of years might, with justice and good policy, be left

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families: of whom 896,000 employed in husbandry; 1,129,000 in trades and useful arts; the remaining 519,000 families are composed of the very poor, the very rich, and the professional.—See Quarterly Review, No. XVI.

to their own exertions, as in other countries, and particularly Scotland.

We were shewn in the Vale of Clwydd the house of Mrs Piozzi, better known as the friend of Dr Johnson under the name of her first husband, Mr Thrale. She is a widow for the second time; and is represented as of a lively, agreeable society. Another house was pointed out to us, that of a Mr Hughes, who was a poor clergyman, and is now in the receipt of an income of L. 75,000 sterling a-year from the rich Anglesea copper-mines, discovered a few years ago on a barren piece of land, of which he was in part proprietor. Lord Uxbridge, who owns a part of the ground, was in treaty for his share a short time before the discovery of the mine, and they had agreed upon a sum (a very small one), when Lord U. neglecting to meet the parson on a day appointed, to finish the business, the latter, offended, would not give him another meeting, and the sale did not take place. Mr H. bought this estate in the Vale of Clwydd for L. 250,000 sterling, being upwards of 5000 acres of very rich land, at L. 48 an acre. Land in this place rents from L. 2 to L. 3, 10s. an acre. Labour is 2s. a day, and nothing found. Poor-rates have been lately 2s. in the pound.

This climate is not favourable to fruit; with proper care some is produced at great expense; but this is not within reach of the bulk of the people. To make up for this deficiency, the English have raised to the rank of fruit that wild berry (gooseberry), known in France by the name of *groseille à masquereau*: they have in fact made it a fruit, having so improved it by cultivation as to bring it to a respectable size and taste. I measured some three inches and a quarter in circum-

ference. Strawberries are better here than in America, and perhaps than in France. The sterility of the climate in point of fruits seems to have passed into their names: most of the smaller ones are composed of berry and some designative addition tacked to it. The names of birds partake of this sterility: — gold-finch, — bull-finch, — chaff-finch, — green-finch, and *all the finches of the grove.*

Although poor in these respects, the English language is one of the richest in Europe. Johnson's Dictionary contains nearly 37,000 words, while the French Dictionary of the Academy has not quite 30,000. Johnson* has many obsolete words, but there are full as many now in use which he has not. The Spanish language is said to have 30,000, and the Italian 33,000. The English adopt new words more readily than the French do; their best speak-

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* Taking 100 pages of Johnson's Dictionary, some of each of the different letters, I have found

15910 substantives
10142 verbs
8444 adjectives
2288 adverbs

36784 words.

The Dictionary of the French Academy, edition of Nismes, 1786, with Supplement, taking 118 pages in the same way, and calculating on 80 words for every page of the Supplement, gave 18716 substantives
4559 verbs
4803 adjectives
1634 adverbs

29712 words.

In both cases words with different meanings have been taken in the account for one only. Many words in Johnson's Dictionary have twenty or thirty distinct senses; some *(to make)* has fifty-nine senses, *(to run)* sixty-six. In the Dictionary of the Academy, a most wretched performance every way, the differences and shades of sense of each word are so inaccurately and absurdly marked, that it is impossible to ascertain the number of senses which each word is capable of bearing.

ers in Parliament introduce them sometimes, and they are naturalized on their authority. The language of the English court was half Norman French till Henry VIII. It did not acquire a homogeneous and regular form till Shakespeare and Bacon; and although it has been improved and enriched since that time, yet the style of Shakespeare is not old compared to other writers of the same period,—much less so than Sully and Montaigne's. To the multitude of words ending in *s* the English owes that prevailing hissing sound which is remarked by foreigners. Opening Johnson's Dictionary at random, I have found generally three words in each page terminated in *ess*, making about 3000 words; and besides these, the third person singular of all verbs terminates in *s*; as also the plural and possessive case of all nouns.

The general sound of the language is in other respects meagre and hard; it does not flow, but proceeds by jerks, and with a tone by no means harmonious and pleasing to the ear. The English themselves have no idea of that general effect; none can judge of it properly but those, who, not understanding the language, attend solely to the sounds; and I now speak of it from recollection of what I felt before the sense took up my attention, and before habit had familiarized my ear to the sound. The French language, under similar circumstances, appears, I understand, dull and inarticulate, wanting accent and elasticity,—and not sufficiently sonorous. Among the modern languages the Italian alone deserves to be called musical,—and perhaps the Spanish. The Russian and Swedish are said to have softness. The English, however, makes up for its poorness of sound by capacity and vigour; it is highly descriptive, and possesses

great range of expression. The French is eminently elegant, clear, and simple. The intricacy of our nicest feelings might be best described in the one, their depth and energy in the other; and the French has perhaps the advantage in treating didactic subjects. A comparative estimate of the two languages, word to word, and idiom to idiom, the summing up of their means, and an accurate return of their respective forces, would naturally produce a good dictionary of the two languages, which at present is not in existence. It would be a work to undertake in old age, when no livelier interest or pursuit remains; a daily occupation,—a quiet and durable sort of amusement, which you may be sure not to survive; the only friend and companion, perhaps, to solace your last years.

Returning to fruit, from which the above may possibly be considered as an unwarrantable digression,—apples are scarce, knotty, and stunted; people in America would not think it worth while to gather them. Cider, however, is good here, but dear, and in those parts of the country we have visited cannot be the common drink of the inhabitants; which is not to be regretted, beer being a more wholesome beverage. I am pleased to find that ardent spirits have not superseded malt liquors among the labouring class to the degree I had been led to expect. There are certainly many fewer rum drinkers here than in America. Working-people are not saturated with alcohol; and have not here that spirituous atmosphere constantly emanating from the pores of one half of the males, and a considerable portion of the females of that class in America, which assails your nose two or three steps off whenever you approach them. It is not uncommon for labourers to use in the course of the day a pint of

rum, and many of them a quart; a dose which would kill outright any person not accustomed to it by degrees. This daily dose of poison costs the American labourer from one to two shillings sterling a-day, that is, at least a fourth part of his earnings, and equalizes things between him and the European. The excise on distilled liquors is a species of salutary censure on public morals;—but we are too nice on the article of liberty in America to bear with this device of despotism.

The rains of the last fortnight have revived the hopes of farmers, and the crop of grain will not be so deficient as was expected. It is remarkable that this obstinate drought of the spring has been experienced, not only over a great part of Europe, but in North and South America. The apprehension of an extraordinary scarcity was the more serious, as England has very little surplus in its most fruitful years. From 1793 to 1804, the importations of foreign wheat have cost England thirty-three millions sterling, * and the government has paid in premiums on these importations the following enormous sums.

In 1800	L. 44,836 sterling.
1801	1,420,355
1802	715,323
1803	43,977

Salmon is extremely plenty along this coast, which abounds in rapid streams falling into the sea. It is our daily food. The heat of summer is so temperate, that we have a fire every evening; —without necessity, but as a pleasure after the fatigue of a day's journey. Coal is cheap here.

* Jephson Oddy on inland navigation.

The number of country banks is so astonishing, that, unable to judge if the paper circulating is good or bad, I take it without the least examination, and, as I have not received one that was doubted afterwards, I presume there are few counterfeits. No gold at all to be seen, and silver as small change only, without any visible stamp, and worn to half its weight.

July 28.—We travelled to-day from Ruthven along the vale of Clwydd, and, ascending the rampart of hills which encloses it, we admired, for the last time, this magnificent extent of cultivation. The narrow ridge soon brought to our view another deep and rich valley. Llangollen, of still greater renown than its neighbour, although I do not think it deserves it so well; it appeared to us deeper than the vale of Clwydd, and the descent on this side of the ridge steeper than the ascent had been. We soon came to a sheltered spot, where the ruins of Valle Crucis Abbey are seen in fat fields, level, rich, and low, with a clear stream traversing them, and the ancient fish-pond still entire. On the brow of a neighbouring hill, and threatening the valley, which the Abbey seemed to enjoy, appeared the walls of Dinas Bran, or Crow Castle. The area of Valle Crucis Abbey now encloses a grove of lofty ash trees, which overtop the ruins, and have a fine and singular effect; so interwoven are the roots and the ruins, that stones appear to grow out of the trees, as well as trees out of the stones. Some peasants have taken up their abode among the remains of the cloisters; cows and hogs, chickens and children, climb and perch on the trees and ruins, and you may see here a pair of horns, there a child's head or a pig's peeping through the windows, among Gothic carvings and

green boughs. Near Llangollen, where we dined, is the residence of two ladies, whose names are identified with the vale, Lady E. Butler and Miss Ponsonby; and after having informed ourselves of the etiquette of the place, we dispatched a note requesting permission to see the grounds, announcing ourselves, in hopes of strengthening our claim, as American travellers. The ladies, however, were cruel, and answered, "it was not convenient to permit the place to be seen that day." The landlady, who had overheard some words of French spoken among us, observed that the ladies were fond of the French language, and that, if we had petitioned in French, we should have been admitted. The hint came too late. Taking a guide, however, we were conducted round the hermitage. The house is on a road; it is high and narrow, and behindhand in point of taste to the present style of elegant cottages. The garden is very small, and, from a height which overlooks it, we could see nothing to make us regret not having been admitted. A former tourist, (I believe Madame de Genlis), gives a charming description of it, but as to us, the grapes were sour. French readers may wish to learn something of these ladies. Their story is understood to be, that with birth, beauty, and fortune, they embraced, in the prime of their youths, half a century ago, the romantic idea of consecrating the remainder of their lives to pure friendship, far from the world, its vanities, its pleasures, and its pains; and, literally running away from their families in Ireland, with a faithful woman-servant, lately dead, they hid themselves in this then profound solitude, where they have lived ever since. The following inscription, I am informed, is placed in the garden:

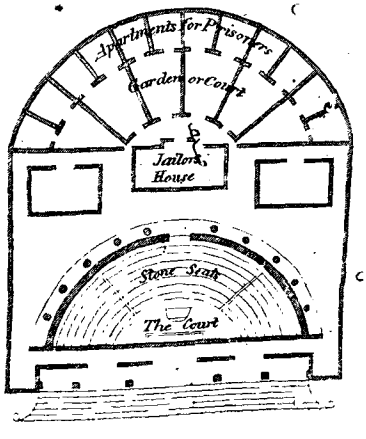
Consacrer dans l'obscuritê
Ses loisirs à l'étude, à l'amitié sa vie,
Voilà des jours dignes d'envie.
Etre chéri vaut mieux qu'être vanté.

The obscurity has long been dissipated; but the friendship, it is to be hoped, has survived. Llangollen is, like all the little old towns of this and all countries, a hideous object.

July 29.—From Llangollen, by Wrexham and Chester, 46 miles. We visited this morning Chirk Castle. It is a quadrangular building, with battlements all around; a tower at each corner and one over the gateway. It stands on an ample knoll, carpetted to the very foot of the walls with the finest turf, but without a shrub or tree near it. Thus insulated, and the high walls pierced with a few diminutive windows, it looks great, but melancholy; and the court, inside surrounded with apartments on arches, does not diminish the first impression. You ascend, however, by a noble staircase to these apartments. They are found to be a suite of the finest rooms, lighted by windows, few in number, but very large, (the same which appear outside so small) looking over the finest view imaginable, and the cheerfullest. First, the velvety green all round; groves beyond, of large spreading trees, in a careless irregular line; beyond that again, and lower, a rich cultivated vale, and blue hills in the horizon,—the usual termination of Welsh landscapes. The castle has a gallery 100 feet long, with shining oak floors and wainscotting, state-beds and furniture of the 16th or 17th century, and a number of bad pictures. We walked in the groves, where roses and honeysuckles wasted their sweetness on the desert air. The proprietors of this paradise, three sisters, are

at this moment enjoying the heat and dust of London, and are not expected for a long time to come.

At Chester we visited the court-house and prison of the county,—a new building of classical appearance, the interior of which is on a plan of the celebrated philanthropist, (not of the sort of those who made the French revolution) Howard. This is its plan. The windows of the apartments of the keeper overlook the rooms or cells of the prisoners, which are disposed in a semicircle, opening two and two on a small court or garden, to which they have access all day, and are only shut up at night. A list, placed on the balcony before the windows of the keeper, informs you of the name of each prisoner, his crime, &c. The court forms also a semicircle;—the judge and jury in the centre,—the spectators on the stone amphitheatre all around. The prisoner is brought by a subterraneous passage to his place before the judges. The court is lighted by a sky-light, with ventilators to renew the air. The front of the building is adorn-



ed by a Doric portico, the columns of which, three feet in diameter, and twenty high, are each formed of a single piece, and the whole building of the same stone, in large blocks, of a fine yellow colour, from a quarry near at hand. The funds have been drawn from the surplus produce of a canal in the neighbourhood beyond a certain per centage stipulated in the charter. What pleased us most was, to find that this excellent house had so few inhabitants; and the jailor, who appeared to be a respectable man, informed us further, that there had been only three executions in the county of Chester in nine years.

The city of Chester has an antique physiognomy, not exactly of classical, but rather barbarous antiquity. The streets are in the houses;—that is to say, that the ground-floor is hollow, and open to the public,—a sort of covered gallery, dark, dirty, and crooked, and up and down, with unexpected steps, down which you run the risk of falling every moment. The origin of this singular style of architecture goes back to the times when the neighbouring Welsh made inroads on the frontier town of Chester, when the inhabitants defended themselves to advantage from their galleries. They are still of great use against an enemy, to whose attacks they are as much exposed to as ever,—frequent rains. The city has a thick wall, on the top of which is a public walk,—the country on one side, and the town on the other. The houses of the modern part of Chester have no galleries, and resemble those of the rest of England;—that is to say, that they are very clean and convenient.

The country we saw to-day was cultivated like a garden. We finished our day's journey by cros-

sing the river, or rather arm of the sea, at Liverpool,—a long, inconvenient, and expensive ferry, (28s.) and we have been landed on the quay of this great town with our carriage without horses, without knowing where to find any, where to go, or to whom to apply. After some unsuccessful attempts to procure private lodgings, we were obliged to put up at the Liverpool Arms, a sort of Noah's ark, like all great inns in sea-port towns.

August 1.—Mr G. of London, whom I had the pleasure of meeting sometimes at Sir Joseph Banks's, but on whose attentions I had no sort of claim, sent me, the day before our departure from London, letters to some of his friends at Oxford, Liverpool, and Edinburgh. I take pleasure in mentioning here this instance of kindness (for it surely deserves a higher name than politeness) to a mere stranger. One of these letters was for Mr Roscoe, well known as the historian of the Medici. I was surprised to find him at the head of one of the first banking-houses in Liverpool,—a great agriculturist,—an architect,—and a lover of the fine arts;—these are the points of resemblance with his hero. Mr Roscoe has a numerous family, seven sons, but none of them will be pope, the trade being now good for nothing. We breakfasted yesterday at his house in the country. His family is remarkable for cultivation of mind, and simplicity of manners. In stature and physiognomy, Mr R. bears some resemblance to Washington.

There is a manifest antipathy between men of business and men of letters; yet they are surely not rivals, and I do not see why those who seek after fame should complain that they do not find fortune, or those whose object is wealth, that they do not get renown:

Chacun se doit contenter de son bien,
Tout uniment sans se vanter de rien.

It is uncommonly fortunate to have run both races at once, and gained both prizes.

Mr R. has a few good pictures, and had just acquired a new one; the history of which I understood to be as follows. Raphael had painted the portrait of his patron Leo X. On the second Medicis coming to the pontifical chair, the Duke of Florence having desired to have that portrait, the new Pope gave orders accordingly; but either with his knowledge, or without, a copy was substituted. After a few years, the trick was discovered, and the Duke complaining, the original was sent. A second copy was, however, previously made, and perhaps again sent to the Duke, deceiving him a second time. Whether the one taken at Florence, and now at Paris, is the original or not, or which of the three Mr Roscoe's is, it is, at any rate, a fine picture;—great simplicity in the attitudes, and much of the expression one would attribute to Leo;—a liberal, well-informed gentleman, without extraordinary genius. His relation standing by him, the future Pope, has more mind and vigour. Leo is as large as life, seated near a table, a missal open before him, richly illuminated; a large silver bell and his spectacles in his hand.

Mr R. had the goodness to shew us his valuable collection of etchings of great painters, by themselves; beginning by the masters of the art, Leonardo de Vinci, Raphael, &c. and ending, I think, with Vandyck, beyond whom the practice has not been continued. Some of these painters have left only two or three etchings, and the ardour of the dillettanti to get them, and find out

the trueness, and the mistakes, and cheating, and quarrelling about these scraps (some of them very bad certainly), is a caricature of the true taste of the art. It is like the faith in relics, compared to piety. Mr R. mentioned a German work, in three volumes, giving the history of all these etchings, with explanatory engravings, teaching how to know the true ones. Those of Berghem and Vandyck appeared to me the best, with a few of those by Salvator Rosa.

Liverpool a good deal resembles New York. The latter town is larger, (96,000 inhabitants, instead of 80,000), and perhaps better built as to common dwellings; but the public buildings of Liverpool are more numerous, and in a better style of architecture. There are several literary establishments, with respectable libraries, in large and convenient apartments, and well attended by the inhabitants of this great commercial town, who are not nearly so exclusively merchants as those on the western continent. The docks are built of freestone, instead of trunks of trees, and every thing is more substantial. The harbour is otherwise very inferior to that of New York, which is one of the finest in the world. Liverpool is the port in England most frequented by the Americans; there are now there 200 of their vessels. They now bring here annually, in the single article of cotton, L. 2,000,000 sterling; and yet I can remember having seen the first samples of sea island cotton shewn as a curiosity at New York, twenty years ago. The warehouses here are prodigiously high; I observed many nine stories high, and have heard of thirteen; the interval between each floor is not more than seven or eight feet, and these floors often of iron. Land lets in the neighbouring country at 45s. an acre.

(double the common statute acre) and sells at thirty years purchase. Labour 2s. 6d. to 3s. a-day. Our bill at the hotel was L. 7 for three days, which is tolerably exorbitant. The price of everything indeed is nearly the same as in London.

English commerce does not seem to have suffered materially by the political experiment to which the United States have had recourse, in 1807, under the name of embargo, afterwards non-intercourse, &c. Navigation has certainly benefited by it; and if manufactures have suffered, it is not so much as might have been supposed. The United States imported from England, before the embargo, manufactured goods to the amount of eight millions sterling annually, but re-exported two millions of these same goods to Spanish America alone, besides what went to other places. This is now done by England directly; and as to the internal consumption of the United States, although diminished, it is not destroyed; and a contraband trade is now organizing, the expence and risk of which may not be much more than the duty saved. New channels of trade have, in the meanwhile, been opened to England by the Spanish revolution, and that of her colonies; and even on the continent of Europe, guarded as it is by armed douaniers.

The light troops of English commerce have found certain secret passages and entrances by which they penetrate; and it is curious to see how artfully their manœuvres are conducted. The goods are packed up in small packages, fit to be carried by hand, and made to imitate the manufactures of the countries to which they are sent, even to the very paper and outward wrapper, and the names of foreign manufacturers marked on the

goods. Prudent people here seem to apprehend more danger from the acquisition of the new trade in South America, than from the loss of the old in North America. The avidity of adventurers has mistaken the state of things there. With liberty, or rather with civil war and anarchy, the Spanish colonists have not yet acquired new wants; and it is not presumable that they will consume articles to which they were not accustomed, or more than they used to receive from the mother country. Instead of which, articles the most foreign to the manners and climate, have been sent by whole cargoes. Some of the ships have brought back their whole cargoes; and those have been the best off. Upon the whole, however, the trade of England has been extended. The proceeds of internal industry have been exported to an amount unusally large, and foreign articles to a less amount, perhaps, returned. Some of the adventurers have lost, but the people at large, husbandmen, labourers, and manufacturers, have been remunerated, and the public revenue has been increased.

In 1807, (the year preceding the American embargo) English exportations amounted to thirty-four millions sterling, employing 1,791,000 tons of shipping, of which one-third were foreign bottoms. In 1809, (during the operation of the embargo and non-intercourse, the greatest part of the year), English exportations amounted to fifty-four millions sterling, and employed 1,993,000 tons of shipping, of which one-third were foreign bottoms.

The apparent prosperity of the United States during this unexampled period of eighteen years of war, itself at peace with the whole world, has advanced with giant strides. Large towns have started up suddenly; the population, without owing

its increase to this circumstance, has been concentrated, and great wealth has been acquired. Such are, in ordinary cases, the sure foundations of social improvements and refinements,—luxury and leisure,—new wants and ambition. The process seems, however, to have been pushed too rapidly, and is likely to stop at its first stage,—wealth and luxury. A field may be over-manured, and the rank crop go to decay before its maturity. It is very probable that the people of the United states would be, at this moment, more united and respectable,—more enlightened and happier, if the troubles of Europe had not opened to them a career of commerce, disproportionate to their means, and excited against Great Britain an extravagant rivalship of trade, which keeps alive the old rancour of the revolution, and furnishes a pretence for the blind hatred of a considerable portion of the people, to vent itself in exaggerated speeches, abuse and violence.

It is hardly credible, and yet true, that, in 1807, at the height of those vexatious and arbitrary restrictions on our trade by the British orders in council, which occasioned the measure of the embargo at the end of the year, the United States were exporting to the amount of twenty-four millions sterling of merchandise, half of which was their own produce, employing 1,397,000 tons of shipping, almost entirely American vessels. The exportations of Britain herself, during that same year, (1807)—of that power, absolute mistress of the seas,—amounted only to thirty-four millions sterling, and the tonnage of their whole shipping in the merchant service was actually something less than ours. The net revenue of the customs in 1807, was in England nine millions sterling, and in the United States, three millions and a half sterling,

(dollars 15,845,521). We find, therefore, the United States without a navy, without colonies, without force or expenditure, acquiring and preserving an extent of commerce almost unexampled: more merchant vessels than Great Britain,—their exportations compared to the British as twenty-four is to thirty-four, and their revenue from customs as three and a half is to nine. These advantages were the consequences of the war; and yet, because other consequences of the war prevented some farther increase, we chose to abandon the whole. If the United States had too much commerce, as I am inclined to think, why quarrel for a little more? If they had not enough, why abandon the whole?

The merchants of the United States had peculiar advantages in the India trade. The Spanish colonies furnished them with great quantities of dollars, at 25 per cent. less than those purchased in London by the East India Company; and their exportations of silver to India were so considerable, as to facilitate English returns from that country. By the treaty of commerce with Mr Jay, in 1795, the Americans were allowed, in India, privileges withheld from the subjects of Great Britain; and in consequence of these, they supplied the European markets, to the exclusion of the company, to such a degree, that, in 1804, the American tonnage, in the trade beyond the Cape of Good Hope, was nearly equal to two-thirds of the English. *

* Taking the average of five years (1802 and 1806) the United States employed in the trade of China 23,000 tons annually; to Calcutta and other parts of India, about 7000; these 30,000 tons were for direct voyages, and exclusive of voyages to and from Europe. The English tonnage in the India trade appears, from

In this state of things the belligerent powers chose, three or four years ago, to deprive each other of the American commerce, by means of blockades and arbitrary decrees. I do not know

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a Report on Navigation and Trade, published by orders of the ship-owners of Great Britain (1807, Stockdale, Piccadilly), to be as follows:

Years.	Ships.	Tons.	Outward only.
1780,	20	14,000	
1781,	26	20,000	3 ships 2043 tons.
1782,	23	17,000	1 864
1783,	13	10,000	
1784,	27	20,000	
1785,	43	31,000	
1786,	34	27,000	
1787,	31	26,000	
1788,	32	27,000	
1789,	31	26,000	
1790,	25	22,000	
1791,	28	23,000	
1792,	43	37,000	
1793,	46	40,000	
1794,	34	29,000	
1795,	46	42,000	
1796,	46	37,000	
1797,	26	22,000	21,434 extra, besides regular ships.
1798,	39	36,000	
1799,	34	30,000	
1800,	49	42,000	
1801,	39	35,000	
1802,	52	45,000	
1803,	54	46,000	
1804,	50	43,000	

Therefore the British tonnage, between 1802 and 1806, may be estimated at 45,000 tons, being only half more than the American tonnage; and if voyages of American ships to India by way of Europe were included, the difference would be much less.

Since writing what precedes, I have seen in an article of the Quarterly Review for December 1812, page 245, that the East India Company employs 115 ships, forming together 115,000 tons. There must be an error in this or the other statement.

exactly who began; opinions are divided on that point; or, which is the most odious injustice, that which is practised openly with contumely and violence, or that which is practised according to known forms and rules, and softened by outward decorum and diplomatic politeness. The latter at least shows some respect for moral principles, and for its victims; and the power who does you all the harm he possibly can, is more decidedly your enemy, than the one who does you only a small part of the injury he could inflict. It is impossible to deny that France, by her cruizers, and in her ports, that is to say, in all the ports of the Continent, has seized and destroyed all that she could reach; while, with the exception of certain branches of trade interdicted by England, (unjustly it may be), the commerce of America, everywhere in contact with her navy or in her ports, was not only suffered, but protected,—was immense, and increasing.

Since 1801 the United States have had a philosophical administration; which saw commerce in some respects as I see it, but did more than I would do,—that is to say, it attempted to force the people to adopt its opinions, and, under pretence of securing to trade a certain abstract freedom which nothing human can attain, sacrificed the real and substantial freedom it enjoyed, and its very existence. To have made, with the belligerent powers, such treaties as circumstances rendered practicable, leaving trade and traders to act as their prudence and judgment might suggest, would have been too simple and vulgar a policy. The American government was not contented with so passive a part; they had invented a system, and would establish it by experiments. The commerce of their own people is, therefore, just now, under the bell of the

pneumatic machine. They pump out the air, and imagine, that, by means of some indirect channels, the atmosphere of English commerce will be exhausted at the same time;—whether that will be the effect, remains to be seen.

Such is the opposition of interest and manners between the different sections of the United States, that the utmost forbearance and mutual toleration can alone maintain their union. When the question of the slavery of negroes was before Congress twenty years ago, it gave rise to animated debates, in the course of which a southern member (General Jackson) made use of the following argument: "There are," he said, "in some of the states of the union, particularly in Pennsylvania, a certain sect who will not fight for their country,—will not pay taxes,—refuse to take an oath in cases prescribed by the laws, like other citizens:—What right have such men to enjoy the benefits of a civil association, to the maintenance and protection of which they decline contributing, and with the regulations of which they refuse to comply? We knew, however, that such men existed among you when we agreed to the union, as you knew we had slaves. Allow us our negroes, and we will allow you your Quakers." The gallery was at that moment principally filled by persons of that sect,—zealous abolitionists.

The revolutionary war, which separated the English colonies from England, created a strong partiality in favour of France, to whom indeed they were in a good degree indebted for their independence. The sentiment of gratitude, from which that partiality sprung, was just and honourable in itself; but, by an association, as absurd as it was natural, it has united, ever since, inseparably the idea of liberty

with that of France in these republican heads: while England and despotism formed another association. The two great parties, which took, at the union of the states in 1789, the names of federalists and anti-federalists, sincere and pure as their objects might be, assumed the colours of the two great rival powers; and there has been, undoubtedly, ever since, a French and an English party. The Americans may say that England and France are for them mere abstract watch-words, like St Denis and St George. But there is virtue in names; and it cannot be denied that one-half of the inhabitants of the United States are in the habit of approving whatever France does, while the other does as much for England;—not exactly half, however, for the French party is much the most numerous. The other has on its side a decided majority of the talents, the wealth,* and the *gentility* of the country; from all appearances, I might say of the morality also, if I was not aware that much may be placed to the account of principles which are the effect of situation. A very remarkable circumstance is, that most of the veterans who bore arms against England during the revolution, are now of the party I call English. Washington himself, that model of patriots, whom all parties unite, since his death, in considering as eminently pure and wise, was openly denounced by the French party during his life.

* Talents are generally to be found in opposition to the government, in England, as well as in America, because it is the brilliant side; but wealth in England is arranged on the side of government, who protects it. In America, it feels the ill-will of a government dependent on the multitude, naturally jealous of the rich. Wealth, therefore, in America, seeks the protection of talents in the opposition.

It is now nine years since the reins of the United States' government fell from the weak hands of the last federalist who can ever have any chance of holding them till a separation takes place. The universality of suffrage secures a decided preponderance to St Denis; and all candidates for power, from the highest to the lowest, must bow to him, and never to St George. The American government has done so accordingly since 1801. Either from choice, or from the necessity of pleasing the multitude, its measures have been directed by a visible partiality in favour of St Denis.

> Les saints Anglois ont dans le caractère
> Je ne sais quoi de dur et d'insulaire;
> On tient toujours un peu de son pays,
> En vain notre âme est dans le paradis;
> Tout n'est pas pur, et l'accent de province
> Ne se perd point même à la cour du prince.

It is therefore natural that St George should feel some irritation, and we see him accordingly obstinately bent on points of form, rather than of substance; acting from ill temper and pride, rather than on sound principles of policy. St Denis, who observes all this, blows up the coals between the two angry governments, who appear to me to be doing exactly what he would wish, and to enter, of themselves, into his views, of which, however, he makes no secret; viz. to destroy maritime commerce, which he cannot enjoy, and to deprive St George of what is universally considered as the great foundation of his power. If England did not interdict the French ports to America, it is certain that France herself would have done so. There seemed, therefore, to be no necessity for the former to take upon itself the odium of the measure. England may very probably begin to see, in the growing

commerce of America, the foundation of a great naval power, to which her obnoxious restrictions might be intended as a check. This danger, however, appears to me far distant. Rich and populous as the United States are destined to be, in an extraordinary degree, their power will never be in any proportion. The American states are bound, not united, by the federal government,—bound like different sets of horses to the same car, one before, and the other behind. The charioteer, who is placed between them, is without either whip or reins, and can only *reason* with his horses, and call to them; at his voice they never fail to exert their strength in opposite directions,—sometimes it is one side which gets the better—sometimes the other; but it is easy to perceive that the car cannot proceed very far. Should it happen to be at last torn asunder, one set of horses and a pair of wheels drawing one way, and another the contrary way, there might indeed be something more effectual done; but, either bound together, or at liberty, the United States will ever feel an aversion to taxes; —they will not have a sufficient number of destitute individuals to fill the ranks of their army, or to man their navy, or a government strong enough to make the people fight and pay. Every new generation comes into life to enjoy it,—to increase and multiply, in peace and obscurity, in abundance and security,—and leave, at the call of nature alone, a life of content, undisturbed by either raptures or torments, exposed to few sacrifices, as well as spent without much glory.

It is impossible to become acquainted with the interior of families in England without discovering a very different state of things. The army, the navy, the East and West Indies, carry away and

consume the rising generation as fast as it attains to manhood. The necessity of acquiring, not merely the real necessaries and comforts of life, but the means of living in style,—a certain inveterate national habit of luxury, inexorable vanity in short, answer, in England, the same purpose as the conscription in France; and the fondest mother thinks as little of resisting the one as the other. This universal principle of activity constitutes the strength of England. Whether it secures private happiness is not so certain. Placed as England is, she must be great and glorious, or perish. The people of the United States may be weak and happy with impunity, and remain so, in spite of themselves, for a century to come.

One of the chief complaints which the United States make against Great Britain is, the right the latter assumes of taking its sailors wherever it can find them,—or rather the manner of exercising that right. Her ships of war search American vessels at sea, and take away forcibly any man who cannot prove, by a certain document called a protection, that he is an American, or whose physiognomy and language is at variance with this same protection,—a mode of proceeding humiliating and odious, and which leads to the intolerable consequence of sometimes pressing an American instead of an Englishman. Whatever may be the natural and moral right of an individual to change his country, or the right any government may have to protect a naturalized citizen, there can be no obligation on the part of that government to grant naturalizations, if, by so doing, it endangers its peace with other powers. The British government, setting aside abstract rights, but relying on a principle of public law acknowledged in Europe, says, that an

Englishman is always an Englishman. The political existence of England depends, in a great degree, on her navy; and if the United States have not only favoured desertions of her seamen, but pretend to screen them at sea under their flag, they are clearly in the wrong, and need not complain of any violence on the part of their adversary. On the other hand, if England refuses to listen to arrangements, which, at the same time that her abstract right to her natives should be acknowledged, would regulate the practice; if she should refuse to abandon, not the right of search and challenge of suspected seamen, but the right of impressment at sea, or to subject the taking any seamen out of an American ship to a legal, instead of an arbitrary investigation, England, I should then say, takes advantage of her superior strength; and as soon as the United States can, with any chance of success, oppose force to force, they will, and ought so to do. The pressing a natural born American in any case, but particularly out of an American ship, if not promptly disavowed, and amply redressed, is an enormity not to be endured.

Had the government of the United States kept within these bounds, the dispute would have been settled long since; but they wished to establish the same rule for natural born Americans and naturalized ones, and naturalized by means of laws which have changed with every turn of politics. It is notorious that nearly one-half of the crews of American ships sailing from southern ports, beginning at New York, were composed of British seamen. Every individual of them, however, most probably had protections; one-half of which were consequently false: how could it be expected that such

documents as these should be respected? and yet, in point of fact, very few comparatively of these English seamen were impressed,—not, I am persuaded, so much as one out of an hundred;* but then a few real Americans were impressed along with them; and the utmost use was made of the latter cases, whenever they occurred, to inflame the minds of the people.

Although the principle should be admitted *reciprocally*, of employing or protecting native seamen only, difficulties would undoubtedly remain as to the mode of ascertaining that nativity, and of determining the kind of document to be given; and of preventing fraudulent substitutions of this document or protection, from one individual to another. Something like the French *classes*, or registering of sailors in their native parishes, might be adopted. Heavy penalties would go a great way in detecting frauds; and the transfer of papers from one individual to another, might be effectually prevented, by tracing the profile of the individual on the margin of his protection,—which might be done by means of the pantograph, in two minutes. A liberal and dispassionate spirit is what is most wanting to bring this dispute to a satisfactory termination.

August 2,—We slept yesterday at Ormskirk, thirteen miles from Liverpool, and did not lose by the change. The local militia was assembled, and looked full as well as troops of the line, performing their exercise with great precision; they were not however very fine men. The females of this part

* The writer of this journal has owned twenty-four American vessels during the course of this war;—that is to say, since 1793, forming together more than five thousand tons, and had not ten sailors impressed out of these vessels during all that space of time, although a great number of them were undoubtedly British born.

of the country (Lancashire) seem gifted with a larger share of beauty than the men. We meet with many pretty faces, and fine shapes. This evening we are at Kendal; 63 miles to-day through a very fine country. Not the least appearance of poverty anywhere. The people at work in the fields, making hay, are all decently clothed. The cottages, though meanly built, mostly with mud, and thatched, have good casements; white-washed inside; roses and honeysuckle against the wall, and even jessamines and geraniums. This surely indicates a great degree of ease and comfort among the lower ranks. We passed, in the course of the day, immense fields of potatoes; the blossoms of some fields all purple, and others all white. Wheat seems cultivated on a smaller scale. Indeed I have not seen anywhere, in England, those boundless fields of waving corn, so common in the north of France. There is, on the other hand, much more land in meadows. Judging by their fields, they should consume more meat than bread in this country.

We have crossed many canals to-day, or perhaps the same several times over, on very good stone bridges of a single arch. These canals wind round hills, following levels, like natural streams, and are not at all offensive, in a picturesque light, except when they happen sometimes to travel side by side with a real river. It is not more than half a century since canals were generally introduced in England, and they are principally due to the enterprizing spirit of the Duke of Bridgewater (an appropriate name), guided by a celebrated engineer. He constructed, near Liverpool, a canal, bearing his name, which passes over a navigable river by means of a very high aqueduct. Canals intersect the country, in every direction, from north to south, and from east to west, in so curious a man-

ner, that, to give an idea of it, I annex here a map of canals, taken from a new publication, (Mr Oddy's), the object of which is to recommend some new junctions, marked with red in the map. Scotland, which is also well provided with canals, is not included in this map. The freight of a ton of coal, of 36 bushels, is about two pence per mile, and so in proportion for other things; wheat from Norfolk, which is a corn country, to Liverpool, which is not, costs for carriage about 9s. 2d. the quarter, of eight bushels; while by sea it would cost 13s. 3d. and without insurance 11s. The toll yields to the stockholders generally seven or eight per cent., and they are restricted to a certain maximum of profits.*

The town of Lancaster was in our way, and, contrary to the custom of small towns, it is good look-

* France may boast of having the first, and, I believe, the most magnificent and boldest canal in Europe,—the canal of Languedoc, begun by Henry the Great, and finished by Louis the Great, uniting the ocean to the Mediterranean, 200 miles in length, and passing over a height of about 800 feet, which is double the elevation of any canal in England. The United States are not without communications of this sort. The most considerable is the canal which unites the Meriamack river to the port of Boston; it descends 28 feet in six miles, by means of three locks, and 107 feet in 22 miles, by 19 locks, each 90 feet long and 12 wide, solidly built in stone. It was found necessary to cut, in some places, 20 feet deep through solid rocks, to fill up vallies, and construct aqueducts over rivers; one of them across the Shawshire, 280 feet in length, and 22 feet high. The canal, only 12 feet wide and 3½ feet deep, is navigated by boats constructed on purpose, 11 feet wide, and 75 feet long, carrying 24 tons. A raft, one mile in length, containing 800 tons of timber, is drawn by a pair of oxen, at the rate of one mile an hour. This canal cost 636,000 dollars.—*Official Report of Mr Gallatin to Congress*, 1808.

The celebrated royal canal of China, from Pekin to Canton, is 825 miles in length, 50 feet wide, and 9 feet deep, and traverses several large rivers on immense aqueducts.

ing and well built, of a fine yellow stone, veined like marble. The old castle has been turned into a prison and court-house, the arrangement nearly on the plan of Chester, and owing likewise to the active humanity of Howard; it is even better than the one at Chester, as there is more room. The number of prisoners, however, we were sorry to see so much greater, criminals as well as debtors. The jailor said he had under his lock and key debtors from L. 45,000 (a delinquent, collector of the customs,) to seven shillings. Debtors for sums less than L. 10, we were told, are let out without cost, after as many days detention as there are shillings in the sum they owe; the creditor is obliged to pay for their maintenance. There are ten or twelve criminals executed every year, and a greater number transported to Botany Bay, who do not consider it as any punishment at all. Some are kept there at hard labour, something on the plan of our penitentiary prisons in America. The jailor did not seem to believe in the efficacy of this philanthropic punishment. It does not in general last long enough to operate a total change of habits, nor is it fitted for example. What is to be done with all these poor wretches? "On est bien embarrassé des méchans—dans ce monde et dans l'autre." This prison was perfectly clean in every part, to the very dungeons;—this again is the fruit of Howard's labours. The view from John o' Gaunt's Tower extends over a bleak country, all the trees of which are bent to the ground by the air of the sea, and over the Cartmel Sands, forming a dangerous road in case you are overtaken by the tide, and which we propose to avoid.

The cattle we saw in Wales were all black and small, here all white, or nearly white, very large,

and their horns of unreasonable length and fantastic shape, turning down under the neck, or lying backwards, or pointed into the flesh, and each different ways, of no use to the animal as a defence, and quite a deformity;—the hornless cattle of Norfolk are less offensive.

The common people here, as well as everywhere in England, are very willing to answer questions to the best of their abilities, but they seem to know less beyond their immediate calling than the same classes in America;—the farmer knows nothing beyond the plough,—the shopman out of his trade,—and the post-boy only that part of the road to the next stage. Kendal is surrounded by hills, with beautiful vallies between.

Aug. 5.—Ambleside. We arrived here the 3d, in the morning, and discovered the lake of Windermere from the height of Bowness, which overlooks it about its middle. The first sight rather disappointed us; it had the appearance of one of our wide American rivers,—and we had expected something better. The lake is not much more than a mile wide, while the length is twelve; its surface, glassy and blue, reflected the opposite shore, of a moderate height, and shaded with coppice only. The extremity of the lake, on our left, appeared flat and tame; but its head, on our right, was crowned with bold mountains of an abrupt outline, and one of them bordering on the grotesque. Descending from the height, we proceeded to the right along the margin of the lake for some miles;—its gentle waves, clear and pure like crystal, fell in measured time on a beach of fine sand; the narrow winding road was quite overshadowed with trees,—a woody hill on the right, and the lake on the left, the whole way. We left

this with regret to reach Ambleside, which is some distance from the lake. Looking from thence towards the lake, you find it divested of that beautiful frame of hills described before; and it is certainly seen to most advantage from Bowness; but the mountains themselves, at the foot of which we are arrived, promise many beauties, and deserve to be examined at leisure. The season advancing, we propose continuing our progress to the north, and, after visiting Scotland, return to spend the remainder of the autumn here, where we are invited by friendship, as well as by the attractions of the scenery.

Aug. 9.—Hawick. We left Ambleside yesterday morning, with four horses, for a stage of twenty-four miles, the first part of which is entirely among hills. For five miles we crept up slowly a very steep ascent. Windermere and its banks appeared below as like a mere cup of water; other bright specks shone among the dark green of the mountainous landscape; and, at thirty miles distance, the sands of Cartmel and the Irish Sea skirted the horizon. Near us all was bare and desolate, and high rocks rose much above the road, which could not well be less than 1500 or 2000 feet above Ambleside. A descent, as rapid as the ascent, brought us to Patterdale (eleven miles), at the head of Ulswater. This is the wrong end from which to see it, but intending to return the same way, we shall lose nothing. This side of the mountains, into the bosom of which Ulswater penetrates, is bolder, and presents finer forms than the Windermere side. I took a sketch of Eagle Crag. The rest of the stage, to Penrith, lies along the margin of the west side of the lake,—its clear water and pebbly shore on one side, and a fine wood of old oaks on the

other; the opposite bank a naked rock, without any trees; and behind us, between the overhanging branches of the wood, the dark recess of mountains we had just left, of a uniform leaden blue. As we proceeded, the banks on both sides became lower and tamer,—and, at last, hardly even pretty. The woods, which contribute so much to the beauty of Ulswater, owe their preservation to the Duke of Norfolk, who is proprietor, and has erected a house, in the castellated Gothic style, in a very fine situation. The banks of Windermere, and, I am told, of other lakes, are stripped every fourteen years of their growing honours, to make brooms and charcoal!

Penrith is a tolerably good-looking little town; most of the houses had long boxes of reseda in their windows, and our inn was quite perfumed with "the Frenchmen's weed." On leaving Penrith for Carlisle, and from the top of a moderate hill, we had an extensive view of the whole range of mountains we had passed in the morning, and even saw, west of them, Helvellyn, and, more west, the top of Skiddaw, behind Saddleback. All these mountains appeared sunk behind the well-defined horizon of the rich plain rounding away before us.

We slept, at *merry* Carlisle (dull and ugly enough), 42 miles; and to-day, by Longtown and Langholm, to Hawick, 44 miles. About twelve miles north of Carlisle, our post-boy shewed us a tree which divides the two kingdoms; a nominal division, which brings to mind forcibly the unhappy times, when this very frontier was a desert, called debateable lands, open to the reciprocal depredations of the lawless borderers on both sides, and that little more than one hundred years ago. Our road was beautiful, along the banks of the Esk, the

Teviot, and several other dashing little rivers, with beds of romantic rocks. Passing over a high stone bridge on the Esk, the two arches of which rested on a middle pier boldly planted on a rock, we were struck with the milder beauties of the hanging wood and smooth lawn on the other side,—too natural to be entirely nature; for art here consists merely in removing those accidental defects which disturb the harmony of the whole. The artificial composition and order of gardens in England, as that of its government, abridges only the liberty of doing harm. A pretty cottage was just seen among the trees, with a neat path leading to it. We alighted, and followed the path to a small building of stones covered with thatch, and were looking through the casements at the rural furniture inside, when a little Scotch girl came running barefooted, with the key in her hand, and informed us that this was the Duke of Buccleugh's *boor*, and that her mother had the care of the place. The inside was covered, walls, ceiling, chairs, and sofa, with moss, ingeniously woven into a solid velvetty matting; the tables and frames of seats were of rough sticks and roots; and an adjoining closet contained a set of common earthen-ware, root salt-cellars, &c.: pretty toys for grown children, born in the lap of luxury, to play with, and make believe being poor! The water of the Esk, though very clear, appears deeply tinged with brown, like coffee.

We passed this afternoon a tract of country very different from England. It is a succession of steep hills, with intervening vallies, all uniformly covered with a fine green turf, smooth, and unbroken by a single tree, bush, weed, or stone; sheep hanging along the sides of the acclivities, and here and there a shepherd-boy wrapped up in his plaid;—

form ordinary to that substance. These rocks are less interesting to the painter than to the naturalist, they do not unite well with the country, and are either too uniform or too grotesque.

This is, in every respect, a singular town. The new part is placed in the middle of a beautiful and fertile country, without suburbs, or shabby approach, like other towns which have grown by degrees. This one was cast in a mould,—created all at once, within the memory of half its inhabitants; for, when this fine bridge which now unites the two towns, was built, in 1769, the new town did not exist, or only three or four houses of it. Houses are shewn in the old town where persons of the first consequence lived not a great many years ago, now only deemed fit for the lowest tradesmen or labourers. I find in the statistical progress of the capital of Scotland, by Sir John Sinclair, comparing its state in the year 1763 and 1793, several very curious facts. Lord Drummore's house was left by a chairman for want of accommodation; that of the Duke of Douglas is now occupied by a wheelwright; Oliver Cromwell once lived in the late gloomy chamber of the Sheriff's clerk; the great Marquis of Argyll's house was possessed by a hosier, at the rent of L. 12 per annum. These facts indicate a great revolution in the manner of life of all ranks of people,—a revolution which most people of an advanced age deplore,—which the new generation exults in,—and which has its advantages and disadvantages; the former, however, undoubtedly preponderate. There cannot be any great harm in having a little more space and cleanliness in their dwellings; in spending their evenings at plays and concerts, rather than at taverns; in dining at the hour in which they used to sup, and

using umbrellas in a country where it rains so often. The great change noticed in the same work, in the use of ardent spirits, is of a much more alarming nature. The consumption has increased prodigiously, while the consumption of beer has diminished nearly in the same proportion. In 1708 there were 51,000 gallons of spirituous liquors distilled in Scotland; in 1791, 1,696,000 gallons; in 1720, 520,478 barrels of beer were brewed; and in 1784, only 97,577. Independently of the bad consequences of the change, the grain necessary to make beer was a valuable resource in case of scarcity;—distillation answers that purpose in a less degree.

That fertility, for which volcanic countries are remarkable, prevails in this part of Scotland, which, although without volcanoes, presents geological phenomena sufficiently analagous to enrich the soil. All the country south-east of Edinburgh is the granary of Scotland. The author already quoted mentions, that, in 1781, the fleet of Admiral Parker, composed of fifteen line of battle ships, nine frigates, and six hundred merchant vessels, cast anchor in the Frith of Forth, and remained there seven weeks, without raising sensibly the price of provisions. The crews attacked by the scurvy were cured by the plentiful use of vegetables, and particularly by strawberries, of which extraordinary quantities grow in the neighbourhood.

In 1763, the few carriages used at Edinburgh came from London. In 1783, they were so well constructed on the spot, as to form an object of exportation; and an order from Paris for one thousand carriages was actually executed at Edinburgh in that year; and I think I recollect having met

them travelling in a long file from Rouen to Paris the following summer (1784).

In eight years, the tonnage of the port of Edinburgh (Leith) has increased from 42,000 tons to 130,000 tons, and yet there are few manufactures, only glass and paper;—no considerable river in the neighbourhood,—no rich productions:—but industry, frugality, and good-order are the mines whence they draw their wealth.

Besides the bridge, there is another communication between the two towns,—a stupendous causeway near a hundred feet high, and two hundred feet wide at the top, formed entirely of the ground dug out for the foundations of the new town, projected *en talus* across the immense ditch. The wind, which is often here a hurricane, blows with peculiar violence along this hollow, sweeping the causeway and the bridge in its passage, and might carry off passengers, or annoy them extremely, if they were not guarded by a stone wall seven or eight feet high, built for that purpose the whole length of it; and the open balustrade of the bridge having been found an insufficient protection, the interstices have been filled. The causeway was supposed to contain 1,305,000 cart loads of earth in 1792, and may well have been doubled since that time.

From the windows of our apartment we see, above the houses opposite to us, the Castle on its rocky pedestal, and the esplanade where the troops are exercised. The wind, which agitates their standards, bears to us, at intervals, the sounds of warlike music, and the last rays of the sunshine on their polished arms. The centinels seen "athwart the sky" seem really "of giant size;"—an image I had admired in the splendid poem of Mr Scott,

notwithstanding my doubts of its exactness, and for which it is not easy to account. The same cause which enlarges to our eyes the apparent bulk of the moon at the time of its rising or setting (the comparison with intervening objects), should diminish the human figure. It is not the greatness of bulk of the moon on the horizon which is a deception of our sight, but its smallness at the zenith. Rocks and mountains, and even castles and fortifications, seem always nearer than they are; and a man, moving along the top of them, should appear like a dwarf, rather than a giant. The poet, however, has drawn correctly from nature, and, as is usual with him, most happily. The Castle has nothing remarkable but its situation and prospect, which is very extensive and singular. One side overlooks the venerable uncleanliness of the old town, displaying, just under the eye, a labyrinth of crooked lanes and steep narrow passages, called closes. On the other, you have a stupendous precipice, and the broad ditch, already so often described, at the bottom; beyond that, the new town presents its fair front, divided into square battalions, covered with the buckler of their roofs, *en tortue*, separated, by regular intervals, in straight lines, and at right angles. All is order, light, and neatness,—the very reverse of the old town. Beyond that again, at some distance, an estuary six or seven miles broad,—the Frith of Forth, or mouth of the Forth. The mountains of the county of Fife skirt the horizon. All around the town, a cultivated country, rich, green, and sufficiently shady, soon terminated in the south-west by a confused cluster of barren hills, (the Pentland Hills); farther west the chain of the Highlands; east, the German ocean.

Descending from the Castle, we followed a long street, on a slope, forming the only avenue to it. This street is terminated at its lower end by Holyroodhouse. On the way, we were shewn a small window of a very poor and old house, from whence the fanatic John Knox, 250 years ago, used to harangue the furious and ignorant populace of Edinburgh, against the Antichrist of Rome, and the unfortunate Queen Mary. About the same period, the Huguenots were exposed, in France, to worse treatment. Holyroodhouse is a dismal monastic-looking castle, formerly the residence of the Scotch Kings;—a quadrangle, flanked with towers at each corner; the apartments distributed all round. The name of *Monsieur* on a door attracted our attention; it was the apartment occupied, for some years, by that Prince and his little court. His bed is still there, and some remains of furniture. We were shewn, on the wall, the portrait of Princess Elizabeth, well painted, but over dressed, in the extreme of the fashion of the time. At the extremity of a long gallery, on a raised platform, the altar is still seen where mass used to be celebrated for these illustrious exiles. Raising a corner of the cloth which covers this altar, we recognized the familiar form of a common sideboard, which had been thus dignified.

The apartment of another unfortunate royal person, Queen Mary, is under the same roof. Her bed is shewn, covered with a fine silk counterpane, in tatters; then the fatal closet, hardly twelve feet square, where the beauteous queen was at supper with her favourite, David Rizzio, and some other persons, when a troop of assassins, having the sort of king her husband at their head, burst in, and tore the Italian from her pre-

sence, and even from her arms, dragging him through several rooms, pierced with their swords in fifty-six places. * We reached the fatal closet by the same back staircase, raised the same corner of the same tapestry, covering the narrow door in the thick wall, through which the murderers entered the queen's apartment. Traces of blood are visible on various parts of the floor. Our conductress observed, that the floor is scoured regularly once a week; and supposing it to have always been as well taken care of, that is 12,000 or 13,000 scourings since the murder;—yet the blood is there, and nothing can take it off!

The gallery is decorated with a series of portraits of the sovereigns of Scotland, all evidently by the same hand, and much in the style of the kings and queens of a pack of cards. I do not know who the artist is; none of the elect, I believe. Yet Holbein, whose pictures hang on the walls of the connoisseurs, is not a better artist than this painter of the Scotch royalty.

The garden is quite overgrown with weeds. The chapel, now unroofed, and in ruins, was deemed a model of the finest Gothic; its present desolate aspect suits the melancholy *ensemble* of the palace. I have taken a bird's eye view of it from Calton Hill, and of the singular hills called Salisbury Craig, and Arthur's Seat, behind the palace, with a few of the roofs of the old town below.

The building for the records of title-deeds, &c. is well secured against fire, and very handsome. A lady artist has decorated it with a colossal statue

* Hume's History.

of his majesty, in white marble, which does more honour to the loyalty of the inhabitants of Edinburgh, and their complaisance to the fair donor, than to their taste. By some strange accident an upper slice of the head, just all that part above the eyes, containing the brains, has been displaced, and laid by on a shelf, crown and all. It was probably originally an added piece, the block not being long enough, and has since come loose; but this accident might pass for a very improper joke.

The advocates of Edinburgh have formed a very excellent library, filling six large rooms. The college has also a library much less considerable, and a cabinet of natural history, well arranged, but, as yet, in its infancy.

August 18.—We have just seen the penitentiary house, constructed on a very ingenious plan;—a semicircular building, seven stories high, each containing fourteen cells, all open towards the common centre, which is like a great well open from top to bottom. A bow window, with lattices, repeated at each story, overlooks them all, and nothing can be done by the prisoners without being seen; they work solitary, and in silence, in these 98 cells; and at night sleep in other little rooms behind them. This tower, or rather section of a tower, is lighted by a sky light, and well ventilated. No bad smells,—no noise,—great order,—all as well as possible; except that the correction does not correct; and the same individuals are observed to return from time to time to enjoy again this philosophical retirement. A thing happened to us here which deserves to be mentioned. I had observed written over the door, an injunction not to give any money; but the woman who conducted us was so obliging, that I could not believe she

did not expect some recompense for her trouble, and she received what I gave her without saying any thing; but when, on leaving the house, I was going to put something into the box for poor prisoners, the keeper said it was unnecessary, as the woman who had accompanied us had just put in the half crown I had given her! We had not seen her do it; she had disappeared immediately, and could have no motive of ostentation; nobody was present when she received the money. "*Où la vertu va-t-elle se nicher!*"

A large and convenient house in the best part of Edinburgh (Queen Street) built of freestone, has just been sold for L. 3000; another nearly equal, for L. 2500; and in inferior streets, very good houses may be had for L. 1800, or hired for L. 100 a-year, and about L. 30 taxes. A man-servant L. 40 a-year; a woman-cook L. 12; a maid-servant L. 8. A carriage, including coachman, and every thing else, L. 250 a-year. Land in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, lets at the exorbitant price of L. 10 the Scotch acre; or feued lands, a perpetual lease, at L. 8 the English acre. High as it is, this permanent rent must become, in time, little more than nominal. All the arable land between Edinburgh and Berwick, lets between L. 5 and L. 6 an acre, (one-fifth more than the English acre). There being no tithes here to the clergy, nor poor's-rates, rents are, of course high in proportion, or even higher. The farmers who have this rent to pay, must give also higher wages to their labourers, who have no parish assistance to depend upon,—18s. to 25s. a-week, equal to 3s. or 4s. a-day, instead of 2s. or 2s. 6d. generally paid in England. I do not understand how these farmers can live; yet they pay their rents

exactly as in England; and farms are in great request. The national habits of industry and frugality can alone account for their success.

There are no public institutions here for the poor, not even for the old and infirm; no hospitals, but in the large towns. The destitute are assisted by voluntary contributions at the church doors, and private charity. I was informed by Mr A. of the following circumstance. Seventeen workmen were killed in a coal mine, by the accidental inflammation of hydrogen gas, and a greater number would have perished, if they had not been assisted immediately by the workmen of another mine in the vicinity. The latter raised among themselves a sum of L. 12, for the immediate assistance of the destitute families of those who had perished; and 32 young children left orphans, were immediately distributed among the neighbours and relations of the sufferers. Mr A. observed, at the same time, that there was more public spirit in England, and more individual charity in Scotland; the natural effect of different circumstances.

During the nine days we have spent at Edinburgh, there has not been a single one without some showers of rain; but we are told it is after a long drought. The temperature of the air varies from 60° to 72°. It is strange to see the women going about the streets barefooted, on the pavement, which is very smooth, but continually wet; they are in other respects cleanly dressed, even with gloves on, and an umbrella. The fish-market is supplied by women, who come some miles with enormous loads of fish on their backs, strapped across the breast. Their husbands are out all night in their boats, catching these fish, with

the women leave home at break of day, look strong, healthy, and very cheerful, ing along the road; but in general remarkably ugly; and among the lower people in Scotland, the sex is certainly not beautiful. Pennant says of another part of Scotland, "the tender sex (I blush for the Caithnesians) are the only animals of burthen. They turn their patient backs to the dunghills, and receive in their keises or baskets, as much as their lords and masters think fit to fling in with their pitchforks, and then trudge to the fields in droves of sixty or seventy." I might, however, furnish a companion to this picture; for I recollect to have seen in France, that land of gallantry, a woman and an ass harnessed together to the same plough, and the tattered peasant behind stimulating his team with a seemingly impartial whip.

We have reason to be grateful for the hospitality shewn us at Edinburgh, and we do not leave it without regret.

Aug. 21.—Hamilton. We left Edinburgh yesterday morning. The first six miles were through a very fine rich country, well wooded, and full of gentlemen's houses; after that came extensive moors and waste lands, over which cultivation is encroaching here and there. At Lanark, 32 miles, we took a hasty dinner, and walked to the falls of the Clyde, three miles. Like all the Scotch rivers, the Clyde is a torrent, rolling its coffee-coloured, yet limpid waters, along a bed of rocks, deeply sunk between perpendicular banks, or walls of rocks, 150 feet high, with bold projections and indentments. An easy path follows the brink of this precipice; the other side of the chasm, rising in full view, is as high, or higher. You soon come

to a great fall of the river. Turning a corner, it presents itself in full view, tumbling down broken ledges of rocks, between the two rugged cheeks; this is called Corra-linn. Then soon another fall (Boniton),—and another again,—till, after a walk of one mile on even ground, along the precipitous bank, you reach the top of all the falls, and the river, raised to your level, washes the sod at your feet.

Such are the outlines of this wonderful scene; the beauty of which consists in the happy indentments and breaks of the deep rocky banks, affording not merely good points of view for the falls, but admirable details, and an endless variety of picturesque accidents nearer the eye. On the opposite bank, the face of the rock is finely shaped,—very dark,—stained with dripping moisture, and spreading moss, pure white, light green, or brimstone colour. Tufts of fern and shrubs struggle for life wherever there is any footing, and out of every cleft trees push forward their knotty branches, and bare roots, creeping plants hanging in wreaths from bough to bough. On either side the hill rises far above the top of these rocky banks, and a hanging wood overshades the path; fountains of pure water spring out of its side, near which resting-places have been provided, thatched over, and lined with moss, as at the Duke of Buccleuch's. Lady Ross is proprietor of this beautiful place, and the public is certainly much obliged to her for the walk, the fountain, and the resting-places; but artists would wish besides to have some means of descending to the bottom of the chasm, so as to obtain a view of the fall fitter for the pencil than the present bird's-eye view; and this might be easily contrived. The opposite bank belongs to a lady also; and both shew their taste in the choice

of their residence. I like this place better than Piercefield, which it resembles in the shape of the grounds; but the Wye is dull and slimy,—the Clyde clear and boisterous; and the coffee-tinge of the latter temperates happily the whiteness of the tumbling foam, which otherwise might be too like cascades of magnesia. Quite captivated with the charms of Lady Ross, I paid her a second visit of three hours the next morning, and tried several sketches, but with very indifferent success.

Returning to Lanark, we stopped a moment at a cotton-manufactory. It was the first established in Scotland, and the most considerable. It is certainly a prodigious establishment. We saw four stone buildings, 150 feet front each, four stories high of twenty windows, and several other buildings, less considerable;—2500 workmen, mostly children, who work from six o'clock in the morning till seven o'clock in the evening, having in that interval an hour and a quarter allowed for their meals; at night, from eight to ten for school. These children are taken into employment at eight years old, receiving five shillings a-week; when older, they get as much as half-a-guinea. Part of them inhabit houses close to the manufactory, others at Lanark, one mile distance; and we were assured the latter are distinguished from the others by healthier looks, due to the exercise this distance obliges them to take,—four miles a-day. Eleven hours of confinement and labour, with the schooling, thirteen hours, is undoubtedly too much for children. I think the laws should interfere between avarice and nature. I must acknowledge, at the same time, that the little creatures we saw did not look ill.

The prodigious increase of manufactories

England, and the application of the force of water to their machinery, threatened equally the purity of mountain-streams and of morals; but farther improvements in mechanics have led to another mode of applying the force of water, and, instead of its weight, its expansion is now made subservient to the arts. The steam-engine is an agent so convenient, so powerful, and so economical, in a country abounding with fossil coal, that falls of water have been abandoned; but the great manufactory of Lanark had been established before this great discovery. The cost of the steam-engine and fuel is more than compensated by the advantage of saving the transportation of both the rough materials and the manufactured articles; of being on the spot of consumption and exportation, and where a great population furnishes workmen, rather than among deserts and mountains. I understand there are now even grist-mills worked by the steam-engine.

We set out from Lanark on foot, to visit, in our way, the course of the Mouse, an imperceptible little river, at the bottom of a frightful chasm, quite out of sight and hearing, from the great depth of its banks. The path along the top is, in some places, so narrow and slippery, as to make you cling to the trees and bushes instinctively. We were shewn, by the guide, the very place where the hounds of his Grace of Hamilton, in close pursuit of a fox, rushed down a precipice of five hundred and some feet after him, (the height was measured after the event) and caught the fox in the water, into which they all fell! The guide next shews you, among the rocks on the opposite side, a dark hole leading to a cavern, the hiding-place (he had many) of the Caledonian hero, Wallace;

then the place where, quite lately, an adventurous boy was let down by a rope held by two other boys, some hundred feet along the surface of a bald rock, to get at a nest of grey hawks, which they sold for fifteen shillings! Then a stone bridge of one arch, all grey and mossy with age, built by the Picts; and all these circumstances are set down in the journals of each tourist, of whom we met several in the same tract with ourselves. At the end of this interesting walk, we reached our post-chaise, glad to be carried along, without further exertions, easily and swiftly, and to see a fine country flying along by the side of us, incessantly varied under our eyes. Soon, however, we left this passive enjoyment, and descended, by a beaten path, to our beautiful Clyde again, which takes here another leap, more magnificent, perhaps, than the first, but so inferior in picturesque accompaniments, as not to be comparable.

On our arrival at Hamilton, we found a pressing invitation from Mr C. to his house, and he soon came himself to repeat it; but we only allowed ourselves the pleasure of spending the next day with him, and of visiting the palace under his guidance.

August 22.—Hamilton-Palace is only a large house, without any pretensions to architecture, and its site quite flat; but smooth lawns, and spreading trees, have a charm in themselves, which makes up for the absence of any other. Among the pictures, we noticed one of much reputation, Daniel in the Lions' Den, by Rubens. The prophet, seated on a stone, is surrounded by a number of lions and lionesses, who take very little notice of him. His terror, however, appears extreme; his hands clasped, and elbows squeezed against his sides;

his knees are pressed together; you could fancy a cold sweat running on his face, the expression of which is low and vulgar. Instead of a prophet, he seems a common malefactor abandoned to the wild beasts, who knows he has deserved his fate, and expects fully to be eaten up as soon as the lions shall be ready for their meal:—not the least appearance of pious resignation, or trust in providence. There is a hole above his head, by which light penetrates into the cave, and which serves probably as a door, as well as a window. This opening is so low, that, if the prophet had not lost his head, he might see that a moderate jump would extricate him at once from his most critical situation. To do justice to Rubens, I must say, that an author of undoubted taste (Gilpin) has praised this very picture as a *chef-d'œuvre*, and I beg to refer my readers to his book.* His theory on the means of exciting imagination by hiding partly, rather than by showing too plainly objects of terror,—the angry heads of the lions, for instance, while the rest of their bodies should remain in shadow, is so just, that I should reproach myself the more for not seeing, in the principal figure, all he saw, if I did not know how arbitrary and conventional the taste of connoisseurs is. La Bruyere calls it *un gout de comparaison*. Connoisseurs take their models among the fathers of the art, and, losing sight of nature,

"widely stray
Where Virgil, not where fancy leads the way."

By the side of this Rubens, there is a N. Poussin,

* Gilpin's Scotch Tour, p. 56 to 64.

which appeared to me very good; a groupe of women and disciples round the body of Christ. The expression of the heads and attitudes very fine; and the colouring less of the dull brick and lead than usual. Several excellent portraits by Vandyke.

Chatelherault, from the name of some possessions of the family in France, is a dependence of Hamilton-House. The ride to it is along a ravine, something like the deep bed of the Mouse we saw the day before yesterday, but much inferior. The little river here is called the Avon. A grove of oaks is shewn at this place of a prodigious size:—we saw them at a distance only. It is clear that Scotland is capable of bearing fine timber, and that its want of wood is chargeable to the inattention of the inhabitants, and not to any defect of soil or climate.

We finished the day at our obliging conductor's. The roses of his garden are still in flower; cherries are not over; green peas and cauliflowers are in season; and hay-making has travelled with us from London here,—nearly two months difference! The summer of Scotland is uncertain, late, and cool. The seasons are blended together, and it is scarcely ever hot or cold.

August 24.—Glasgow. Yesterday morning we visited the ruins of Bothwell Castle, in the grounds of Lord Douglas,—a good ruin, but dressed rather too youthfully. It looks as if it had been taken up from its old bed of rubbish, carefully dusted, scoured with soap suds and a brush, then placed on the top of a knoll of neat turf, with a gravel walk all round. There used to be a bed of flowers too,—but that is removed; and, upon the whole, if the gravel walk was made to resemble an easy worn path,

I would not quarrel with the green turf, nor the absence of thorns and briars. The grounds, though not extensive, are very beautiful, and the walks well laid out. We saw no servants to fee, and watch our steps, which is certainly unusually liberal.

At night we were received with Scotch hospitality at Mill-heugh by the family of the late celebrated Professor Millar. A little sequestered and shady vale, watered by a small lively stream, is called here a *holme*, (but pronounced, though not meaning, *home;)* and the rivulet is called a *burn*.

On our arrival at Glasgow this morning, we found at the inn several notes of invitation, and offers of service, as obliging as unexpected. These were not simple forms of politeness, for in less than an hour, Professor M. Mr G. and Mr H. having learned that we had so little time to stay, undertook to carry us immediately to the principal manufactories. We have seen carding and spinning-mills, weaving-mills, mills for everything. The human hand and human intelligence are not separated; and mere physical force is drawn from air and water alone, by means of the steam-engine.*

* A steam-engine, of the power of forty horses, consumes about five chaldrons, or 11,000 lbs. weight of coals in twenty-four hours; and, notwithstanding the great cheapness of coals, the keeping of 120 horses (three sets of 40, to relieve each other), would not cost more than double the price of the fuel; therefore, in a country where fuel costs more than double the price here, the steam-engine could not be used to advantage. This great consumption of fuel, by confining the steam-engine to a coal country, secures, in a great degree, to England, the exclusive privilege of a prodigious power, alone sufficient to give her a decided superiority in the practice of most of the useful arts. It is more than a century since the principles of the steam-engine were

Manufactories, thus associated with science, seem to produce with the facility and fecundity of nature. It is impossible to see without astonishment these endless flakes of cotton, as light as snow, and as white, ever pouring from the carding-machine, then seized by the teeth of innumerable wheels and cylinders, and stretched into threads, flowing like a rapid stream, and lost in the *tourbillon* of spindles. The eye of a child or of a woman, watches over the blind mechanism, directing the motions of her whirling battalion, rallying disordered and broken threads, and repairing unforeseen accidents. The shuttle likewise, untouched, shoots to and fro by an invisible force; and the weaver, no longer cramped upon his uneasy seat, but merely overlooking his self moving looms, produces forty-eight yards of cloth in a day, instead of four or five yards.

Passing rapidly from one thing to another, you have only time to wonder, without understanding enough to explain satisfactorily what you have seen, or scarcely to retain any connected remem-

discovered, and applied to mechanical uses, but it is not more than twenty-five or thirty years since this machine, I might almost say this living body, was brought to its present state of perfection, by the celebrated Mr Watt. The expression of its power in horses is more practical than scientific. The power of a horse is understood to be that which will elevate a weight of 33,000lbs. the height of one foot in a minute of time, equal to about 990lbs. four miles in an hour; a force greater than that exerted by an ordinary cart-horse, which is not estimated at more than 70lbs.; that is to say, that a horse harnessed to a cart, weighing, with its load, 40 cwt. or two tons, and drawing on a level road at the rate of four miles an hour, makes use of the same force as if his traces, instead of being fastened to a cart, passed over a pulley, and lifted perpendicularly a weight of 70lbs.

brance of it. One thing, however, made an impression, from its ingenious futility,—the tambouring or embroidering *mill.* Multitudes of needles, self-moving, execute, as by enchantment, a regular pattern of sprigs or flowers. This machine has the appearance of the stocking-loom. I do not know whether there is not a dying mill; the force of water is used at least in the process, to press the yarn after it has been dipped, and to squeeze out the dye. This was done formerly by twisting with a stick; a slow and laborious process, injurious to the yarn. It is now done by the water-press, as powerful as it is simple and ingenious. A strong case, (of iron I believe), of about three feet every way, receives a lid, or rather piston, exactly fitted to its interior, in which it plays up and down. Water is introduced under this piston by means of a forcing pump, the lever of which is worked by one or two men; every stroke of the lever injects a small portion of water under the piston, which, acting like a wedge, lifts it insensibly, compressing the yarn placed over. The labour of two men applied for five minutes, elevates a weight of 50 tons from the bottom of the case, that is to say, three feet. The mechanism of this press appears to me the inverse of the pneumatic machine, and to resemble, in principle, the *belier hydraulique* of Mr Montgolfier, only the lever being substituted to a fall of water. This press might be so constructed as to be easily transported, and applied where wanted to remove heavy bodies; its power has scarcely any other limits than the strength of the case, which should be cylindrical instead of square. The quantity of water required, is, of course, no more than the case can hold.

Many of these manufactories requiring an even

temperature of about 70°, which exceeds that of the external air, the windows are kept constantly shut; indeed they are often constructed so as not to open at all, or at most only one pane in a window, and the atmosphere is, as may be supposed, not very pure. Some of the processes require even 90° or 100°, obtained by means of large fires in stoves, winter and summer. We just looked in, and the heat appeared quite insupportable to us, although we have often experienced it for days together in America. The men did not seem to suffer from it; the external air was to day 55° to 60°.

There are here convenient warm-baths in marble (supplied, I believe, by the steam-engine) for 3s.

August 25.—Continuing our round of sights, we have seen this morning, but much too hastily, the Museum called Hunterian, from the name of its founder, Mr John Hunter, a celebrated surgeon. There is a curious collection of anatomical monstruosities, principally of the human fœtus. The collection of minerals appears very considerable, as well as that of medals; the whole well arranged in a very fine building. We perceived, with an interest mixed with some shame, an original letter of Washington, exposed to the eyes of the public under a glass. The object of this letter was to give directions for a handsome uniform for himself, with an appearance of care and importance rather derogatory from heroical dignity. Everybody knows heroes unbend sometimes; but I own I wish I could get any other letter to substitute for this one. There are so few letters of Washington not fit to be seen and admired, that this unhappy selection is the more to be regretted.

A merchant of this town, Mr Gordon, has a small collection of very good pictures. Two of the best,

Titians I have yet seen in England; a Rembrandt, (Lazarus in the tomb), the colouring merely black and white, mellowed with yellow, and his usual glorious outline, of the greatest effect. A good Murillo,—and I have not seen a bad one yet.

Cobbett's prosecution for a libel being mentioned in a company where I happened to be, and his having pleaded his cause himself, as Mr Perry, another writer in the same predicament, had done before him, but with very different success,—somebody said "Cobbett wanted to be *Perry*, when he ought to have been *mum*." As it is not in the nature of puns to be translatable, I shall not undertake to convey the very great merits of this one into French, but merely observe *en passant*, that the *nation pensante* is by no means insensible to this species of wit.

I was surprised to hear the following anecdote respecting David Hume, so well known in France as a grave philosopher and profound metaphysician, and not at all as a jester. He bequeathed to his friend John Home, author of the tragedy of Douglas, certain excellent Madeira wine, known to be particularly approved of by him, and certain port wine, which he disliked, on condition, (and all this in the will, as I understand) that his friend Home should not taste the former till he had finished the latter,—drank it fairly to the last drop. This is surely a very odd joke between philosophers, and on such an occasion. It may have been done in sincere *gaieté de cœur*;—there is nothing too fantastical not to be true in this *Isle des Sonnettes* of Rabelais. In any other country I should think this a mere affectation of contempt of death. David Hume, a very good man in practice, was, as every man knows, a perfect unbe-

liever. It had been the endeavour of his literary life to undermine and shake those opinions of a future life, which are often the support of virtue,—the last hope of the unfortunate,—the only counterpoise of absolute evil in this world,—and which furnish the only explanation of which it is susceptible. Children sing when they are frightened; and, towards the close of his life, the philosopher might think it expedient to sing also.

Close to Edinburgh, on the slope of Calton Hill, the tomb of Hume is shown, a sort of low tower which he himself built in his lifetime, to receive all that was to remain of his existence. "L'immortalité," says Villeterque, "est le songe du dernier sommeil, on ne se reveille pas pour en jouir." Fallacious as the sentiment of immortality seems to some, they still cling to it in some shape, unwilling to let go what they declare has no reality. To them, thought is matter, but then matter is thought; that is to say, a thing so totally different from any of its sensible properties, that it might as well bear another name, and proud would they be to give it that name, and to proclaim a spirit beyond matter, if they could be the first to do so;—proud to acknowledge the conscious feeling of unperishable life, if the unanimous voice of mankind had not acknowledged it before them. Burns addressed to a mouse his plough had turned up these lines, of so melancholy and so profound a sense:

> Still thou art blest compared to me,
> The present only toucheth thee;
> But oh! I backward cast my eye
> On prospect drear,
> And forward, though I cannot see,
> I guess and fear.

Deplorable as the uncertainty of our ideas on futurity is already, that ambition of fame which seeks its gratification in the extinguishment of men's best hopes, is a more effectual curse to them, than the vulgar ambition of conquering fame.

I understand there is more of the reforming spirit observable at Glasgow than at Edinburgh. That spirit is scarcely ever found among the people of the country, but only in the large towns, and peculiarly in the manufacturing towns. Their population is exposed to many hard vicissitudes and trials. When trade is prosperous, they earn a great deal, live in luxury, and indulge in excesses; at other times they starve, and are consequently turbulent and discontented. Although there may be desirable reforms in the government, the morals of these reformers themselves are more immediately in need of amendment. The condensed population of trading towns has been the hot-bed of liberty, and gave the signal of emancipation among the lower ranks; but the excess of this condensation now generates license. Scotland is, upon the whole, very loyal; and considering how lately it has lost its former independence, or rather separate sovereignty, and how many things remain to perpetuate the recollection of it, there is some reason to be surprised that the Scots should appear more attached to the British government, more quiet and obedient, than even the English themselves. Why should Ireland present a spectacle so totally different?

A gentleman who has a farm near Glasgow, has sold the crop of a field of potatoes at something more than L. 30 sterling an acre, in the ground, and to be taken up by the purchaser. This appears prodigious; and if there is so much advantage in

the cultivation of potatoes, one would suppose it would be soon so extended as to bring the returns of a field of potatoes nearer on a par with that of a field of wheat.

The income-tax on lands (one-tenth) is raised on the rent, when the land is let, and when the proprietor is his own farmer, the rent is estimated by the general value of land, and not by the actual proceeds. Such is the prodigious increase of industry here, that such lands as would have let sixty years ago at 2s. an acre, bring now four guineas, (forty-two times), and the rent is paid with more facility, certainty, and regularity than formerly. Scotch farmers are said not to be so blindly attached to old exploded methods, as those of England, and are more disposed to profit by modern discoveries; but the great cause of their success is to be attributed to the frugality, perhaps a little sordid, of these people, and their indefatigable industry. They win the race, as the tortoise did with the hare.

Immense supplies of wheat and flour have arrived at Greenock lately, and more is expected, which will arrive too late, for the crop is tolerable, and prices falling. I am assured more corn came from France in the space of a few weeks last spring, than there ever was imported from America in any one year. The great surplus of subsistence which allows such exportations of grain, must arise either from a very flourishing state of agriculture, or from a lessening population. In the United States the population follows so close on the means of subsistence, as never to leave any great surplus for exportation.

The inhabitants of this town have raised a monument to the glory of Nelson; an obelisk of 150 feet,

high, from a design of Mr Craig's, scarcely finished. It has just been struck with lightning, and the effect is very singular. Several large stones have been nearly torn out near the top, and hold only by one end, like a door turning upon its hinges. The state of the obelisk is so threatening, as to make it a dangerous undertaking even to take it down.

August 26.—We have taken leave of our Glasgow friends this morning with some regret, and in hopes of meeting again before we leave Scotland. Being Sunday, we saw many women in and near town, walking to church in their best apparel, and really very neatly dressed. White gowns, shawl, black velvet bonnet, gloves, and an umbrella, absolutely walking bare-footed in the mud, very composedly, with their shoes and stockings in their hands. This custom is defended as clean, for they must wash their feet,—as wholesome, for they are sure of having dry shoes and stockings,—and it is certainly saving.

Between Glasgow and Dumbarton, we saw the great canal, which comes into the Clyde near the latter place, uniting the east with the west coast; it is 35 miles in length, between the Forth and the Clyde; rising in this interval to a total height of 160 feet, by means of 39 locks. It admits vessels drawing 8 feet of water, 19 feet wide, and 73 long, passing over a number of vallies by means of aqueducts. The principal one is 65 feet high and 420 feet long. This fine canal, finished about twenty years ago, cost only L. 200,000. The great military canal, which, like this, traverses Scotland from one sea to the other, that is to say, from Inverness to Fort-William, cost three times as much, although its utility is doubted.

Gentlemen's houses appear full as numerous

about this country as in England, with the same accompaniments of plantations and lawns, although, perhaps, not so neatly kept. The great number of watering and sea-bathing places, where people resort in summer, had made me doubt their love for the country, and its retirement. But the number of gentlemen's houses is so prodigious, that all the places of public resort together, could not hold any considerable part of their inhabitants, and most of them must be supposed to remain at home.

The Fort of Dumbarton is, like its fellow of Edinburgh, perched on an insulated rock; this one, however, rising at once like a vast pillar in the middle of a plain, or rather marsh, and without any accompaniments, is more astonishing. I have not looked at it near, but I have no doubt it is basaltic like the others, or what is called in Scotland whin, of a dark iron grey colour, or greenish with light specks, hard, ponderous, fine grained, and decomposing slowly in the air. Whenever a piece is broken, you find the paleness of the surface penetrating half an inch or more. This rock is always in great masses, and never stratified.

At the Bath Inn, very pleasantly situated on the estuary of the Clyde, seven miles below Dumbarton, and twenty-three from Glasgow. We travel now with a pair of horses, hired at Glasgow for our tour of the Highlands, where post-horses are not to be had, and pay 40s. a-day, and about 4s. to the man, but have nothing to do with the maintenance of horses or driver.

August 27.—From the Bath Inn by Ardincaple, along the banks of the Clyde, and of Loch Gare, nine miles to its northern extremity;—where, leaving the carriage, we ascended a hill which

separates Loch Gare and Loch Long, and from the top of which both are in sight:—The former a lively inhabited pretty scene, with gentle hills, trees, and fields; the latter sunk into a deep frame of rugged rocks, rising abruptly from the water. The steep ascent of the mountains above was clothed with purple heath, terminated in irregular jagged summits, hung with heavy clouds. The unruffled surface of the water reflected every object, and, doubling round projecting points, formed deep bays, and was lost among the mountains it penetrated. No habitations, no trees, no cultivation, no sound. A few sheep in the distance were the only objects that had motion or life. Both lochs are arms of the sea. Leaving this scene of melancholy greatness, we retraced our steps to Ardincaple, and, *en attendant* dinner, took a boat, crossed Loch Gare, and landed near the house building by the Duke of Argyll, on his estate of Roseneath. It is situated on a peninsula, formed by the three arms of the sea I have mentioned. The principal front of the building is handsome, the other side is disfigured by a huge tower in the centre, totally out of place and proportion. The grounds appear neglected.

After dinner we proceeded to Luss, on Loch Lomond, a fresh water lake. The first appearance disappointed me. The immediate banks are low, and vulgarized with small inclosures, potatoe patches, and white houses three stories high. The hills are coppice, lately shorn. Multitudes of small islands, low and naked, seem to fill up the lake without adorning it. On the other side, Ben-Lomond, enveloped with heavy clouds, was quite invisible, except its base.

August 28.—We had proposed crossing the lake

this morning and climbing up Ben-Lomond, 3400 feet high, a feat generally performed in five hours, partly on foot and partly on horseback. The mountain is, however, not only covered with clouds, as yesterday, but it rains; we have contrived, notwithstanding, to paddle to the principal island, which is high and woody. From its summit, the multitude of islands which fill this end of the lake give it the appearance of a marshy plain, intersected by streams. The lake is seen to more advantage from the slate quarry behind Luss.

Aug 29.—After losing our time yesterday, and this day not promising more favourable weather, we abandoned our designs on Ben-Lomond, and prosecuted our journey northward;—Ben-Lomond's base and cap of clouds continued in full view across the lake for three hours as we skirted along the narrow and sinuous road; a steep woody mountain on our left, and the clear water and pebbly shore on our right. Once we thought we had a glimpse of the top of the mountain; it was very high, but I am not sure that it reached quite the mark we had made for it among the clouds. The character of the northern extremity of the lake is that of greatness; its head penetrates into a deep recess of dark mountains, the majestic forms of which we guessed at, rather than saw, through the thick haze hanging over them. At length, turning from Loch-Lomond, by a defile to the left, still among high mountains, another loch (Loch Long) soon opened again to our view, nearly such as we had seen it two days ago, and, if possible, more awfully beautiful. The opposite mountains rose perpendicularly from the water's edge, surmounted with black pinnacles of crumbling rocks. The vulgar, who delight in ignoble resemblances,

call one of these fantastic summits the cobbler, whom they think they see at work there. Numberless cascades, marked with bright silvery streaks the bluish obscurity of the mountain's sides. Heavy clouds swept across, and changed the face of things every moment. Once a gleam of sunshine fell on an inaccessible spot in the middle of darkness and horror. It was so mildly green, the golden light shed over it so soft and aërial, that it suggested the idea of an opening into Heaven. The high enjoyment a painter experiences in such scenes as these is much alloyed by the regret of not being able to transport them on the canvas. They are of themselves very transient; mere drawings are quite inadequate, as the beauty consists still more in the colouring than in the form of the objects, and serve, at best, as a memorandum.

We staid here several hours during a storm of wind and rain, and dined on salmon-trout; then, the weather clearing up a little, we pursued our way, not round the head of the loch, on the other side of which our road lay, but straight across, as if it had been the red sea,—without a miracle, however, as the *long sea* has tides, and the red sea none. The extremity of Loch Long remains quite dry for an hour or two every tide. The bottom is pebbly, and tolerably level, covered with sea-weeds growing on fragments of rocks, and long black nets, waiting for the return of their element and of their herrings, which frequent this deceitful asylum. In the year 1263, Haco, King of Norway, came here with sixty vessels, and, landing in this remote corner of the world, plundered it:—it is hard to guess of what!

The road kept along the opposite shore about one mile, then, turning suddenly to the right, be-

gan a gradual ascent of several miles through one of the most remarkable passes of the Highlands, called Glencroe. It is a deep solitary valley, without trees, without cultivation, but of the most lively verdure, which creeps up the steep sides of the mountains on each side, interrupted by steps or terraces of black rocks, more and more frequent as the eye ascends; the green carpet spreads again over each of them, till the whole is blended in the distance, or rather elevation; and the highest summits are terminated by black caps of broken rocks, frequently enveloped in heavy clouds. The haziness of the atmosphere spread a singular softness and faintness over the whole scene. No crumbling stones, or poor fragments, littered the even surface. The lawn is swept clean and rolled, but it is by the hand of Nature, which is never trim and formal. Two or three huts appeared in a nook, with a few trees, and a patch of cultivation, but they only served to shew better the beautiful nakedness of all besides. An easy road winds up one of the sides of the glen, with several stone bridges over the mountain streams. No vulgar turnpike-gates break upon the dignity of the place; but, at the very top, a stone bears the following inscription:—"Rest, and be thankful."—"This road was made, in 1746, by the 24th regiment; Lord Ancram, colonel; Duroure, major." Then below,—"Repaired by the 23d regiment, 1768." Half way up, we met a troop of Highlanders, mostly women, barefooted and bareheaded, with heavy loads on their backs, very like our Indian squaws in America in appearance and walk; their feet turned in, moving in a file. An old woman who led, sung (in Gaelic I persume) a plaintive, melancholy ditty, which our approach did not in-

terrupt. It rained, but they did not seem to mind it. The retrospect from the top was very different, and equally striking. Foaming torrents poured from all the heights, but without breaking sensibly the profound silence of this solitude;—the eye, not the ear, heard their roar.

We now turned our backs on Glencroe, and descended through Glen-Kinglas. A large pond of clear brown, almost black, water on our left reflected, like a mirror, the bold face of the mountain hanging over it. This pond supplies a stream, descending like a torrent through the glen, which is more broken and rocky than the other,—extremely beautiful, but of a less peculiar character. We are now arrived at a most comfortable inn at Cairndow, (27 miles to-day.)

Aug. 30.—From Cairndow to Inverary, ten miles, which took us two hours and a half, along the margin of Loch-Fine, the fourth arm of the sea we have met in four days in the very bosom of mountains; these, however, are less elevated, and the landscape has nothing very remarkable. The first sight of the Duke of Argyll's castle at Inverary is certainly striking,—a quadrangle of eighty feet each side, with a tower at each corner, and battlements all around. Something like a square tower rising in the centre, glazed all round, has a bad effect; this is to give light to a very handsome staircase and gallery, round which the apartments are distributed; they are convenient, and well furnished, excepting some old-fashioned ugly tapestry, and coloured prints, in the very worst taste. There are twenty-one bed-chambers,* which the

* I have since seen in Pennant, that, when he visited this cas-

house-keeper informed us were all occupied when the Duke is here, about three months in autumn. The dry moat is wide and neat, and very convenient for the offices. Two handsome stone arches thrown across connect the castle with a fine lawn around. Single trees of very fine growth are scattered about it, but most of them have their branches too near the ground to pass under them, and too high to unite well with the lawn;—they are pyramids stuck upon pivots. A very fine avenue of large beeches, with bulging roots, leads to an extensive valley, round which travellers are carried about six miles, exhibiting a general appearance of neglect and *delabrement*. In order to remedy the extreme moisture of the climate, certain enormous barns have been constructed, under the disguise of Gothic castles, to dry hay under cover. Hay was making while we were here, and the air was very moist; yet these buildings were not used.

This arm of the sea (Loch Fine,) is renowned for its herring-fishery, or rather was, for nothing is more uncertain. The periodical return of the innumerable hosts of herrings, issuing every summer from under the ice of the arctic pole, is certain, but the movements of the detachments are not; they abandon certain coasts, bays, and rivers, and fill others, without the possibility of foreseeing these changes, or accounting for them. Gilpin remarks, in his Scotch Tour, 1776, that there were 600 boats employed in the herring-fishery of this bay alone; and the people of the country expressed

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tle, forty years ago, there were eighty good bed-chambers in the attic alone. The hospitality of the house must have degenerated since that time.

energetically the prodigious quantity of herrings by saying, there was in the loch one part water and two parts fish! The Dutch had, a century ago, 150,000 sailors employed in the herring-fishery alone, and it was the foundation of their maritime greatness;* the English succeeded them. The fish is mostly caught out at sea during the night, and is most plentiful in stormy weather, therefore this fishery is the best possible school for sailors. Herrings appear in July and August; then in November and December. This remote region has troops in quarters; there is hardly any part of Great Britain without them. This country is becoming military very fast;—it is a necessity very much to be regretted. Liberty does not suffer so much from the immediate terror of the bayonet, as from the unavoidable influence this prodigious military establishment throws into the hands of government. If this state of things should last twenty years, the habit would be formed,—the spring of liberty worn out,—and it would be impossible to regain what had been lost.

Aug. 31.—From Inverary to Dalmally, 16 miles; thence to Tyndrum, 12 miles;—the whole road so hilly, that we could not get on more than three miles an hour. On leaving Inverary we drove through another part of the Duke of Argyll's park, much better worth seeing than our ride of yesterday; it also is a valley between two woody hills, and a little noisy river,—but all better of the kind. About three miles from the castle, a young high-

* The Dutch erected a statue to a man, named William Buckelst, who invented the art of curing, salting, and packing herrings. There is more than one road to the temple of Fame.

lander came out of the wood to ask us for our money; without criminality, however,—offering very civilly to guide us to a fall of water within hearing. He led us by the best path to the best station from whence to view a most finished little cataract, made wholly by the hand of nature, except a rustic bridge over it.

About half way to Dalmally, a height brought us suddenly in full view of a beautiful lake (Loch Awe), on the opposite side of which, about two miles across, the wide front of an enormous mountain rose suddenly from the water, literally as black as ink, from the deep shade cast over it by the cap of clouds round its summit; a few rays of sun upon the island in the lake, and upon our side of the banks, rendered the contrast more striking. On a projecting point of low land, almost detached from the shore, stood an old ruined castle of the Earls of Breadalbane, of very picturesque effect. Also, on the other side, a good modern house, with lofty plantations,—much preferable to the feudal magnificence which the old castle brought to our minds.

A continuation of fine mountain scenery, with bold outlines, and all black with shade from the same cause, clouds round their summits, carried us to Dalmally, the northernmost point of our intended tour. The people were making hay, and the simplicity of their mode of transporting it attracted our attention. Two long pliable poles were fastened, like shafts, to a very small horse, and dragging on the ground, slid with tolerable facility with their load on;—this may be considered as the first elements of carts. Turning to the right, we began to ascend through a succession of deep, green, naked, pastoral glens, from which the retrospect,

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E. Sinburg, Published by A. Constable & Co. Jan.ʳ 1816.

E. Clark. direx

Highlanders.

towards Dalmally in the distance, was very rich and beautiful. The glens themselves, for about ten miles, afforded nothing but a succession of steep hills, green almost to the summit, with innumerable cascades streaking their sides with foam. At last some traces of habitations animated this desert. We saw houses, the walls of which were of stones, put together without mortar,—thatched with rushes or coarse grass,—the floor, earth—black peat and dirt in heaps all around, with their usual draining; women and children barefooted amidst all this, yet looking healthy and strong. The bodies of the men wrapped up in the national plaid, thighs and knees naked, and the antique-looking tartan hose; in their looks they recall the idea of Roman soldiers,—in habits that of American savages; the same proud indolence,—the same carelessness,—the same superiority to want,—the same courage,—the same hospitality,—and unfortunately, I hear, the same liking for spirituous liquors. We saw cows and patches of potatoes; peat is plenty. I am surprised not to have seen hogs among their other filth,—it would be more excusable. A drove of dwarf horses past us, no bigger than calves, but strong and active.

The Earl of Breadalbane's estate extends 25 miles west of Tyndrum, and farther east, mostly sheep pasture, and said to bring him L. 40,000 a-year. Some farms rent for L. 1200 a-year, and feed 7000 sheep; the number of acres not known. The surface is so cut up, and in parts inaccessible, that they do not survey the farms. The leases are generally for nineteen years. There is scarcely ever any necessity of providing food for the sheep in winter, as the snow never lies, and, when grass fails, the sheep feed on the heath or heather, as it is cal-

led here, with which the rocks are covered; it is now in bloom, and all over light purple, exactly the colour of mezereon. Instead of wheaten bread, which is not good here, they have oat cakes, very thin, not raised, and, to appearance, made of bran instead of flour, yet tolerably good. The inn where we now are arrived for the night is on the highest inhabited spot in Scotland; it has also the reputation of being the worst and dirtiest inn;—we have, however, been put in possession of two good rooms, and neat-looking beds, and think it does not deserve its reputation. The English are spoiled children. By travelling so conveniently at home, they become unable to bear the smallest inconvenience abroad; at the same time that habit blunts the enjoyment of their habitual comforts. The Tay has its source near here, and flows east, while other waters in the neighbourhood run west.

Notwithstanding the apparent poverty of the country, the propensity of the people to careless ease and drinking, and the ancient feudal habits, which sanctioned plunder, at least between neighbouring clans, it is very remarkable, that the inns of these mountains have hardly any fastening, and the heavier baggage of travellers remains on the carriage out of doors, all night,—for there are of course no coach-houses; yet all the treasures contained in a trunk of clothes do not tempt people, who have scarce a shirt, to steal it! Surely poverty of this sort need not be pitied, and should much less be despised.

The fashion of planting pines in compact squares has reached these high regions. We are shocked to see black patches of young pines *en herisson*, deforming the sides of noble mountains. It is plain, however, that this country need not want

wood, and will not want it long. Not only pines and larches grow rapidly here, but I have seen shoots of three feet a-year in a coppice of oaks.

Sept. 1.—To Killin, only 21 miles to-day, through much the same sort of country as yesterday; glen after glen,—green, and bare, and deserted, with towering hills all round; one of them seemed to have the form of an immense crater,—a hollow cup,—but all the detached masses below were granite and schistus, and nothing volcanic. Beautiful pieces of quartz lay about everywhere. Some of the hills could not be less than 2000 feet high. The Tay, an inconsiderable mountain torrent, descended with us the whole day. The question occurs naturally in traversing these solitudes, where are the men? where are the Highlanders? And if you are told that the system of sheep-farming has banished them from their country, then you would be apt to ask, where are the sheep? Very few indeed are seen; the grass is evidently not half eaten down,—hardly touched, indeed, in many places. We met to-day, however, with several habitations, and we entered some of them; a small present was willingly received, and served as a passport to our curiosity. The only door is common to men and beasts, and, of course, very dirty. You see, as you come in, on one side a small stable, which seems very unnecessary, since, in the much more rigorous climate of North America, cattle have commonly no shelter in winter. The other side is separated by a rough partition; this is the dwelling-place of the family; you find in it not a chimney, but a fire-place on the ground, with a few stones round it, immediately under a hole in the roof; a hook and chain fastened to a stick, to hang an iron kettle on; a deal table; a

piece of board, on which oat-cakes are prepared; a dresser, with some little earthen-ware; an old press; a pickling-tub for mutton; some pieces of mutton hung in the smoke, which winds round them on its way to the roof; a shelf with many cheeses, and among the cheeses a few books. The title of one of them was, "Searmona le Mr Eobhanu Mac Diarmud, ministeir ann in Glascho, agus na Dheigh sin an cornu. Duneidin du Bhuaiste le Islenau. 1804." Another was a catechism, also in the Erse or Gaelic, and a Bible in English. The beds were a filthy mattrass, and a filthy blanket,—no sheets; no floor,—only the ground trodden hard; a window of four small panes, not one entire. Such is the interior; and to finish the picture of these hovels, each has its ladder against the roof; either to stop the progress of fire, when the thatch happens to catch, or a leak, which they do by means of a few sods. Some of the roofs bore a luxuriant crop of grass. This is abject poverty, or at least appears so; yet these people feel no want, and enjoy health, which is more than many do who are rich. Their poverty does not seem to extend to food, for they have plenty of fish from their lakes and rivers; and one acre of potatoes can feed a family. They have also a small field of oats; meat is not probably very scarce near such flocks of sheep, and I saw hogs to-day. Fuel is at their door. Labour is paid 2*s.* 6*d.* or 3*s.* a-day. With such means of subsistence, I do not understand what the Highlanders gain by migrating to America. With some labour, they can procure here, what is not to be had there without labour. There are schools here everywhere; children learn to read in English and Erse; but the last language alone is in common use.

L.S. del. Edinburgh Published by A. Constable & Co. Jan.y 1818. J. Clark direx.

Finstall Tomb

As we approached Killin, the scene changed all at once, without any perceivable difference in soil or situation; the glen became cultivated, and covered with luxuriant crops of grain, hay, potatoes, &c. substantially inclosed with stone fences. A good house, with fine plantations round it, and an appearance of wealth, indicated sufficiently the source of these improvements,—capital had stimulated industry. Other gentlemen's houses, and more cultivated fields appeared in succession;—then Loch Tay in the distance, and the fertile valley of Killin, decorated with groves of fine trees. The Tay, and another small river uniting in front of this valley, form the lake, which recedes before the eye, between two screens of mountains. These rivers separated formerly the lands of two great families, the Breadalbanes and the Macnabs, and their respective cemeteries are shown on two islands formed by these rivers. That of the Macnabs is very picturesquely situated, in the middle of foaming cascades, and all overshadowed with tall pines. The last chief of this feudal race died but a few years ago, and the people of the country tell strange stories about him. He seems to have had the bodily strength, with the intemperate habits and rude manners of the heroes of Homer. Unfortunately for him, this age is not epic, and he will not be sung. The heroes of our days are essentially *des heros de cabinet.* This one has left a posterity of thirty or forty little Macnabs, without having ever been married. The tomb of Fingal is, we understand, in this neighbourhood, and I give here a very good drawing of it, which I received from an eminent artist, Mr Williams of Edinburgh.

September 2,—Taymouth, 16 miles to-day in

five hours, the road ascending and descending continually along the banks, without any apparent use. The lake, which was always in sight, is from one to three miles broad. The opposite shore is an amphitheatre of mountains. Benlawers in the fore-ground, and in the distance Benmore, 4000 feet high, the highest, but one, of the British mountains. The mere snowy cap on the head of Mont Blanc—that part only of the summit upon which snow never melts, has precisely that dimension, and it is only about the fifth part of the height of Mont Blanc. The British mountains are only a miniature of the Alps; seen near, the effect is the same, for the eye cannot embrace more than the base; but, from a distance, the appearance is totally different. Nothing here is comparable to the greatness and boldness of the Alps. Independently of the snow and the glaciers, those granitic needles of the Alps, shooting up to the skies, without being, properly speaking, very picturesque, are the most striking objects it is possible to conceive.

To-day being Sunday, the road was full of country people going to church, in their best clothes. They were all clean and decent. About half the men wore the kilt, and tartan hose, and plaid * over their shoulders, and they looked best. The women by no means handsome, nor indeed the men, but healthy and active. The men generally touched their hats or highland bonnet, as they passed by us. We were rather ashamed of our Sunday travelling.

* The plaid is three yards long and one and a half broad, without seam.

About a mile and a half from Taymouth, we alighted to go up the hill to Lord Breadalbane's falls and hermitage, which were in our list of curiosities. With a stroke of the wand, a guide started up. Armed with umbrellas, for it rains always, we followed him, and after climbing up for twenty minutes, we reached the foot of the first fall, which burst out very finely from under a stone bridge of one arch, perched upon rocks 50 feet above our head. Descending with the stream, we soon came to another fall of a different character; then a path to a dark passage of some length, at the end of which the guide, who understands his business, opening a door to the hermitage suddenly, the great fall appeared before us in all its glory. The water tumbles down a height of 240 feet, partly sliding, partly falling over the face of the rock. It is received in a fine natural bason of rocks, whence it continues pouring down the hill. From a convenient seat, placed on purpose before the window, precisely in front of the cataract, and at half its height, your eye embraces the whole of it, and loses nothing of its accompaniments. Beauties of all sorts gain by being partly hid, and charms half veiled are the more charming. This maxim has certainly been overlooked here, and the fault is, that you see too well. The idea of this grotto or hermitage, was obviously suggested by the situation of the projecting rock on which it is built. Nature had placed this shelf of rock there evidently for the benefit of tourists. The noble proprietor had no right to defeat her kind intention; and merely built a roof over this point of observation; perhaps, however, not with sufficient simplicity. There is a book on the table of the hermitage, in which travellers inscribe

their names, and we followed the custom. The grounds appear well laid out.

The arable lands of Lord Breadalbane's estate, about here, are let at 25s. or 30s. an acre, with privilege of pasture on some commons; but the leases are old, and will command a far greater price at their expiration. Labour is low here, 2s. in summer, and 1s. 6d. or even 1s. 2d. in winter. This is a very cheerful fine little village, just at the outlet of Loch Tay, and the beginning of the river of the same name. It was built by Lord Breadalbane, as well as its beautiful bridge, and excellent inn.

September 3.—Dunkeld, 23½ miles. It rained in torrents all last night; and we set out this morning on foot, as soon as the rain ceased, to view Lord Breadalbane's grounds. They are laid out rather in an old fashioned way, with avenues and smooth moss walks; but the moss is so admirably neat and soft, and the trees form such a lofty impervious arch, with the true Gothic angle and ribs, that we were quite delighted. Some beeches, only seventy years old, are remarkably large. The site is nearly flat, yet there are fine views of the Loch and the river Tay, with the tower of the church, in the fore ground. Hills surrounding a flat spot, may give it a distant view, in the same degree as if you looked down from the hills. Lord Breadalbane is building a castle much in the plan of the Duke of Argyll's at Inverary, but larger, and in a better style. The quadrangle is about a hundred feet every way, and wings are to be added to it.

Our chaise had gone round to meet us at another gate, and we rode on through a rich good-looking country, till we came to Moness fall, (*mon* means hill, *ess* a glen). Here we had another walk of three miles, first up hill to the entrance of a narrow

cleft, through which a torrent of coffee-coloured water rushed out. We followed a narrow path penetrating into the cleft, sometimes on one side of the stream, sometimes on the other, crossing it over wooden bridges, and passing several lesser falls, till a sight, the greatest I ever saw in this country, and I would almost say anywhere, not even excepting Niagara (for effect, at least), presented itself. We were then far advanced into the cleft, between two walls of rock, two or three hundred feet above our heads, evidently rent asunder by some great convulsion of the world, every projection corresponding to a cavity on the other side, and sinuosity to sinuosity, and so narrow, although widening a little towards the top, that the opposite trees and sbrubs touched over our heads. From this dark avenue, and looking up towards the continuation of the cleft all the way up the hill, the same torrent is seen to fill all the space, bounding over obstacles,—turning sharp corners,—sliding down inclined planes,—disappearing,—bounding out again,—coming strait upon us, nearer and larger, and more terrific, till it shoots like an arrow under our feet—under the very rock,—the very extremity of the slippery path which had brought us there. A ray of sunshine, the first we had seen for some days, striking for a few minutes on the upper part of the fall, while it left the lower part and ourselves in deep shade, added greatly to the effect. The late rains, the guide told us, had greatly increased the usual quantity of water, which is, however, sometimes so much greater, as to fill the chasm, path and all, which is then, consequently, inaccessible. The peat tinge, by softening the crude white of the foam, has a good effect on this as on all other Scotch falls.

The Highlander, our guide, who was a very intelligent man, told us, that his countrymen were very fond of whisky; that some working-men could drink an English quart of it in a day, which costs 3s. 9d. They get only from 2s. to 3s. a-day when they work, and half that sum in winter,—therefore cannot be supposed to indulge themselves very often with full allowance; but men able to bear that quantity of ardent spirits, must have practised much and often. Malt liquors are in use also, but whisky is preferred. I must own, however, that we have not yet met with a drunken man. Our guide differed from us on the subject of Highland cottages; which he maintained were quite good enough. The people do not feel, he said, the want of better dwellings; they would not be happier in them,—and would cease to be the hardiest soldiers and sailors of Great Britain. We understood that some of the Highlanders who went to America, had returned, and many more would, if they had wherewithal to pay their passage. The rent of the worst huts, with a few roods of ground for potatoes, is often so low as 5s. a-year. They have a tax, (hearth-money), of 4s. 6d. a-year to pay, but it is not strictly levied. The window-tax does not begin at a less number than seven windows,—which is quite beyond their mark. A horse under thirteen hands does not pay any tax, and one of that size would pass, in the Highlands, for a dromedary. We were even told that taxable horses instead of 12s. 6d., are reduced to 2s. 6d. in favour of small farmers, whose rent is below L. 10 sterling a-year. It appears to me, therefore, that the Highlanders pay no direct taxes; and of those on consumption, they do not seem liable to any but that on whisky.

One acre of good pasture in the vallies, is a sufficient allowance for six to eight sheep, with scarcely any assistance from hay and turnips during the winter. The pastures on the hills cannot support anything like that proportion of sheep. They perish sometimes in the snow; as many as thirty have been found dead together, although they can live a week buried partly under the snow.

Lord Breadalbane bought the estate where Moness Fall is situated, twenty-three years ago, for L.12,000, now worth L. 36,000. His leases, which were for 19 years, and which are now expiring, might be raised from 20s. or 25s. an acre, to 50s. or 60s., but his tenants, who speak of him with affection, hope he will *only* double his rents.

Pennant, who was in Scotland forty years ago, says, that Lord Breadalbane could travel one hundred miles on his own estate, in a straight line. A part of the increase of rent of land in Scotland is to be ascribed to the great change which has taken place in the industry of the people,—to the great capital in agriculture,—and better division of labour, by means of larger farms. The statistical account of Scotland of Sir John Sinclair mentions a curious fact in point. The parish of North Uist, containing 3218 inhabitants, employed, at the time he wrote, 1600 horses; every little farmer having the cattle and implements that would have been sufficient for a much larger farm. The increase of revenue above-mentioned is altogether a national gain; but that nominal increase which arises from the lessening of value of money, is no gain to any body, but, on the contrary, a great loss to all those who live upon a fixed income.

We saw this morning, upon a rising ground near the Tay, a number of upright stones in a

circle, which appear Druidical. At Logierait where the river must be crossed to go to Blair, we found it had risen over its banks, therefore, giving up Blair, we proceeded to Dunkeld. The banks of the Tay near Dunkeld are higly beautiful; it was, however, rather too dark to judge of the prospect. The days shorten very rapidly in this northern region.

September 4.—Crieff, 22 miles. From Dunkeld we walked this morning to the Duke of Atholl's, a round of about four miles. The Tay divides the grounds into two parts; the side farthest from the town is very beautiful, both near and distant views. We found here the soft moss walks, peculiar, I think, to Scotland, and all the usual scenery of English gardens. The common laurel, and the Portugal laurel live here perfectly well through the winter, and are full as luxuriant as in England.

The English praise the rural beauties of their villages. They are neat certainly, and their fields well kept, and, as far as they indicate a state of comfort among their inhabitants, I see them with pleasure, but not for their own sake. I have little taste for rural beauties, properly so called. The country, to interest me, must be either wild or adorned,—gardens or mountains. I have the greatest regard and esteem for fields of wheat and potatoes,—for hedges and ditches,—barns and dunghills; but it is esteem only.

About a mile further, we came to the Rumbling-Brig fall, a most terrific, but not a picturesque object. Lower down the same river takes another leap in the Duke of Atholl's grounds, in front of which there is an *Hermitage*, as at the Earl of Breadalbane's, much more decorated, and therefore in worse taste. The Duke of Atholl has covered

a whole country with plantations of pines, (*pinus silvestris*), and larches, not mere patches; but entire mountains, and a number of them clothed with trees. One of these larches, planted sixty years ago, lately cut down, yielded 180 feet of timber. The trees are first raised in nursery-beds, and transplanted. I should have thought that sowing on the spot at regular distances, turning up a spadeful before dropping the seed, would have been better and cheaper.

The price of labour seems here, and all over Scotland, something more than in England; the difference, however, is not great. Arable land rents at L. 3 and L. 4, and even L. 6 an acre. Small farms of 40 and 50 acres are united in farms of 200 and 300 acres, or turned into pastures for sheep; and the diminution of population resulting from this new order of things, is made sufficiently apparent by the clusters of uninhabited cottages we meet falling in ruins. Manufacturing towns and villages of the Highlands fill up, in a proportion more than equal to this depopulation of the country; for the census of 1755, gave 256,000 inhabitants to the Highlands, and the one of 1801, 297,000. This new population is better lodged, better clothed, and better fed than the old; but it is certainly composed of men less robust and courageous. It is less efficient for anything but the useful arts; and probably less respectable than the old. This is a subject on which much might be said, and which affords scope for eloquence. But Lord Selkirk has treated it in a manner so luminous and satisfactory, and answered so thoroughly the objections which occur naturally, that, though we cannot help regretting the extinction of this chivalrous race, it is, at the same time, impossible not to

see that its existence belonged to a state of manners incompatible with a government of laws, and with the progress of civilization, and that the feudal virtues themselves, with all their splendour and heroism, were but the palliatives of detestable vices, and extreme misery.

The chiefs, or lairds, leased their lands at a rent almost nominal, and never increased. They wanted soldiers instead of revenue, to defend their lives and property, always threatened; or rather they raised their revenue in military services. And it is a curious fact, that the present revenue of Highland estates, ten or twenty times greater than it was in old times, only affords the means of hiring about the same number of men as the former laird used to command the services of without hire. A country without civil security, without circulation, and without trade, could have no industry, and cultivated only for its own consumption. The people lived poorly, and were exposed to absolute famine whenever there was a bad crop. The laird treated his clan,—that is to say, his tenants, like his children,* at least like relations, or rather poor and inferior branches of the same family. They were individually perfectly dependent:—but it was a dependence of love and of enthusiasm, as much as of want and necessity. The people defended themselves with courage; but they attacked unjustly;—they respected an enemy while he was their guest, but they betrayed him when no longer so;—they gave liberally, and plundered without mercy.

Lord Selkirk mentions some facts which give a clear idea of the sort of wealth or power of the

* *Clan* means, literally, *children*.

former and the present lords of the land. In 1745, Cameron of Lochiel, the first chief to whom the Pretender made himself known, and whose revenue did not exceed L. 700, followed him with 1400 men. Certain other chiefs, whose joint revenue was only L. 5000 or L. 6000, joined him with about 5000 men. The same estates produce at present L. 80,000 yearly; a sum about equal to the pay of the above number of soldiers, of whom they no longer command the military services. The following well-known anecdote sets in the strongest light the virtues and vices of that interesting race. When the Pretender, after the total rout of his party at Culloden in 1745, was wandering through the Highlands, pursued by a whole army, confiding in so many, and betrayed by none, "he, on one occasion, was obliged to put himself under the protection of two common thieves, the Kennedies, who kept him, with faith inviolate, notwithstanding they knew an immense reward was offered for his head. They often robbed for his support, and, to supply him with linen, they once surprised the baggage-horses of a general officer. They often went in disguise to Inverness to buy provisions for him. At length, a very considerable time after, one of these poor fellows, who had virtue to resist the temptation of thirty thousand pounds, was hanged for stealing a cow, value thirty shillings."* It is said that, before his execution, taking off his cap, he "thanked God that he never had betrayed the confidence reposed in

* Pennant's Tour, Vol. II. p. 346. The same story is told by Home in a different manner; he does not hang his man for stealing a cow.

him:—never plundered the poor;—never refused to share his bread with the needy and the stranger." One might think one's self among the Arabs!

The Highlander covered, with his own body, the body of his wounded chief,—never abandoned him in danger, and was ready to lay down his life for him at any time. Innumerable instances of this sort of devotedness are on record; and when he took up the quarrel of his chief, he never thought of inquiring into its merits. The following is a curious instance. It was a great honour to be god-father of the young laird, and the children of the god-father were his brothers; one of them was always his cup-bearer, (hanchman.) "An English officer being engaged in earnest conversation at table with a Highland chief, and wine having given to their discourse that animated appearance which might be mistaken for a quarrel; the hanchman, who stood behind the chair of his laird, and did not understand the language they spoke, took it into his head that his master was insulted, and, without farther ceremony, drawing a pistol from his belt, fired at the head of the English officer, who would have been a dead man, if the pistol had not providentially missed fire."

Notwithstanding their hospitality, the Highlanders did not approve of a stranger coming to settle among them, and acquiring landed estates; they were jealous of him; and his life was not always safe. Gordon, laird of Glenbucket, had become possessed of some lands in a neighbouring clan, the Macphersons, but his tenants would not acknowledge him. After long disputes, six of them endeavoured to get rid of him in the following manner:—They came in a humble and submissive manner,—expressed their regret for what had pas-

sed,—begged of him to withdraw the prosecution he had begun,—and declared their readiness to acknowledge him as their lord, and pay their rents. The laird was then lying on his bed. During these speeches, they approached by degrees, that he might not have time to call for help, or to defend himself, being known to be a very resolute man. As soon as they saw themselves sufficiently near, they all fell upon him at the same time with their daggers. This passed close to and in sight of a body of soldiers quartered on the spot.

Another intruder had his bed pierced with five balls, fired through the window during the night. Fortunately for him he had not slept at home; and, profiting by the admonition, he took leave of the country.

The population of the Highlands has increased, as was observed before, in the last fifty years, from 256,000 to 297,000. They consume more in proportion, and export likewise more, in cattle, wool, fish, and even in manufactured goods, not only to the low country of Scotland, but to England, and to foreign countries. Mountain pastures are at present exclusively appropriated to the raising of young cattle; and a certain proportion of the land of the low country, formerly used for that purpose, is now cultivated; different sorts of soils and situations being thus employed to most advantage, and crops, as well as men, have only changed places.

It is remarkable, that the same complaints of depopulation of the country, by the introduction of large farms of sheep, were made in England under the reign of Henry VII.—precisely at the period when, as in Scotland two centuries and a half later, the feudal system was beginning to give way to civil equality and the laws. It is strange

that this barbarous government should have subsisted in Scotland so much later than anywhere else; and no less so, that, so little a while after its emancipation (scarcely more than half a century), this country should have made such rapid progress, as to approach as near as it does to the state of high prosperity of England.

I have remarked before, that Scotland is the most loyal part of Great Britain. This spirit is, I believe, not less general in the Highlands; and it does not seem easy to account for it, considering how much they were attached to the dynasty of the Stuarts, their own countrymen, and that they submitted with difficulty to the princes who succeeded. The Highlanders resisted King William, and were punished by him *à la mode de la Vendée.* They were afterwards the first to espouse the cause of the Pretender, and were again severely punished. But this time the vengeance of government conferred a benefit upon them; it fell on their chiefs,—broke the bonds of clanship,—and was the dawn of civilization among them. There was, however, a species of hardship they were unable to bear; this was, the obligation imposed on them by act of Parliament of wearing breeches. Evading this paternal law, they were seen to exhibit the hated garment, not where the spirit of the act meant it to be, but at the end of a stick. This repugnance could not be subdued; and the power of government, after carrying every thing else, was obliged to yield this delicate point,—and, by another act of Parliament, in 1784, formally to abandon the breeches. Now, however, that the point is given up, more than half the nation have come round to the breeches of their own accord. The highland regiments, indeed, are still *sans cu-*

lottes, and no less remarkable for their bravery and good conduct, than for their dress. Its immodesty is such, that I cannot see a Highland officer appear in women's company, without feeling some sort of confusion.

The object of Lord Selkirk in writing his observations on the state of the Highlands was, to shew the impolicy, as well as inhumanity, of preventing that part of the population which is driven out from the mountains from emigrating to America. Those who cannot overcome their dislike to the new ways of life, necessary for them to embrace if they remain, would not be very useful members of society; and the void left by their emigration will be very soon filled by a new generation, born and educated in the new order of things. Another object of this writer was, to shew, by a practical experiment, how this spirit of emigration of the Highlanders might be made useful to their country, if guided, instead of opposed. A colony of them, transplanted to an island at the entrance of the St Lawrence, seems to have had all the success the humanity and public spirit of the founder deserved. The Duke of Atholl keeps in pay his old decayed labourers; and I am told it is the same with several other great proprietors, and probably, in some degree, with wealthy farmers. This is better than the poor's-rates in England, which seem to equalize the burden, but, in fact, increase it. What the proprietors pay here to assist the poor is nothing compared to the poor's-rates in England. Wages, however, exceed but little the wages in England, and yet there are few beggars; and the people, although less neat in their appearance, do not seem

in want. We heard here of peasants eighty and ninety years old, still capable of some labour.

The last ten or twelve miles before we reached Crieff, were through some wild passes among mountains, upon which we observed vast flocks of sheep and herds of cattle grazing. It was fine weather and sunshine, but the wind was north and cool, and so elastic and bracing, that walking up and down the hills seemed no exertion. From the last hill we saw, in a sheltered valley, a castle-like mansion, flanked with towers, fine old trees round it, extensive plantations all over the mountains, and the vale in high cultivation. Soon after this we came to two genteel cottages, the first of the kind we had seen in the Highlands, where all is castle or hovel. The excellent military road, along which we have travelled so many miles gratis, ended just before we entered Crieff.

Sept. 5.—Loch Earn Head. Twenty-two miles to-day. About seven miles from Crieff, we stopped to look at Lord Melville's house. This ex-minister, the scape-goat of his party, was made to suffer for the sins which they had in common with him; an example which shews that public opinion is not entirely subdued, and must be obeyed now and then. The house is an immense quadrangle, so full of windows as to look like a manufactory or barracks, and in the plainest style. It is situated in a hollow, surrounded by hills, where there are some good views, and a very pretty waterfall. Four or five miles farther, we came to Loch Earn, and travelled along the north side of it nine miles. It is about three miles wide, the water clear, a clean sandy shore, and high hills all round; but covered in part with coppice-wood, which does not look

half so well as bare turf and rocks. It is a pretty lake, and nothing more.

Sept. 6.—Callender; 14 miles. Our road lay to-day along the east side of Loch Lubnaig, narrow, and crooked, and wilder than Loch Earn. A solitary house is shewn, where Abyssinian Bruce wrote his travels; and he could not have chosen a better place to have been safe from interruption. Opposite to this house, on the other side of the lake, are two huge promontories of frittering rocks, of no great beauty; they are part of the base of Ben-Ledi, (God's Hill), 3000 feet high, on the top of which there are some druidical remains. The sun set this evening with unusal splendour behind this mountain, which is seen to much advantage from Callender. Near this village we saw a very singular piece of antiquity, called here the Roman camp;—a semicircular rampart of earth, with the river in front. It is about fifteen feet high, and consisting of a line somewhat irregular and waving, forming, here and there, something like bastions. This is not at all the usual shape of a Roman camp.

We also walked to a singular fall in the neighbourhood, the rocks breaking in huge square masses. The prices of every thing in this remote spot, are astonishing. Labour 2s. a-day, and provisions found, or 3s. not found. Twenty years ago it was 6d. and found. At that time the rent of land was 15s. an acre, (1¼ acre English), and was bought at fifteen or twenty years purchase; now L. 3, and bought at thirty-five and forty years purchase. Beef and mutton 9d. the weight half more than in England.

Sept. 7.—We are just returned from Loch Ka-

trine. The distance from Callender to the Guide's house, is about eight miles of rough roads. We went in two hours and a half, and returned in two hours, and have spent eight hours on a spot celebrated for its natural beauties, and still more now as the scene of the most picturesque poem that ever was written.

You approach this consecrated spot with your imagination considerably exalted, and prepared for something very wonderful. In this unfavourable state of mind, the first sight of Loch Venachoir and Loch Achray did not satisfy us. The latter lake receives the waters of Loch Katrine, by an outlet through the Trosachs, a confused jumble of rocks and tops of mountains, which seems to have slid down from higher mountains, Benvenue on the left, and Ben-Ledi on the right, and, to bar the passage,

> Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled
> The fragments of an earlier world.

One of these odd pieces of rocks (Binean) pointed like a steeple, is said to be 1800 feet high, half of which is perpendicular. The general effect of this anti-chamber of Loch Katrine is, upon the whole, more grotesque than great or beautiful. We entered it by a narrow defile, between two ramparts of rocks, finely rent and broken, and overgrown with old trees, their mossy trunks and fantastic branches hanging over on each side. Turning the last corner, Lake Katrine burst upon us,—not in its full beauty at first,—but twenty yards farther the sight was indeed glorious. The following rough sketch may render the description more intelligible. Advancing by the road cut into the rocky base of Ben-Ledi, you see, on the other

side of the lake, the mountain of Benvenue rising in blueish grandeur, behind the rocks and wood of the shore, which are deeply indented with bays and promontories. The retrospect of the Trosachs you have left, presents still the same aspect of grotesque wildness which serves to set off the simple and rich composition of Benvenue. We had provided a guide, who took us in his boat to the island of the *Lady of the Lake*; which the imagination of the poet has, if not embellished, at least much enlarged. We knew at first sight "The aged oak, That slanted from the islet rock," and did not fail to gather a few leaves and acorns, which will render us an object of envy among the numerous readers of Mr Scott in America. The Naiad of the Strand was unfortunately not there,

> With head upraised, and look intent,
> And eye and ear attentive bent,
> And locks flung back, and lips apart,
> Like monument of Grecian art.

We next rowed across the lake to the foot of Benvenue, about one mile and a half. The view

of the shore we had left, and of Benledi above it, appeared thence rather bare and rude. The goblin cave was of course not forgotten, but it is, I must say, a mere dog-hole. The episode of the women taking shelter on the island,—the attempt of one of the soldiers to get at the boat by swimming, and his being killed by one of the women, is founded on the tradition of an event of that sort in Cromwell's time.

The day was very fine, an uncommon circumstance, and the sun setting in full splendour, spread over the wonderful landscape of Loch Katrine its richest tints, "one burnished sheet of living gold."

Returning through the Trosachs, they appeared to more advantage; and we remarked a narrow and wild pass on the left, along the base of Ben-Ledi, which we pronounced to be the very spot of the ambuscade of Roderick Dhu;—the whole scene between him and Fitz-James was before us. I wish it was possible to convey, in the French language, something of the beauty of this description, unparalleled for vigour, and truth of painting,—for simple, energetic, and just expression,—for generosity and heroism of sentiments, and even for strength of reasoning. But, in translating into French verse, you must submit to lose the poetry—if into prose, the harmony of the original; and although there can be no hesitation in the choice, yet it is a great deal to lose. The mechanical harmony of verse, is, to the sense, exactly what harmony in music is to melody. True poets in France write in prose. First among them I should certainly name Jean Jaques Rousseau, who wrote nothing legible in verse; the author of Paul and Virginia,—of Telemaque—of Corinne. If poetry was only what the dictionary of the academy calls it, *l'art*

de faire des ouvrages en vers, or, according to Johnson's definition, *metrical composition*, then indeed these writers were no poets. But they were eminently so, if poetry is the art of exciting the imagination, either by a representation of material objects, or by an imitation of the language of our passions and of our affections, and in doing this with the truth of nature, in a manner that all may feel who are capable of feeling;—awakening the dormant powers of the mind to new ideas and sentiments, and giving to them an impulse which goes further than the written thought, as fire is kindled by a spark. This idea was most happily expressed in the Edinburgh Review of Campbell's Gertrude of Wyoming. "The highest delight which poetry produces does not arise from the mere passive perception of the images or sentiments which it presents to the mind, but from the excitement which is given to its own internal activity, and the character which is impressed on the train of its spontaneous conceptions; and the true lover of poetry is often indebted to his author for little more than the first impulse, or the key-note of a melody, which his fancy makes out for itself."

A work of genius often fixes the attention of the reader less than a merely good work, and not more than a bad one, although from a very different cause. The mind is carried away from the ideas and sentiments expressed in the first by those it suggests, it slumbers over the last, and gives its full and undivided attention to the second.

The poetry of almost all foreign nations is different from the French; and those who are acquainted with the latter only, can scarcely form an idea of what is meant by poetry,—that wondrous art of awakening the mind to strong emotions, by

happy expressions, and words of magic import, arranged in measured and harmonious lines;—of fixing, as they pass, some few of those fleeting nameless thoughts that swell the heart, and dim the eyes;—and, as the crowd of strange forms, creatures of another world, and deeds of hands unseen, rush on the mind like a mighty torrent, of snatching a few drops from the hurrying stream, and giving a colour and a name to the invisible creation.

I have often wondered at the very great inferiority of all translations of works of imagination. Thoughts, it seems, which are not mere matter of fact, or simple deductions from facts, owe more to the manner of expressing them, than to their own intrinsic merit. To say differently, but equally well, what has been happily said before, " is often difficult, and frequently impossible, even in the same language. " Credunt homines," said Bacon, " rationem suam, verbis imperare, sed fit etiam, ut verba vim suam super rationem retorqueant." *

The famous " qu'il mourut" of the old Horace is eminently poetical; but Corneille chose to introduce, immediately after, a long paraphrase of thirteen lines, which is there to explain the sentiment expressed before in three energetic words; and it is plain that the three words might be suppressed without impairing the sense in the least. Yet the sentiment thus *translated* would appear trite and exaggerated, and, instead of bursts of applause, would be most apt to provoke a quiet yawn on the part of the audience, and to go down

* This is requoted from one of the many happy quotations of Professor Dugald Stewart's Philosophical Essays.

without any notice at all. The human mind is naturally deaf to suggestions which are not its own; and the thoughts of others are not listened to without some very striking mark to distinguish them at once from the crowd, and not unless a strong and concentrated meaning is brought to bear on a single point. New thoughts in morality or sentiment are rare, and there is little imagery that fancy had not drawn before. Men's ideas move in a circle, and immortal truth travels over the world, invisible and transparent, save when a skilful hand, by throwing over it some sort of cloak or outer garment, gives it a temporary form and a colour soon worn out.

It is generally admitted, that men in the infancy of civilization are most poetical; yet this old, this commercial, this wealthy, and luxurious country, where cold selfishness and unblushing corruption are said to prevail to so great an extent, is highly poetical; and, the drama excepted, more originally so, within a very late period, than it ever was before; more profoundly pathetic,—more picturesquely descriptive,—more wildly exuberant. Scotland alone boasts of two living poets of the first rank; (Scott and Campbell) and lost only a few years ago another of the inspired (Burns); but who, unfortunately, wrote too much in his native language, understood by few.

You can scarcely find here a person who reads at all who is not, more or less, acquainted with the poets; few who do not know many passages by heart, and repeat them with pleasure. In France, poetry was the study of persons of a highly cultivated taste, not the popular delight of all. The production of critical refinement and wit was exclusively enjoyed by those who possessed these quali-

ties. The French poetry is epigrammatic or complimentary,—lively and brilliant,—or noble and elevated; but love speaks in it the mere conventional language of gallantry,—the beauties of nature are described by trite and lame epithets, repeated on all occasions,—and the bombastic is too often mistaken for the elevated style. It is, at least, a sort of theatrical elevation, which would be laughed at in real life, on those occasions where true elevation is most required, or anywhere but on the stage; a dress of ceremony, loaded with lace and embroidery, which you are in haste to throw off as soon as the show is over. Thus poetical genius, unable to bear the restraint of French verses, had recourse to prose, and made it more sentimental and impassioned than that of other nations. Disputes of all sorts are the more obstinate as the question is least understood; and, in point of literature, the French, who know only their own, decide peremptorily that it is the best,—and might repeat the words of the Duchess de la Ferté to Madame de Staal, "Tiens, mon enfant,—je ne trouve que moi qui ait toujours raison." If, as it has been said, religion is an affair of geography, and a mere boundary line *décide entre Genêve et Rome*, it need not be wondered at that that it should decide also in matters of taste.

The Highlander who conducted us in his boat over the lake (James Stuart), a sensible man, and of good manners, holds, jointly with his brother, a farm of upwards of 3000 acres, pasturage and rock, on the Ben-Ledi side of the lake, for which he pays L. 430 a-year; on this he keeps 1400 sheep. He could not tell how many sheep one acre of good meadow could support throughout the year, but thought six or eight too many. They give

nothing to their sheep in winter; the snow never lies long, and few perish. The coppice wood *on this land*, of equal produce to the rent he pays, is reserved to the owner. This pastoral guide was in the grand costume of his country, exhibiting well turned and sinewy legs, and his features quite of the heroical cast. We found in his house, which was neat, a few books, and a very good view of the lakes, painted in oil,—not, however, by him.

Sept. 8.—Falkirk, 25 miles. We passed through Stirling, and admired the view from the Castle, situated, like that of Edinburgh, on an insulated rock, rising abruptly from the earth; the western horizon displayed the chain of mountains we have left in their best indigo dress, being a fine day;—the people in the plain around all busily employed about their harvest, hay as well as grain, which seem here to come together. Towards the east, the river Forth, which forms the great bay of Edinburgh, was seen winding about like a snake, five or six miles for every mile of strait line. Although the Forth, from this height, appeared a mere rivulet, yet the tide brings here vessels of seventy or eighty tons burden, and it has a bridge of four arches; at least Gilpin mentions that bridge, for we did not observe it. This castle had been a royal residence, and retains some remains of Gothic magnificence. Tradition points out within its extended horizon as many as twelve fields of battle, mostly between English and Scotch, in one of which Wallace commanded, and was victorious; the last, in 1745, when the army of the Pretender besieged it. No land was ever oftener drenched in blood than Scotland, invaded as it has been, in turn, by the northern barbarians, the Romans, and

the English from the south. Heath, rocks, and pasturage have entirely given way to cultivation and inclosed fields, which have every appearance of fertility. The cottages are improving visibly, although still covered with broom and straw; and even at Stirling and Falkirk many houses are still thatched.

Sept. 10.—Duddingston. We have been here two days, detained by the hospitality of a respectable family to whom we were recommended. There is in this neighbourhood a splendid house, totally different from the Scotch castle style, and rather resembling a palace of Louis XIV.'s age,—Lord Hopetoun's. The gardens, although fine, are a little old-fashioned; the view over the Firth of Forth is magnificent. The estate of Lord Roseberry, also in this neigbourhood, is beautifully situated, ornamented with a profusion of large old trees; the house and gardens otherwise much neglected.

I have examined, with attention, the process of the thrashing-machine. The wheat (grain and straw) passes between two large wooden fluted cylinders, by which the husk is bruised, and the grain forced out; it is then received by a third cylinder, with iron teeth like a rake, which takes hold of the straw and throws it forward, while the grain falls in the winnowing machine, whence it comes out perfectly clean. The straw is broken by the process, and rendered unfit for thatching; but is equally good for forage or litter. Two horses are sufficient to work the machine, but four are necessary for expedition. The cost is about L. 80, the interest of which, and repairs, renders the process full as expensive as the old mode, but, being very expeditious, farmers are enabled to preserve their wheat

in the sheaf, without risk of missing a favourable market.

The lease of a farm, mostly pasturage for horned cattle, for which 25s. used to be paid, has just been renewed at L. 3, 18s., more than treble, and in general, the rent of land has risen fourfold the last forty years, It had about doubled the twenty years preceding. It is much easier to sell than to buy land at present. The wages of labourers is about 2s, or 2s. 6d., something less than in the neighbourhood of manufacturing towns.

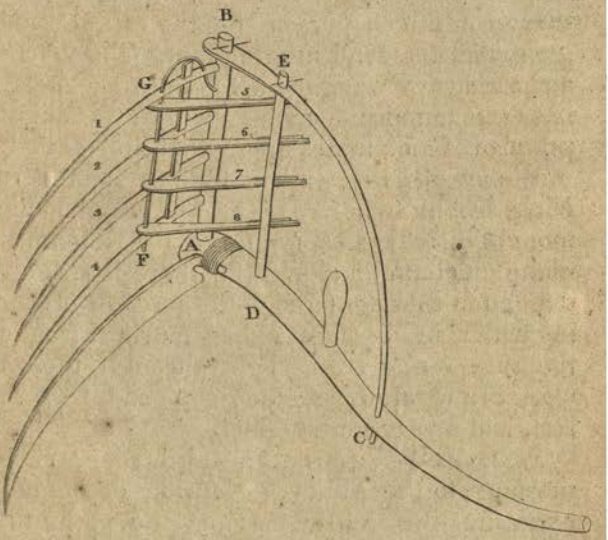
A salmon-fishery on the Tay, which used to be leased at five guineas a-year till lately, rents now for the prodigious sum of 2000 guineas; not that there is more fish, only more industry in catching it, and greater demand. Most of it is consumed in the neighbourhood, and fresh. The herring-fishery, being conducted in the open sea, and requiring no fixtures on shore, pays no rent.

Sept. 11.—Edinburgh, 9 miles. Having been here before, we seem comparatively at home. A number of letters we found here have given us great pleasure, The invention of the post is one of the wonders of civilization, which I find myself now and then admiring, as if it was a new blessing.

Sept. 14.—We had yesterday a very pleasant excursion from Roslin Castle to Frankfield, along the Esk;—the friends at whose house we were engaged to dine, had the goodness to be our guides. The ruins of Roslin Castle have nothing in them very remarkable; but the Gothic chapel near them is very beautiful. The walk from thence to Frankfield, for nearly five miles, is as romantic as any thing we have seen. The Esk is a rapid little stream of clear water, running between two rocky

banks, rising to an elevation of 200 or 300 feet, often perpendicular, sometimes sloping and shady, with frequent turns, and endless variety; the mountain-ash hanging in profusion from all the rocks. Our path was mostly over the level bed of rock forming the channel of the river, at present partly dry;—sometimes we ascended among groves of oak and ash, half way up the accessible parts of the bank. We were shown at Frankfield, meadows, the rent of which is L. 10 or L. 11 an acre, (five-fourths of an English acre);—these meadows have not been ploughed for these forty years. The use of lime keeps them in perfect order, and free from moss. On our return, near the foot of the Pentland Hills, we saw a sort of palace, begun by the person who was the cause of the disgrace of Lord Melville.

Sept. 15.—Melrose, 34 miles. We set out from Edinburgh this morning, with the same fine weather which we have had constantly since we left the Highlands. Salisbury Crag towered above the town in blue haze. The country we passed is full of gentlemen's houses, and noblemen's castles, embosomed in groves of fine old trees, over verdant lawns;—the hills covered with extensive plantations of firs and larches,—cottages vastly improved, and women likewise, yet much fewer handsome than in Lancashire and Wales. The reapers are hard at work everywhere, with their sickles, an instrument vastly inferior to the cradle-scythe used in America, and of which the figure and description are annexed. We observed forty-five reapers in one field.



1.—A, B. Pivot of wood, about 30 inches long, inserted at the extremity of the handle of the scythe, and turning upon itself in A. and B.

2.—D, E. Another pivot. Both pivots secured by the brace B, C.

3.—1, 2. 3, 4, are the teeth of a sort of rake, of the same length, and parallel to the blade of the scythe.

4.—5, 6, 7, 8, Braces, moving on the axle G, F. and sliding through the pivot D, E. so as to alter the inclination of the teeth of the rake. Wedges fix these braces in their position in the pivot D, E.

The whole apparatus does not add more than three pounds to the weight of an ordinary scythe.

There are no stage-coaches in the Highlands. We now meet them on the roads, and the absurdity of their construction strikes us anew. There are twelve or fifteen persons on the top, besides baggage, and accidents are frequent. These carriages, and the heavy waggons with conical wheels, ought not to be found in a country where the science and practice of mechanics are so well understood.

We arrived here just in time to see the ruins of Melrose Abbey before night, and resumed again by moonlight. It was not quite the solemn hour of midnight, but the clock, (for there is still a clock), struck ten as we entered,—the screech-owl answering with a sigh,—a sort of long murmur from among the ruins,—the strong light through the tracery-work of the windows, and deep shadows on all the rest, had a very grand effect.

Sept. 16.—We went a third time, early this morning, to the Abbey. Nothing can exceed the exquisite finish of the carving, the patient labour, and indeed the taste of many parts;—some of the leaves are raised from the stone, so as to run a straw or blade of grass behind, and all perfectly sharp, and in high preservation, after a lapse of 600 years. Part of the church was walled up, and covered with a roof to perform service in, fifty years ago; but the present generation is grown more picturesque. All this modern work is going to be pulled down, and the old abbey, re-ruined, will look like itself. Our cicerone, the sexton I believe, was a little alarmed at the sight of the portfolio, and preparations to draw, it being Sunday. He was told that it was not working, but merely for pleasure;—still worse! Yet the idea of the beauties of his church being transmitted to the new world, at last outweighed his scruples. He seemed after-

wards to take great pleasure in the performance, and even refused to receive the proffered acknowledgement,—either to show that he did not *work* on Sunday, or in consideration of the picture we had made of his favourite. We traversed again today the singular district of pasture country between Hawick and Langholm, already described.

Sept. 17—Patterdale on Ulswater. This lake has already been described. Entering this time from the east, it presented itself in all its glory; the wonderful back-ground of mountains round its head in front of us for fifteen or twenty miles. We have been here the whole day sauntering along the banks, or in a little boat rowing from rock to rock, island and promontories. I subjoin here a view of the lake, and another of the venerable ruins of an enormous yew tree in the churchyard of Patterdale. The trunk perfectly hollow, is twenty-six feet in circumference; the head is gone, and the lowest boughs only remain, much curtailed in their length, which must have been very great. We inquired of an old inhabitant, what the tradition was about this tree,—how old it was; he answered very seriously, 2000 years! The age of a tree is difficult to be ascertained, for it does not attract sufficient attention to become the object of tradition till it has attained a very great size, and when a great part of its life is spent. Mr Gilpin has collected, in his remarks on forest scenery, some curious facts on the age and size of extraordinary trees, principally oaks. He traces the age of some of these trees as far as 900 years back. Some oaks are now in existence, which were hollow and declining in the days of Queen Elizabeth. One of the colleges at Oxford was built by express orders of its founder, William de Wainfleet, 450 years

ago, near *the great oak*. This great oak, a mere shell, fell of itself in 1788, and, as it may be supposed to have attained its meridian at the time of the foundation of the college, it gives the tree nine centuries. I shall mention one more: The tree in the New Forest, against which the arrow glanced which killed William Rufus, 700 years ago, was still in existence, marked by tradition, but a few years since, and must have been a well-grown tree at the period of the accident. It is, perhaps, worthy of remark, that all these venerable plants which have attained such an advanced age, are equally noted for their size, far exceeding that of their fellows; while among animals, I mean among individuals of the same species, it is almost the reverse. Gilpin mentions a yew tree at Fortingal, near Taymouth in Scotland, fifty-six feet and a half in circumference. Our Patterdale yew is a mere twig to this; and the good people of its neighbourhood must give it full 8000 years, measuring more than four times the solid contents of the other. The family of the yews is almost extinct in England. They used to be planted by the Britons of old, who were great archers, to make bows, the wood being remarkably elastic and tough; but, in these degenerate days, nobody thinks of planting them any more.

Sept. 19.—Windermere. We have scaled the ramparts of the mountains between Ulswater and Windermere, and admired again the wild magnificence of the pass, steeper and higher, perhaps, than any we have seen in Scotland. We shall rest here with our friends during the remainder of the fine autumnal weather, making only occasional excursions among the lakes and mountains, of which this is the centre.

There are no retired places in England, no place

where you see only the country and countrymen; you meet, on the contrary, everywhere town-people elegantly dressed and lodged, having a number of servants, and exchanging invitations. England, in short, seems to be the country-house of London; cultivated for amusement only, and where all is subservient to picturesque luxury and ostentation. Here we are, in a remote corner of the country, among mountains, 278 miles from the capital;—a place without commerce or manufactures, not on any high road; yet everything is much the same as in the neighbourhood of London. Land, half rock, is bought up at any price, merely on account of the beauty of the spot. The complaints about scarcity of servants and labourers, and their consequent high prices, are general. It is plain there are too few poor for the rich. The latter talk of the weight of taxes as intolerable, and of the increase of price of everything as excessively alarming; while the poor seem to take all this very easily, increasing and multiplying; while the others decay and fall off continually. It is the pot on the fire,—the liquor ascends and descends incessantly; it no sooner touches the bottom, than, reduced to vapour, it flies upwards; no sooner comes to the top, than, divested of its heat, it falls down again. The proprietors of land alone are out of the vortex, safe at anchor, while the others are driving in the storm. Woe be to them if they were to lose their hold, and be carried away with the rest;—unprepared as they are, they would suffer most.

The rich show certainly a very great eagerness to buy land, being a safe property, and a permanent revenue; and because there is really, notwithstanding the loud complaints, an inundation of wealth in the country. The effect of competition is to raise the

price of land and of labour to such a degree, that the small landholders are tempted by the first, and indeed forced by the latter, to sell, and become simple farmers; swelling thus the number of those who have nothing to lose. This excessive concentration of tangible property is considered, by many well-informed people, as more dangerous, more conducive to a revolution, than the weight of taxes, or any of the other popular grievances. These are the pretences, —that the real object of revolutionary people. It is difficult and odious to ruin a great part of the people, as was done in France,—easy and popular to strip a few great proprietors.

The country round the head of Windermere is varied with hills and mountains, the highest of which does not exceed 2000 feet; the lowest are clothed with wood, coppice only, and decorated with fine masses of rocks. The intervening vallies rich and verdant, and watered by lively streams, expanding frequently into small lakes, (tarns.) The ancient inhabitants are called *Statesmen*, (freeholders of the rank of peasantry); their houses generally on the sides of the hills, built of rough stone, grey and mossy, spreading, low, and thatched; a grove of ash often near;—the interior clean and comfortable. The number of these smal proprietors is diminishing daily.

The valley of Langdale is one of those we have explored. Its lower end dips into the lake, whence, rising insensibly between two irregular screens of mountains for six or seven miles, it closes at the base of the Langdale Pikes, whose fantastic double summit is distinguished for twenty miles around. A stream of water comes down the hill along a wide and deep fissure of the rock, between the cheeks of which a great block has fallen, and re-

mains suspended, forming a natural bridge of terrific construction. We and our friends, forming a considerable troop, mounted and on foot, were attended by a small cart of the country, carrying provisions, and the sick and wounded of the party on two bags of hay. On our return, the sun set with admirable splendour behind the Langdale Pikes, and made us look back very often. Among many changes of the scene, we remarked this;—a very dark ridge, perfectly in shadow with another beyond it, and between them fiery streams of light, like the mouth of a volcano in flames.

> Through ridges burning in her western beam,
> Lake after lake interminably gleam.

The surrounding mountains, catching the brightness, exhibited, in sharp edges, the profile of their bold and fanciful forms. I tried to sketch a view; but the play of light was quite discouraging, and the very grotesqueness of some of the outlines too much for drawing. Art does not venture on such things; it belongs to nature alone to be gracefully awkward,—gaudy and chaste at the same time, and "harmonieuse parmi toutes les dissonances." We were so pleased with this spot, that we have since gone to it again several times at the same hour, and enjoyed scenes ever different and ever admirable. It is three or four miles north of Clappersgate, south of Skelett's bridge.

The lake of Windermere has a large island about the middle of its length, occupied, as may be supposed, by a rich individual, Mr Curwen, a great agriculturist, and considerable in Parliament, who has built a house on it, and, on a promontory of the mainland, an elevated pavilion, called the Station, which commands a view of the whole lake;—that

is to say, of all the water of the lake;—but unluckily it turns its back on all its beauties. The choice of this station affords no favourable specimen of the proprietor's taste, notwithstanding the coloured panes of his windows, which are considered as symptomatic of it.

Opposite this island resides the celebrated Bishop of Landaff, who has contributed essentially to render chemistry a popular science, and who has defended his faith against the rude attacks of our noted Tom Paine, in an ingenious work with an unfortunate title. This prelate is distinguished in Parliament by political principles uncommon in his order. On our way to the island, we passed several pleasure-boats at anchor and under sail, finely formed, light and swift. The waters of the Seine never bore any thing the least comparable to the elegance of English pleasure-boats. The water of this lake, as of all lakes, is perfectly transparent, and admits of seeing the smallest object at a considerable depth;—you can follow a pin going down ten or twelve feet. The lead gives thirty or forty fathoms in some places. We asked our boatman, who had been rowing five hours without appearance of weariness, how many years he had followed his employment? he answered, 70 years. This undoubtedly does great credit to the air of Windermere.

Two long vallies, separated by a ridge of mountains, lie in the direction of the head of the lake, and seem a continuation of its basin; one is Langdale, already described; the other, parallel to it, contains another lake, Grasmere. In a walk we took some days ago in the latter valley, we came to the house of a *statesman*, situated on the slope of a hill commanding a beautiful view. This ho-

nest rustic was seated on a bench, placed in the best situation for the view, under the shade of an ash; and there could be no doubt that he had come to this seat of his in order to enjoy that view. After the usual salutations, we said something about the fine prospect; but, to our great surprise, he would not allow that there was much beauty in it, and said he knew we had seen much finer prospects than that. It appeared evident that he was ashamed to admire, as if he had never been out of his village, by the same sort of affectation which would have made a citizen pretend raptures, that he might not be supposed insensible to the beauties of the country;—affected people being always the reverse of what they endeavour to appear, give, without intending it, the key of their true dispositions.

Oct. 6.—We went yesterday to Coniston water with our friends, and their friends, on foot, on horseback, and in a cart, by roads impracticable in any other way; first along the Bruthy, a mountain stream; then up the ridge which separates the valley of Langdale and the one filled by Coniston water. From the top of it, we saw this fine piece of water below us, deep set in a frame of black mountains, pressing round its head. The banks, however, we found well inhabited and cultivated; and were shewn the house of the parents of a young lady lately dead (Miss E. Smith), who has since become so justly celebrated, by the proofs she left behind her of an erudition uncommon for her age and her sex. This family were formerly proprietors of Piercefield on the Wye, described in this Journal.

The best mounted of the party pushed on to the other extremity of the lake, seven miles further,

which is merely pretty. All lakes begin among mountains, and end in a plain. Here, therefore, on our return, we had the stupendous rampart round the head of the lake full in sight the whole way, towering over such headlands, or rocks, or trees, as crossed our road occasionally, and at other times rising from the bosom of the lake itself, in hazy greatness. After dining at a comfortable little inn in the village of Coniston, we ascended, on foot, the mountain behind, along a rapid little stream, tumbling down its rocky bed as clear as possible. Trees fringed its immediate banks, beyond which, above, all was sheep pasture and rock. When we reached the top, the sun had been set some time, and the sky, fine all day, had clouded over. A fall of water terminated the ascent, and we found ourselves at the entrance of a little plain, a mere landing-place, whence the mountains, taking a bolder flight, rose all round to the very clouds, shewing here and there only a craggy pinnacle of shivering rocks. The whole scene equalled in dreary grandeur any we had seen in Scotland. Turning round, the lake was below reflecting a placid light;—green fields, and white houses, and tufts of trees along its banks, all harmonized in indistinctness, formed a scene of loveliness, perfectly contrasted with the wild sublimity above.

On our return, we recognized immediately the spot of a view of Coniston, in Middleman's landscapes, with some soldiers and their wives by the side of the road, and a few tall Scotch pines. It is just behind the inn at the head of the lake.

Oct. 10.—Grasmere is the nearest lake to Windermere,—an hour's walk across the hill, but much more by the road. It is a little pool surrounded

by mountains nearly equal in height, sloping everywhere to the water's edge. The declivities, covered with crumbling fragments, show neither rock nor soil, and exhibit only litter and poverty. This at least applies to the side I first saw coming from Windermere, across the hill. Approaching Grasmere by the road, the retrospect was more wooded. Mr Wordsworth, who lives on Grasmere, was so obliging as to show us some of its beauties;—some very wild spots round its north extremity. A small piece of land, of twenty acres, in his neighbourhood, had been sold lately for L. 1500, a price certainly out of all proportion to its produce.

We were shown in the valley north west of Grasmere, a lone cottage, inhabited last winter by a peasant of the name of Green, his wife, and nine children. The father and mother had gone to a cattle fair in Langdale, separated from their vale by a mountain. There was a fall of snow. The evening came on, and they did not return. The youngest child was only a few months old, the eldest a girl about ten years old; she took care to feed the baby with a little milk which happened to be in the house. The next day she procured from a neighbouring farm some more milk. The father and mother not yet returned, another night passed in the same manner. The following day, the little girl going again for her supply of milk, was questioned,—her situation discovered, and strong suspicions of the accident. The alarm spreading in the valley, fifty people set out to explore the hill, and soon discovered the bodies. It appears, that, having lost the track, the unfortunate couple had wandered higher up in the mountain; that the husband had fallen from a rock, and from appearances had died by the fall. The woman,

warned by the fall, had reached the bottom of the rock by a circuitous way, and groped about for him a great while, the snow being all trodden down. She had lost her shoes, which were found in different places; and falling at last from fatigue and cold, died probably the easy death ordinary in such cases. Some persons thought afterwards they recollected having heard distant screams in the mountain during the storm, but they did not suspect the cause; nor, if they had, would they probably have been in time to give assistance. The bodies, followed by all the inhabitants of the valley, and by the nine orphans, were buried in the same grave. The latter have since been adopted, or at least taken care of by the people of the neighbourhood.

Some years before this, a sportsman perished in these mountains, in a manner still more tragical. A dog had been observed coming from time to time to the houses of the valley, and, after obtaining some food, returning to the mountains. He was at last followed, and the body of his master discovered. He had, it seems, dislocated his foot, and, unable to move, had died of hunger and pain, and his faithful dog had ever since watched by his remains.

Oct. 11.—To Keswick, or Derwentwater, 16 miles. The first view on the left, as you approach it from Windermere, is by far the most striking of any we have seen in the course of our excursion; quite a finished composition. High clefts on either side of the lake, of nearly perpendicular rocks, broken, and woody, and varied with bold projections and bays; the nearer shore covered with lofty groves of trees,—the farthest penetrating into a sanctuary of mountains, the wildest, the softest,

the most aërial of any of those romantic hoods which shade the heads of all the English lakes. Towards the evening of a fine day, the oblique rays of the sun throw over this jumble of fanciful forms their misty veil of golden and purple vapours, in endless changes. There is just a sufficient extent of water to set off the mountains, and mountains enough to give dignity to the lake; nothing to be wished otherwise than it is. On the right you have huge Skiddaw close at hand, and before you the lake of Bassenthwaite, at two or three miles distance, with a rich plain between.

Pursuing the narrow road (along the eastern margin of the lake,) at the foot of the high cleft, from which enormous blocks roll frequently over into the water, we advanced towards the magnificent termination just described; the softness of distance changing by degrees into asperity and ruggedness. On our way we saw the Fall of Lowdore, in a woody recess; its bed, a steep ascent of stones of about 200 feet, was nearly dry, and the stones much too rounded and uniform for beauty. The cheeks of the rock on each side are finely broken, and well clothed with trees. It must be, when full, a very grand object. At the head of the lake we entered a pass, not unlike the Trosachs at Loch Katrine; it leads to the Vale of Borrowdale. About one mile from the entrance you come to a huge fragment of rock, called the Bowder-Stone, 62 feet long, 36 feet high, and about as much broad; this is nearly the dimensions of the celebrated base to the statue of the Czar Peter at St Petersburg. The Bowder-Stone has probably rolled down from the neighbouring heights, and has stopped in a strange position, standing on an edge. The top is rendered accessible by means of a ladder, and is covered with a considerable layer of

mould, accumulated by the common slow process of successive generations of lichen and other plants. This circumstance shews the long standing of the stone in its present situation.* It contains about 80,000 cubic feet, weighing 6000 tons. I annex a little sketch of it.

Leaving the carriage half way up the vale, we walked on to its extremity, where we saw the entrance of the only mine in Great Britain, and, they say here, in the world, of that substance (plumbagine,) with which pencils are made. I believe there is a mine of it worked in Provence; yet the circumstance of its being known in France by the name of *mine de plomb d'Angleterre*, seems to indicate its exclusive origin. The workmen told

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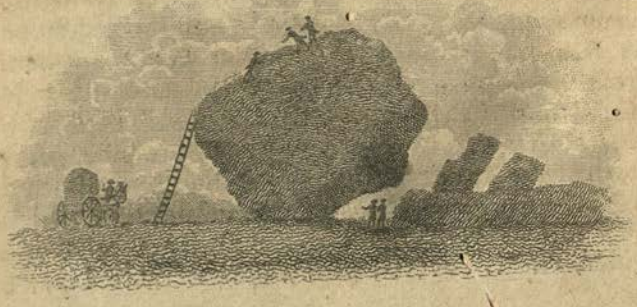
* I have often observed, with surprise, the very little depth of vegetable mould in the American forests, unless where there has been an accidental accumulation. On a dead level, this *humus* scarcely ever exceeds six inches, and generally is only half that depth. Fallen trees lifting with their roots a portion of surface, afford frequent opportunities of observing the under soil, generally a gravelly clay, which, mixed with vegetable mould, by cultivation, forms a better soil than pure mould, as it retains moisture longer. But the thinness of the mould, after so many generations of forests have died and decayed on the spot, seems irreconcilable with any remote formation of the American continent.



us, that the proceeds of this mine amounted last year to L. 90,000,—a sum hardly credible. It is not worked continually, but at intervals only, and so as not to lower the price. They are looking for a new vein, the old one being, we understood, exhausted. The mountains here, which are of slate, form a ridge between Langdale and Borrowdale, whence the waters run every way; and, although not the highest in themselves, must be on the highest level of this alpine region. The farthest part of this vale is not equal in beauty to the nearest, and it is not worth while perhaps to penetrate further than the Bowder-Stone; yet the whole country is so beautiful, that no ride can be uninteresting. On our return, we had a glorious sun setting across the lake and its mountainous banks. All was richness and splendour of light above, and dark shades below. Skiddaw in front of us, a huge, insulated, round lump of earth, 3300 feet high, so smooth and even, that it seems as if a coach and four might drive straight to the top and down again, on the other side, without track or guide. The uniform neatness of the surface seems uninterrupted by either rocks or trees. * The English Alps are to the Swiss, nearly in the proportion of a foot to a fathom. Their features reduced to that scale, are less hard, and the opposition between desolate barrenness and exuberant vegetation, less marked and striking.

We set out early this morning for Crummock

* A few months after we saw Skiddaw, it was sold at auction to a company of agriculturists, who are going to plant its surface all over. A hundred years hence, it may be improved by a pine forest, but, in the intermediate time, the nursery will spoil it.

Water and Buttermere. At Scale Hill, 12 miles from Keswick, we took a boat and rowed to the end of Crummock water (three and a half miles by three quarters), a beautiful scene of *stilly solitude*. The surrounding mountains, particularly towards the head of the lake, are bold and bare. Our boatman told us that there are sometimes, in winter, tremendous whirlwinds upon it; and he pointed out some heights covered with the spray of the water on these occasions, which I am sure would be out of the reach of the spray of the sea in the greatest storms.

Mary of Buttermere is one of the curiosities of the lake region, and had excited ours. Her tale of woe is become, perhaps, rather trivial in England, but it may still interest strangers. Some twelve or thirteen years ago, Mary ——, the daughter of a peasant on the banks of one of the lakes, was a rare beauty, just expanding into womanhood, whose fame had begun to spread among the neighbouring rustics, and the polite travellers. One of the latter saw Mary, and fell desperately in love. The honourable offer of a gentleman's hand and fortune, although rather in years, was not to be refused; nor could his condition and circumstances be inquired into very narrowly. The unfortunate Mary became the gentleman's wife; but she had not been a lady many weeks, when her husband was arrested. He was a noted swindler, accused of many crimes; and, having been convicted of forgery, his fate became inevitable. He was hanged. Mary has since married a small innkeeper. She brought us a bowl of milk, holding a young child on her arm. She is about thirty, tall, and a good figure,—regular features,—rather fair—bashful—conscious at least that she is an ob-

ject of curiosity, we fancied she looked mild, dejected, and interesting.

A hair-brained sentimental trace
Was strongly marked in her face,
A wildly witty, rustic grace
Shone full upon her;
Her eye e'en turned on empty space,
Beam'd keen with honour.

I would not at all answer for a similar impression on other travellers, less favourably disposed; and to be candid, I must own that our boatman, a respectable inhabitant, spoke rather disparagingly of fair Mary. He said she had shown more resentment against her worthless partner, than pity at his awful end; and repeated some furious exclamations she had uttered, when she found she had been so cruelly duped.

Buttermere is another miniature of a lake, about one mile every way, embosomed in high mountains;—a dew drop in the calyx of a flower. Returning to Scale Hill in our boat, we had another glorious sunsetting. In fact, we have had uninterrupted fine weather for the last six weeks, or two months; quite an American autumn. A fine moonlight succeeded, and accompanied us to Keswick. All these lakes, but principally Crummock water, are famous for *char*, a sort of fish very like salmon trout.

Oct. 15.—Windermere. We spent a great part of yesterday in rambling about the banks of the lake of Keswick and in a boat, on its clear water, which extends about three miles and a half in length, and half that in breadth. There are two or three islands about it, one of which was formerly the residence of the Lords Derwentwater, then proprietors of the whole country. This magnifi-

cent estate was confiscated to the king about a century ago; the last lord being implicated in the rebellion of that time. To lose such a beautiful lake for a foolish political dispute seems, after all, a great pity. "Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle." "Should there ever be a revolution in the other world," said Danton to his friend, on their way to the guillotine, "take my advice, and have nothing to do with it." The land was afterwards appropriated to the use of Greenwich hospital, by which means more wood has been preserved than if it had belonged to individuals. Another island called Vicar's island, of the extent of six acres, is very agreeably planted, although rather too much, and has a pleasant house upon it. This little property was sold a few years ago for L. 1700.

We had the pleasure of seeing several times the celebrated Mr Southey, a distinguished favourite of the English muses. Mr Coleridge, whose talents are equally known, although less fruitful, was at Mr S.'s, with whom he has some family connection. Both of these gentlemen, and, I believe, Mr Wordsworth, another of the poets of the lakes, had, in the warmth of their youthful days, some fifteen years ago, taken the spirited resolution of traversing the Atlantic, in order to breathe the pure air of liberty in the United States. Some accident delayed the execution of this laudable project, and gave them time to cool. At present, these gentlemen seem to think that there is no need of going so far for liberty, and that there is a reasonable allowance of it at home. Their democracy is come down to Whiggism, and may not even stop there. Mr S. has resided in Spain, and is well acquainted with the literature of that country, and its people. He thinks the Span-

iards are well aware of the defects of their government, and that a thorough reformation of them, and in fact a revolution, would have united the whole people against the invaders, and have rendered them invincible. He and his friend are enthusiastic in the Spanish cause. This sentiment is, in them, I am persuaded, quite sincere, and founded on just and honourable principles. But it is remarkable, that this same Spanish cause is one of the watch-words of party, to which I have alluded before. By a strange perversion of the human mind, those liberal and independent opinions in matters of government, which one of the parties professes, are generally found associated with a certain toleration of usurpation and tyranny in certain situations; which is, on the contrary, held in utter abhorrence by the other party, although accused of being, otherwise, less nice on those points than its adversary. This might well raise uncharitable suspicions of the candour and sincerity of both.

I learned here, that there are good grounds to believe, that the valuable race of Spanish *Merino* sheep was originally introduced there from England (Gloucestershire, I think,). Passages in several contemporary writers, both English and Spanish, (one of them of the year 1437,) imply this singular fact. If that is the case, there is certainly reason to suppose that the breed, improved by its transplantations into Spain, will degenerate again by its return to the same food and climate. Mr S. has rectified the error I was in respecting the Spanish play from which Corneille drew his *Cid*. The old father, (Don Diego,) in the French Cid, seeking an avenger of his outraged honour, addresses his son in these words :—" Rodrigue, as-tu du cœur?" To which the young hero answers, "Tout

autre que mon pere l'eprouveroit sur l'heure!" I had been told that, in the Spanish play, the old father, calling his three sons in succession, seizes the hand of the first, and, carrying it to his mouth bites his thumb severely! This unexpected proceeding does not fail to occasion vehement outcries and struggles on the part of the son, who is, in consequence, dismissed with contempt. A second son undergoes the same trial, with no better result. At last comes the third, the young *Cid*, who bears the biting without emotion, and is immediately proclaimed the avenger. Instead of biting, I now understand that the old father gives only a hard squeeze of the hand, which is certainly a less shocking violation of the French *bienseances tragiques*.

Mr S. has chosen a career in which he does not meet at present with any competitor. He is eminently the poet of chimeras. Milton left a great model in this kind; and he has surpassed it in monstrous creations and events, so totally out of nature, as to exclude not only sympathy, but, in a great degree, meaning itself.

> Je l'avouerai, j'aime toute aventure,
> Qui tient de près à l'humaine nature.

The coarse remark of Cardinal d'Este to Ariosto is well known: "Dove diavolo, Signor Ludovico, avete pigliate tante de coglionerie;" and most of the readers of Milton and of Mr S. might be inclined to repeat it;—in fact they have few readers, although they have many admirers. The modern poet understands piety and tenderness much better than his predecessor. The love and the theology of Paradise Lost are alike harsh and austere, coarse and material,—while Mr S. has tenderness and

spirituality. The latter is as picturesque as Milton, who was a great landscape-painter, and, in the age of *box parterres*, clipt hedges, and *jets-d'eau*, respected the freedom, and loved the native graces of nature.

Mr S. is much esteemed by all those who are acquainted with him, and seems to have as much good sense and general knowledge as talents and genius. I was surprised to hear him censuring highly the doctrine of the Essay on Population, or rather not taking it in its true light. One of the dreams of the revolutionary philosophy was, the faculty of indefinite perfectibility in the human species; and one of its errors, or its artifices, was, to suppose that the great obstacles to this perfectibility came altogether from the social institutions. It is not to be wondered at, that the discovery of a still greater obstacle,—an insurmountable one, raised by nature itself,—which deprives that philosophy of a favourite dogma, should be very ill received by its followers, and excite their ill-humour. In consequence, the doctrine of population is one of the signals of party. It is often approved by the whigs; but I have not found any thorough reformer to whom it was not odious. These two parties having, however, many points of contact and natural sympathies, individuals slide easily and unconsciously from one to the other; and when the metamorphosis takes place, it happens frequently that the new insect, fresh out of his old skin, drags still some fragments of it after him,—just enough to indicate what he was before.

There is here (Keswick,) a museum, which, for a country museum, is not to be despised. We found in it an instrument, common enough probably, but new to two of us; and those who have felt the tremendous vibrations, and heard the om-

nipotent sound of the Chinese gong, must admire the following description of it:

> The Gong, that seems, with its thunders dread,
> To stun the living, and waken the dead;
> The ear-strings throb as if they were broke,
> And the eye-lids drop at the weight of its stroke.

The painter, we found, had not far to go for his model.

On our return from Keswick to Windermere we passed between Leatheswater, a small lake, and the foot of Helvellyn, 3300 feet, the highest mountain in England, but not in Scotland. In going we had taken the other side of the lake, which is seen to more advantage near, and the Helvellyn side at a distance. A heap of stones is observable on the boundaries of Cumberland and Westmoreland, in a wild pass, where a battle was fought between two petty kings of those realms. The bare hill on the right does not see the sun the whole day. Issuing from this dreary pass, Grasmere appeared to great advantage. The jagged top of Helm Crag made a fine termination to the ridge on the right. I rode alone on horseback, and remarked that every one of the inhabitants I met addressed some words to me, indicating partly a good-natured disposition, and partly the remoteness and solitary situation of their country. It happened to rain, for the first time these many days, and I was generally accosted by, "Sharp shower, Sir."

The hero of St Jean d'Acre has spent some days here with his bride, the widow of Sir Thomas R.; his gunpowder speeches to the ladies are repeated, confirming the trite, but true apophthegm, of—no hero for his valet-de-chambre. Travellers begin to thin, and summer excursions draw to an end. One of these prospect-hunters was observed the

other day travelling post along the banks of Ulswater, fast asleep in his carriage! The rich *fainéans*, who formerly carried over all the roads of the Continent their listless idleness, are now circumscribed to the comparatively narrow bounds of this island, and such as want merely to move about, can certainly do it here with vastly more ease, and greater comfort, than anywhere else. Voltaire describes thus one of these British perambulators:

Parfait Anglois, voyageant sans dessein,
Achetant cher de modernes antiques,
Regardant tout avec un air hautain,
Et meprisant les saints, et leurs reliques;
De tous François c'est l'ennemi mortel,
Et son nom est Chritophe d'Arondel.
Il parcouroît tristement l'Italie,
Et se sentant fort sujet à l'ennui;
Il amenoît sa maîtresse avec lui;
Plus dédaigneuse, encore plus impolie,
Parlant fort peu, mais belle, faite au tour,
Douce la nuit, insolente le jour.
&c. &c. &c.

I give *this* portrait for what it may be worth, but do not vouch for the likeness. As to myself, I have not met with any mortal enemy, nor any *belle* who did not seem *douce le jour*.

We have just read in all the newspapers a full and disgusting account of the public and cruel punishment on the pillory of certain wretches convicted of vile indecencies. I can conceive nothing more dangerous, offensive, and unwise, than the brutality and unrestrained publicity of such infliction. The imagination itself is sullied by the exposition of enormities, that ought never to be supposed to exist; and what are we to think of a people, and women too, who can for hours indulge in the cowardly and ferocious amusement of bruis-

ing and maiming men tied to the stake, and perfectly defenceless! Thus taught, is it to be expected that they will always know how to distinguish between a legal atrocity, and another which is not so? and can there be a better school for hanging *à la lanterne*, or September massacres, whenever a fit opportunity shall occur? Tame tigers must not taste blood; and once let loose, cannot easily be muzzled again at pleasure. What a singular anomaly in a government of laws are these mob executions! It is scarcely more than half a century since the English drowned witches. In the year 1751, two old women, suspected of the black art, were taken up, and, in the course of certain experiments of the mob to try their guilt by immersion in a horse-pond, they were actually drowned, at a place called Tring, a few miles only from London.* This appears now hardly credible, yet there is no very great difference between this and the other procedure; the former evinces more ignorance, the latter more profligacy and cruelty. In consequence of prosecutions for disgusting crimes, accusers are found who speculate on the fears of the timid, and lay them under contribution. The consciousness of innocence is but an imperfect security against the testimony of abominable wretches, ready to swear any thing; and the idea of appearing in a court of justice to answer for a crime so odious, and what is perhaps more, so ridiculous, is enough to strike terror into any mind. The known cases of persons who have had the courage to resist, and have brought the impostors to justice, afford sufficient

* Pennant.

ground to believe that in many cases the latter succeed, and are paid for their silence.

Nov. 12.—We have explored most of the beauties of the surrounding country; and many a sunsetting has received the tribute of our ever new and unwearied admiration. But no language affords adequate means of description; the richest proves but poor in the attempt; and all the possible combinations of words are few indeed to those of nature, under all its varieties of forms and colours. Such a vision of glory as a fine mountain sunsetting, may be seen a thousand times, but can scarcely be described more than once at all successfully.

I shall mention only one view, that from the top of Lough-rigg, at the foot of which the house of our friends is situated. Half an hour's hard tug up a very steep ascent brings you to an extensive plain, of the finest possible turf, fed down by sheep; it is gently varied and broken, and has several natural ponds of very clear water. From a particular spot, seven lakes are seen. Windermere, Rydal water, and Grasmere, are three of them. There had been a fall of snow a few days before, and the highest ridge of the Rydal mountains was still covered, while below, on lower and nearer hills, the fine woods of Rydal park in their rich autumn attire of brown, of yellow, and of red, contrasted with the brightness of the snow behind. The grounds of Rydal-House are very beautiful, and have two very fine falls of water;—the one has been celebrated by Gray and by Gilpin; the other, called *Stockgill-force*, vastly superior, and highly magnificent, has been less noticed.

The air is perfectly mild; it hardly freezes in the night, and the robin-red-breast sings merrily

on the sunny side of bushes. This bird is privileged in England, as swans are:—they have nothing to fear from gunners.

Notwithstanding the moderate temperature and clear sky we have enjoyed, and every appearance of salubrity in the climate, a very malignant and contagious scarlet-fever, communicated even through third persons, is spreading in Langdale, and is almost as rapidly mortal as our yellow-fever in America. Cold-bathing seems, however, a sort of specific, bringing down the heat and pulse immediately. It is repeated many times every day, and cold water is poured over the head, while the rest of the body is immersed; the patients themselves wish ardently for a repetition of the cold bath, from the immediate relief they experience. Perspiration in the yellow fever is probably beneficial only as cooling the surface by evaporation, which is effected in a more direct way by cold water. The hooping-cough is also very prevalent among children here; a change of place, even from one room to another of the same house, is found to operate favourably, which is certainly very unaccountable.

We are preparing to return to Edinburgh; the few days we spent there last summer having made us wish to divide our winter between that capital and London. Before leaving Windermere, I ought to mention an artist, Mr Green, who has spent the last ten years among these mountains, employed in the study of their form and physiognomy, and who draws them with singular truth and originality; he says himself he knows the *anatomy* of mountains, and he does undoubtedly. There is a certain conventional form of mountains, which passes current in the practice of the art, without

being at all like nature. Mr Green has etched, in the soft ground manner, sixty large copperplates, forming excellent studies. The outline only is sold at 5s. and, when shaded in Indian ink, 30s. each.

Nov. 17.—Edinburgh. We came here in three days, (140 miles.) The roads are made of broken stones, hard, and jolting like a bad pavement, but without ruts. The heavy English waggons, with fellies to their wheels, 16 and 18 inches broad, would soon crush these asperities; in this respect, they are certainly preferable to the light one-horse carts used here.

Our entrance into Scotland was this time by Gretna-Green, notorious for smuggled weddings. The marriage forms are very simple in Scotland. It is enough to acknowledge a woman as your wife before witnesses, and even enough to live apparently as married, to be so legally and indissolubly. In England, there are banns to be published in church, and other formalities, inconvenient to unauthorized lovers. I do not exactly know why this village has been chosen in preference to others on the frontier of Scotland, except its being the first on the road, and having acquired, by prescription, the good-will of the trade. We inquired of our landlady about the old drunken blacksmith, said to be the high priest of this fugitive hymen. She denied, however, indignantly his having ever been a blacksmith. He is likely to die soon from age and drinking; and then our informant added, with a sigh, "What will become of *us, God only knows!*" No less than a hundred couple have been conjoined here annually. We might have been admitted to the sight of this noble personage for a glass of grog. He is neither a clergyman nor a

magistrate, but reads the English marriage-service to tranquillize the scruples of the lady, and persuade her she is rightfully married, although it is not necessary. The Scotch church does not countenance these clandestine unions, and, I believe, excommunicates the contracting parties. The object of the laws of Scotland is, to prevent concubinage, by rendering it dangerous; not to facilitate improper marriages.

Between Moffat and Crook, the road traverses a pastoral district, not unlike Mosspaul. A few miles north of Moffat, the side of the hill over which we passed is worn away into a frightful chasm, called the *Devil's beef-tub*. The view from the top must be very fine, but all was cloud and mist over the plain below, and we were left to fancy what we pleased.

Nov. 27.—Dumbreck's hotel at Edinburgh is the most convenient, the quietest, the cheapest, and, at the same time, the most creditable of any establishment of this sort we have seen anywhere in Great Britain. Furnished lodgings are also very convenient. Two large sitting-rooms, and three bed-rooms, all on the first floor, decently furnished, may be had for four guineas a-week. The people of the house go to market, and cook for you. The table costs about a guinea a-day; a man-servant, three guineas and a half a-month. The distances in the new town are so little, that a carriage is quite unnecessary; sedan chairs are preferable, and very generally used. Hackney-coaches, besides, are here fit to be used by any body; and are on a much more decent footing in every respect than in London.

I regretted not having been present, during our

residence in London, at some criminal trials; and, having mentioned it, I was obligingly invited to be present at one that took place yesterday in the Court of Justiciary, for a case of murder. At ten o'clock in the morning, we entered a handsome modern built hall. There was on one side a recess, and elevated seats for the judges, and before them, lower down, a table where the lord-advocate sat, with the counsel for the prisoner, and other lawyers. On one side, near the window, were the jury, on four benches, one behind the other, in an amphitheatre. Opposite to them, and fronting the light, a raised box for the witnesses. Fronting the judges, but outside of the bar, the prisoner sat between two soldiers; behind them, the public on an amphitheatre, reaching the very ceiling. The judges soon appeared, three in number; — the Lord Justice-Clerk, who presides, * Lord Meadowbank, and a third, whose name I do not remember. Their dress is very odd,—gowns of red and white satin, stuck over with bows of red ribbon, and large wigs covering head and shoulders,—a masquerade for which I was not prepared. Out of forty-five jurymen present, the presiding judge *selected* fifteen from a list he held in his hand, who were empanneled for the trial of the prisoner at the bar. This selection surprised me a little, I own. In England and

* The place of Lord Justice-General, or First Lord of Justiciary, is, I believe, a mere sinecure, given to a person who often does not reside, and perhaps never was in Scotland. His secretary, or clerk, however, represents him; and is invested with all the power, and enjoys all the respectability of Lord Chief-Justice, although only *the Lord Chief-Justice's clerk.*

in the United States the sheriff summons whom he pleases to serve on the jury. The names are put in a box, and twelve drawn out for every new trial. Here the sheriff summons likewise arbitrarily; but, instead of the jury being drawn by lot out of these, there is a second arbitrary selection by the judge:—this is certainly doubly wrong. It seems to me, that all persons qualified to serve on the jury should be summoned successively in alphabetical order, and draw lots in court for each new pannel.

The accused has a right, here as well as in England, of challenging the jurymen;—in this cause there was no challenge. After some previous formalities, the witnesses were produced, and examined in the absence of each other, which is much better than in England, and in the United States, where they are all allowed to be in hearing of each other. It appeared in evidence, that the prisoner and the deceased were neighbours, and that the former had been in the habit of passing with his cart through the yard of the latter. This privilege was disputed, and had given rise to many altercations. The prisoner coming one evening with his cart, found the passage obstructed by stones piled up for that purpose, and was removing the obstacle, when his adversary came forward to defend his entrenchment. In the course of the quarrel that ensued, the latter, (the dead man), struck the man with the cart, who, being much older, and very inferior in bodily strength, withdrew to his own house, and came back soon after, with a gun in his hand. Meanwhile, the wife of the deceased had drawn her husband away;—he had left the yard, and was in his own garden, separated by a low hedge, when the prisoner advanced towards him,

holding his gun forward, although not aiming. Most of the witnesses were workmen, who happened to be employed on the roof of a house at some distance; from that situation they had seen the prisoner approach the hedge which separated the parties, and they were very near each other when the gun went off, and the deceased fell. There was an attempt to show that the deceased had a stick in his hand, and struck the barrel of the gun just before it went off; but this part of the testimony coming from a boy, who seemed to have been instructed for that purpose, was not credited, and in fact injured the cause. The prisoner had been seen to move his arm, but whether he had touched the barrel was quite uncertain. On the other hand, nobody had seen him aim, or draw the trigger:—the gun might have gone off by accident, and this bare possibility could alone save him. A great number of respectable witnesses vouched for the character of the prisoner, whose behaviour had always been irreproachable. The deceased bore, on the contrary, a very bad character,—was a deserter,—a poacher,—bearing an assumed name, &c.; circumstances tending to establish, on one side, the improbability of the prisoner's intending anything more than to defend himself; and, on the other hand, the probability of the deceased being the aggressor in the quarrel. The testimony of the widow of the deceased, young, far gone in pregnancy, telling with great simplicity, the tale of the murder of her husband in her presence, was a circumstance of fatal tendency. She could not, however, say any thing as to the immediate cause of the gun's going off, having turned away just then, with a child she had in her arms. After the Lord Advocate had established the proofs of the crime,

and given his conclusions, the prisoner's counsel rose, and making the best use of the weak and doubtful means the testimony afforded, spoke with great ingenuity;—with clearness and acuteness, rather than pathetically, and without ambition of eloquence. The witnesses had all agreed that the prisoner, immediately after the fall of his adversary, had quietly set about removing the stone wall,—a very singular circumstance, which had been adduced as a proof of the atrocity of his character, and as showing him capable of a premeditated murder; but from which his counsel inferred, with some appearance of reason, a consciousness of innocence, and that stupor, produced by a sudden and unforeseen accident, which had made him likewise unmindful of his own danger;—for he did not fly, although not arrested till the next day, when he was found at home.

When the presiding judge charged the jury, which he did very ably, although, perhaps, with more energy than becomes the bench, I trembled for the prisoner. "This is murder or it is nothing," he said emphatically; "no medium."

The jury, during all the stages of the trial, which lasted six hours, appeared to give the most meritorious attention; they were provided with pen and ink, and took notes. At four o'clock they withdrew to their chamber. The prisoner, clothed in black, decent, and resigned, listened to all that passed, without saying a word. He was soon after remanded to his prison, where, I presume, he did not spend a very comfortable night.

I have just learnt that the jury returned their

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* Mr Jeffrey, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*.

verdict this morning, a majority of eleven to four deciding for *culpable homicide*, against the opinion of the bench, who wanted *no medium*. The judges passed the sentence of the law, which is transportation for life. The prisoner may have to wait two years in prison for a full cargo for Botany Bay.

Upon the whole, I am pleased with what I saw, with two exceptions: The selection of the jury appears to me very liable to abuse. And the bare majority in the jury to clear or condemn, is as much too unfavourable to the accused, as the unanimity required in England is too favourable. Men will yield to the opinions of others to acquit rather than to condemn; and one obstinate individual may save a criminal against the decided opinion of eleven reasonable persons, in an English jury; while there probably never was an instance of a juryman, obstinate the other way, getting the better of eleven others, for the purpose of condemning an innocent man. The bare majority of Scotland is on the other hand, too little for the safety of innocence; for it is easy to conceive that eight persons out of fifteen, composing a Scotch jury, may be unreasonably prejudiced against the accused,—may be influenced by passion, or party-spirit. It appears to me too rigorous and cruel against guilt itself.

There is no grand-jury in Scotland. The Scotch say that this institution might be useful only when the sessions were less frequent, and prisoners were exposed to long and often unmerited detention; but it seems to me that the ignominy of a trial, the temporary confinement,—the inconvenience and expense, at any rate, are hardships of sufficient magnitude to render an institution, which prevents their being inflicted on an innocent person, ex-

tremely valuable. There is no jury in civil cases in Scotland, and although many good reasons are adduced for this exclusion, there are others of greater weight against it. It must be admitted that jurymen are, in general, very incompetent in such cases, but publicity and oral evidence are secured thereby, and this outweighs any other consideration. Lord Stanhope made a motion in parliament a few months ago, for the introduction of the civil jury in Scotland, and said the Scotch people wished for it. This does not appear to me to be the case; and I have even heard the trial by jury in criminal cases,—this palladium of English liberty, spoken of rather irreverently in Scotland. Lord Stanhope was answered, that the practice of the Scotch courts was so intricate, that the civil jury could not be adapted to it, and that, with the English jury, English laws should also be introduced, which was impracticable.

The Scotch judges have the reputation not only of great integrity and purity, but of attending as closely to their business as if they were wholly under the eye of the public, as the English judges are. This certainly does them great honour. I know, however, from experience, the inconvenience attending a system of cabinet judges. Masters of Chancery in England are members of a court of equity, of which the chancellor is the chief;* their proceedings are entirely grounded

* The Court of Equity is considered by Lord Bacon, who himself held the office of chancellor, as instituted for the purpose of providing a remedy against the injustice of other courts, and supplying their defects. The learned and witty Selden says, that "Equity is a roguish thing; for law we have a measure,—know what to trust to. Equity is according to the conscience of him that is

on written proofs and documents, and not carried on in public. I have certainly nothing to say

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chancellor; and as that is larger or narrower, so is equity. It is all one as if they should make the standard for measure a chancellor's foot. What an uncertain measure would this be! One chancellor has a long foot; another a short foot; a third an indifferent foot: 'tis the same thing in the chancellor's conscience!" Blackstone, on the contrary, says, "That the Court of Equity decides according to fixed rules and precedents; and that there is now, in that respect, but little difference between this court and the others." Bacon and Selden speak of what it was, and Blackstone of what it is; arbitrary decisions having become law. On the other hand, the courts of common law have extended their jurisdiction beyond its ancient limits; the improvements of the age have inspired them with a more liberal spirit, and have rendered their decisions more agreeable to the natural dictates of justice.—*Millar's English Government.*

Delolme agrees rather with Blackstone, than with Bacon or Selden; he calls it, however, an *experimental court*, which is again a little like the foot of the chancellor.

Although the Roman, or civil law, is repugnant to the English constitution, yet many of its singular forms have been adopted, by which the points in dispute are tortured into certain arbitrary classifications, under which alone pleaders can proceed. Pleaders and judges are so exact and nice in their rules, the object of which was originally simplicity and clearness, that pleadings are become a curious piece of art, in which the smallest derangement, the most trivial omission, stops all. However important the case may be, if the writ is not manufactured according to rules, the judge is deaf and dumb; and if the case should be so new, that none of the writs in use can possibly apply to it, and the chancellor and masters in chancery should not be able to agree upon one, recourse must be had to Parliament. *(Cunningham's Law Dictionary.)* To obviate this, the signification of writs is stretched to the utmost, under the name of *fictions.* A suit to recover the wages of labour, for instance, is introduced by a writ, purporting, that the defendant has entered forcibly the field of the defendant, broke down his inclosures, and committed other depredations. *(Delolme.)* It was by a fiction of that sort that Roman lawyers called a daughter a son; going farther than here, where it is received that Parliament can do anything, except make a girl a boy, and *vice versa.*

against their integrity, and I know that several of them, and probably many of them, have as high a reputation as the Scotch judges, and deserve it. But all the lawyers of the capital of England, and many unfortunate clients, know the "Emperor Paul," and it is enough to name this dreaded personage to illustrate the danger of private judicial procedures. Mere integrity is no guard against the caprice or passion of a master.

The amusements and way of life in Edinburgh are, as may be supposed, as close an imitation of the customs and fashions of London, as relative circumstances of wealth, numbers, &c. can admit. London is the head-quarters of trade, of financial operations, and the focus of factions. Edinburgh is not only a stranger to trade and money-matters, but the only political party there is the party of obedience and loyalty. There are whigs, and I am told that the majority of the legal and of the literary men are of that party, but moderately so. You meet with few of the downright reformers among the good company of Edinburgh, and none among the lower people. A jacobin tradesman is here a phenomenon, and the individual generally a man of bad private character. I know this from a person distinguished in that party; he said the common people were all tories,—that among them *whiggism was rank democracy*. You hear as little here about political traffic as about commercial traffic; nothing is either bought or sold; none of

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Plautus and Terence have furnished many words and forms to modern civilians, whose zeal has transplanted into their practice these precious remains of the advocates and attorneys of antiquity. An English poet has, in our days, made a similar bequest to posterity;—a witty *guide* to the *pleaders* of future ages.

those vile passions which elsewhere disfigure society have here an aliment. People live in comparative mediocrity, without fear of losing what they have, or much hope of improving their fortune otherwise than by prudence and economy;—those who thirst for riches must seek them elsewhere. The result of all this is a certain general impression of peace and tranquillity, very striking to strangers; but this repose is not slumber,—a pursuit of sufficient interest remains, literature and the sciences, which are cultivated with zeal and success. As to what is called pleasure, there are here assemblies in the London style, made as numerous as possible; but, notwithstanding the efforts of a laudable emulation, the inhabitants of London being ten to one, Edinburgh routs cannot, by the nature of things, arrive at a perfection of crowds equal to those of the capital. It is often possible to sit and converse; cards, and even chess, are not quite excluded. You find generally one or two tables, with the pamphlets of the day, rare and valuable books carelessly heaped up, prints, drawings, and even children's play-things, which some are glad to take hold of, by way of appearing amused, when they are least disposed to be so: The piano is another play-thing, upon which a young and pretty hand is seen, but little listened to. I have observed that, in these numerous assemblies, music is the signal for a general *dechainement* of tongues; even those who were silent before, talk then, by the same sort of secret sympathy which swells the notes of the canary-bird in his cage to overpower conversation. A circle is formed round the instrument,—people press about the performer, talking, *à qui mieux mieux*. It is indeed

most true, that, nine times out of ten, the performer and her instrument produce at best but a harmonious noise;—the more execution, the less music. The hours are less late here than in London; they do not quite turn the night into day. Day indeed is little more than nominal: At twelve o'clock, the sun is so low, that the shadow of the houses across a very wide street, although only three stories high, cover the first story of the opposite side. There were people of quality in Greece at the period of its greatest luxury, who boasted that they had never seen the sun; if there is any merit in overcoming difficulties, they might have been vain of having seen it here. The climate of Scotland does indeed without sun better than any other; winter is neutralized by the surrounding sea,—the thermometer is a little below freezing in the night,—just as much above in the day,—there is no snow,—the grass is quite green,—and we have frequently calm and clear days, wanting only a little duration. A fine morning,—a fine evening, follow each other, without noon; six or seven hours of light in the twenty-four.

Mr Liston, known so advantageously in the United States (where I wish, for the sake of the two countries, he was still ambassador), has a very pretty residence in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, where he has planted, (or rather Mrs L. has), an American garden, full of the natives of our fields, and of our woods, to which we find some difficulty in granting that degree of consideration due to their rank of exotics. These plants thrive remarkably well in their almost polar situ-

ation. Mr L. was formerly the companion of Mirabeau in a military school in France, and tells several interesting anecdotes of this celebrated personage, and has preserved some of his letters, written at the age of seventeen. Good for nothing from his earliest youth, witty, turbulent, and factious, as he shewed himself afterwards, Mirabeau exposed himself frequently to merited punishment, always borne very impatiently. Once he refused obstinately to leave his place of confinement, where he said he had been put unjustly, unless due reparation was made to him. Mr L., early a negociator, was selected to reason with him, and bring him, if possible, to his right senses. "You are destined," he said to him, "to the profession of arms in France; how can you expect to succeed with this undisciplinable spirit?" "Ah!" he answered, striking his forehead with his hand, "that is too true;—why was I not born in a country like yours, where merit need not pay court to power, and the road to distinction lies open!"—then denounced vengeance against the existing state of things in France.

We could not be at Edinburgh without wishing to see the Caledonian bard, whose fertile and brilliant genius produces poems with the rapidity of thought,—and we have been gratified. Mr Scott is a tall and stout man, thirty-five or forty years of age; very lame from some accident in his early youth. His countenance is not particularly poetical,—complexion fair, with a coarse skin,—little beard,—sandy hair,—and light eyes and eye-brows;—the *tout ensemble* rather dull and heavy: Yet when he speaks, which he

is not always disposed to do, and is animated, his eye lightens up

" With all a poet's extasy."

This poet likes conviviality, and tells well, and *con amore*, such stories as are told here only after dinner. He is a great tory, and consequently a warm friend of liberty (in Spain),—a disposition, I have already observed, characteristic of his party. His disapprobation of a certain article in the Edinburgh Review, on Cevallo's book, induced him to withdraw his name from the list of subscribers. This article is, in one sense, friendly to Spanish liberty, but then not in the right sense. Mr Scott has a valuable place, which had been promised him by the ministry which preceded Mr Fox's, but he was not in possession when they went out, and some of Mr Fox's colleagues objected to his having it, saying it was *a job*. "It is at least a job in favour of genius," answered Mr Fox, with that liberality and generosity which distinguished him so particularly, "it does not happen often, and is not dangerous." Mr Scott had the place;—and I hope does justice to the memory of his whig patron.

The celebrated Braham is here, and we have heard him in the opera of the Siege of Belgrade, a most wretched performance,—too bad even for the British public to bear with patience, accustomed as it is to modern stupidities. I perceived many signs of weariness and impatience amongst the audience. Braham has an astonishing voice, and of the most uncommon sort—a fine counter-tenor, clear, and powerful; but he wants simplicity and feeling. The *petite piéce* was the Village Lawyer; a *mediocre* translation of our excellent Avo-

cat Patelin. The Edinburgh theatre is diminutive, paltry, and little frequented. A town of the same rank in France would have a large theatre, always full. Here people spend their evenings generally at home,—their main dependence for happiness is there; and the pleasures found abroad are mere casualties. The French will not envy this mode of life. Yet the incapacity of enjoying simple and natural pleasures, does not imply an aptitude for others. The French often feel satiety and ennui abroad,—which is the worst that could have happened at home.

The late scandalous pillory scene in the Haymarket having been mentioned lately in company here, one of the Scotch judges (Lords of Session) expressed his marked disapprobation of the prosecution and punishment, and declared their courts would not countenance any such proceedings. Several persons of distinction were mentioned, now prosecuted in England, or threatened with vexatious charges of the same nature; which, true or false, inflict provisionally shame, ridicule, and exile.

Jan. 1. 1811.—There is no sleeping the first night of the year at Edinburgh. It is a received custom for the common people to give a kiss to any woman met in the streets, about midnight, on foot, or in carriages. Few women expose themselves to this rude salutation. But the streets are full, notwithstanding, of unruly boys, who knock at house doors, and make a noise all night. This is a little relic of the coarse manners of former times, which is still tolerated; and, considering what this country was before its union with England, there is, perhaps, more reason to be asto-

nished at the advanced state of its police, than otherwise.

Fier comme un Ecossois, is said proverbially in France, and the English are not sparing of their reproaches against Scotland, for the pride of its inhabitants; yet you certainly meet with more *prevenance* from them than from their neighbours; more of the essentials of politeness, under forms perhaps less gentle and elegant. It is certainly remarkable enough, that the Scotch accuse the English of "soft and washy manners;"—a novel sort of imputation against them assuredly, and most unexpected.

There existed in England, during the greatest part of the last century, a sort of jealous ill-will against the Scotch. It was the fashion to rail at their poverty, their rapacious industry, the proud servility of their manners, their uncleanliness, and, finally, their itch. The works of the best writers of the time, the conversations and *bon mots*, recorded in letters and memoirs, published since, the very speeches in Parliament, were full of ill-natured and vulgar remarks, of flat jokes, in the very worst taste. This theme, which appeared so fertile, is at last quite exhausted; and all this local wit strikes now as very dull. The facetious witticisms of our Voltaire on Freron, on M. le Franc de Pompignan, and so many other unfortunate adversaries, which amused France and all Europe at the time, have had the same fate, and inspire now no other interest or sentiment than those of pity, surprise, and disgust. Dr Johnson, the giant of English literature, was one of the last who indulged in satirical remarks and coarse abuse against the Scotch. His admirable historian, Boswell, has

transmitted them to posterity, in a work more amusing than the best novel, and more useful than the best history. As a portrait from nature of the manners, customs, and ways of thinking of his own time, delineated with a simplicity, and a candour of vanity, which sets criticism and ridicule at defiance, you find yourself in the best society the country could afford; the most learned, the cleverest, and the most witty. It is conversation, all substance and spirit, never languid, weak, or insignificant; enjoyed without the painful effort of bearing a part in it, or the fidgetty consciousness of your own dulness and silence. Something like reading by your fireside of mighty battles and sieges, of distant voyages, of hair-breadth escapes, you feel all the enthusiasm, and you partake of all the glory, without any of the drudgery and toil, weariness, fatigue, and danger.

I do not know whether the Scotch ever shewed much resentment at so many insults; they certainly shew none at present; and disarm calumny more effectually by this good sense and moderation, than they could by any other means. I have seen on the stage, in London, a tolerably good play, *The Man of the World*, admirably acted by Cooke, in which a Scotchman, Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, is the principal personage; a designing fawning scoundrel, who, in order to initiate his son into the ways of the world, which have made his own fortune, tells him, very improbably, but very pleasantly, of all his base practices and maxims. This play is acted in Scotland, and received with great good-humour.

Edinburgh is the Birmingham of literature;—a new place, which has its fortune to make. The two great universities, Oxford and Cambridge, re-

pose themselves under the shade of their laurels, while Edinburgh cultivates hers. The exterior of the establishment of education is very modest indeed. The professors are soldiers of fortune, who live by their sword,—that is to say, by their talents and reputation. They generally depend for their income on the number of students who attend their lectures, and who pay each L. 3, 6s. for the course. The number is from 30 or 40 to 300 or 400. Mr Playfair, professor of natural philosophy; Dr Hope, of chemistry; Dr Brown, successor of Mr Dugald Stewart, of moral philosophy; Dr Gregory, of medicine; Mr Leslie, of mathematics; Dr Thomson, of surgery, &c. are, I believe, those who have the greatest number of students. The students do not appear to me subject to much, if any, collegial discipline. They board out, wear no particular dress, and make what use they please of their time. I understand, however, they are in general studious, and I have certainly observed much zeal and emulation among them. A few of the richest live in some of the professors' families. It is not uncommon to see grown men, even old men, inhabitants of the place, and strangers, attend such of the lectures as interest them. Half of the audience of the professor of agriculture, Mr Coventry, appeared to me composed of farmers. This professor is, I am told, a person of eminent merit. I wish his friends would advise him to speak a little louder. From the third seat, I was not able to hear more than half he said, and I have no reason to suppose that his country auditors caught more than I did. The learned professor loses, I am persuaded, by this bad habit, at least one hundred students; but the fields of Scotland must be the greatest sufferers.

Dr Gregory lectures in a manner peculiar to himself. Seated in the centre of a vast amphitheatre, covered with 500 heads, his hat on, and playing with the case of his spectacles, he speaks without any notes, and in a tone of conversation. The only time I was present, the subject was the disorders of the liver, occasioned, he said, almost exclusively, by the heat of southern climates, and by intemperance. He reproved, in strong terms, the vulgar expression of keeping the liver afloat, that is to say, continuing to drink as a cure for what is the effect of drinking. To illustrate this, he told us a story of certain British officers who had fallen into the hands of Tippoo Saib, and were detained three years in irons, because they refused to enter his service. They were treated with barbarous rigour. A handful of rice, boiled into gruel, was the daily ration to each. They were chained two and two, and several of them dying of their wounds, the dead bodies remained, in some instances, fastened to the living, until they fell into decay. None of them hoped to live long; yet they not only lived, but the liver-complaints, under which several of them laboured, disappeared by degrees; and when, after their long captivity, they returned to Calcutta, they found many, whom they had left well, dead of the very disorder of which they had been cured by the terrible prescription of Tippoo Saib. This medical anecdote is possibly very well known, but it was new to me, and to a great number of students, who evidently listened to it with great interest, as well as to some others, which Dr G. introduced very naturally, and with great effect. He has certainly the art of commanding the attention of his pupils. They manifested their interest from time to time, by a little mur-

mur of applause, which the professor checked by a motion of the hand, and went on. He observed that the disorders of the liver are always more rapid in their progress at the pay time of the troops, in the East and West Indies. The weight of the liver, which, in healthy subjects is about three pounds and a half, increases to eighteen or twenty-four pounds, and becomes so hard, that the sharpest instruments penetrate it with difficulty.

Mr Leslie, known in the scientific world by many ingenious researches on the subjects of light and heat, and by his late discovery of congelation in vacuo, is professor of mathematics in this university. He was so obliging as to repeat several times, in our presence, this brilliant experiment. In seven minutes, a cup of pure water, under the recipient of the pneumatic machine, became a mass of ice. Had it been warm weather, the process would not have taken more than five minutes, by the greater rapidity of evaporation. This circumstance renders his discovery the more valuable in tropical climates; and Mr Leslie has contrived a simple apparatus, for practical use, which costs, I think, twenty guineas.

It was the fortune of this *philosopher à la glace* to kindle, some years ago, a metaphysical flame between the men of letters and the churchmen of this learned town. He chose, I do not know exactly why, to allude, in a work of physical science, to the doctrine of Hume concerning the relation of cause and effect. This was supposed to be an indirect attack on the great First Cause,—and I would not answer for it that it was not, for the Scotch philosophers have been grievously suspected of a leaning towards infidelity. The clergy of the kirk thought it their duty to oppose the election of an

infidel to the professorship;—the men of letters drew the pen in defence of their brother philosopher, and thus a war *à toute outrance* was waged. Professor D. S. wrote with great severity;—Professor P. with keen irony;—Dr T. B. logically. The doctrine of causation, as it is called, shows, to the great satisfaction of the learned, that the constant return of light with the rising sun, is no proof that the light proceeds from that body. It teaches you to say, that one event has invariably followed the other, but warns you against the rash assertion that it is the cause of it, as, in fact, we know nothing about causes,—the old vulgar apophthegm of *no effect without a cause* being, for anything we know to the contrary, wholly erroneous. Hume, to be sure, did not doubt of the existence of causes alone, but of effects likewise;—that is to say, of the existence of the whole external world, as it appears to our senses. He substituted to external realities certain ideas existing in the mind, which, at the same time, does not itself exist, or is only a simple modification of matter; "most ingeniously reasoning us out of every ground of certainty, and every criterion of truth; involving self-evident questions in obscurity and confusion, and entangling our understanding in metaphysical abstractions;" * or, as Hume himself said of Berkeley, "His arguments admit of no answer, and produce no conviction, but only momentary amazement and irresolution."

Metaphysical researches lead you back at last to some self-evident proposition, for the truth of

* Dr Porteus.

which consciousness is the only evidence; as, in the system of the world, attraction is admitted as a cause, although this occult property of matter can only be proved by its effects.

With minds so keenly alive to abstruse inquiries as these northern philosophers possess, they could not possibly pass by that most inextricable of all metaphysical puzzles, free-will and necessity. We find them accordingly to have been most warmly engaged in debates on the subject, reasoning always victorious on one side, and conviction on the other.* One of the inevitable consequences of the doctrine of necessity, and explicitly admitted by its advocates, is, that *remorse*, or *self-blame, is an erroneous feeling*. Such a result might well have made them pause, and suspect that there was a fallacy somewhere in the chain of arguments which proved so much. The deliberate character,—the sanity and rectitude of judgment of a people like this, neutralize dangerous opinions, and prevent their abuse. They are in no haste to decide,—hear both sides,—can follow the thread of a metaphysical dispute without going astray, or acting rashly upon mere speculative demonstration. It has been said of Voltaire, that "il n'avoit pas les reins assez fort, pour porter à terme une idée metaphysique." Philosophical conceptions are not subject here to such untimely births; the fruit may be bad, but it is not for want of maturity. The French are, on the

* Adam Smith, so well known on the Continent of Europe, by his great work on the wealth of nations, treated, in another work much less known, (Theory of Moral Sentiments) certainly very prolix and heavy, this thorny question of free-will and necessity, and proved, of course, *necessity*.

contrary, in too great haste to produce their own discoveries, or prone to exaggerate the exaggerations of others, in order to transform them into something of their own. Rousseau, Diderot, and Helvetius have all exaggerated Locke. "Rien n'est plus voisin de l'ignorance d'un principe que son excessive generalisation." *

I have already quoted, several times, a work the celebrated Professor Dugald Stewart has lately given to the public in the form of Philosophical Essays. Without pretending to give a full account of it, I shall only say, that the metaphysics of Mr Stewart are those of common sense. † Second in skill to none of the other chemists of the human mind his country has produced, he does not carry the analysis of the mental substance farther than its refractory substance will admit; nor does he build up systems unsupported by experience. By this test, also, he tries those which have been reared already, and exposes the fallacy of several of them. Singularly happy in his quotations and illustrations, this writer knows how to throw on a subject naturally dry and unattractive the charms peculiar to works of imagination. You think you are listening to the wisdom of the sage Nestor, to his copious flowing and persuasive eloquence, calming the violence of his companions, and bringing them back from their wanderings and their errors. "When I study the intellectual powers of

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* De Gerando, quoted by Professor Dugald Stewart.

† I am aware that the *common sense* of mankind has been looked upon as synonymous to the *common prejudices* of mankind;—I mean here, only that sense which is the immediate result of general experience and consciousness,—the corrective of paradox.

man," says Mr Stewart, "in the writings of Hartly, of Priestley, of Darwin, or of Tooke, I feel as if I were examining the sorry mechanism that gives motion to a puppet. If, for a moment, I am carried along, by their theories of human knowledge, and of human life, I seem to myself to be admitted behind the curtain of what I once conceived to be a magnificent theatre. And while I survey the tinsel frippery of the wardrobe, and the paltry decorations of the scenery, I am mortified to discover the trick which had cheated my eye at a distance. This surely is not the characteristic of truth or of nature, the beauties of which invite our closest inspection, deriving new lustre from those microscopical researches, which deform the most finished productions of art. If, in our physical inquiries concerning the material world, every step that has been hitherto gained has at once exalted our conceptions of its immensity and of its order, can we reasonably suppose that the genuine philosophy of the mind is to disclose to us a spectacle less pleasing, or less elevating, than fancy or vanity had disposed us to anticipate?"

END OF VOL. I.

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